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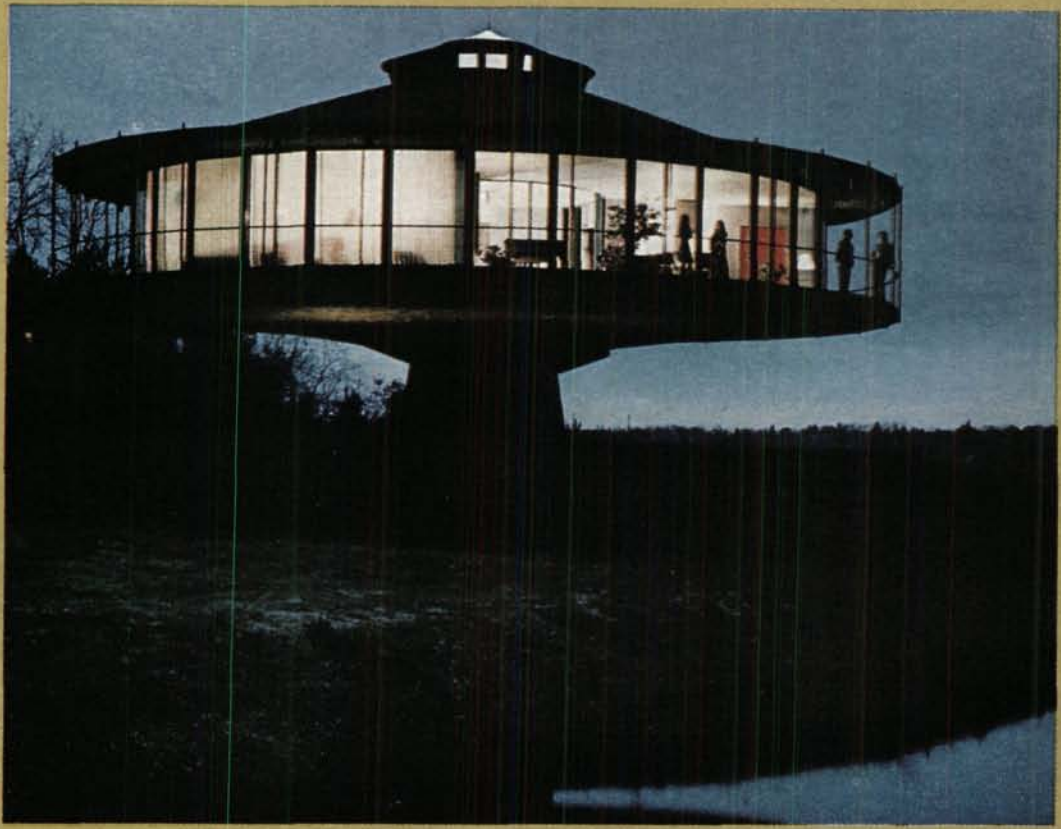

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bubbling Brown Sugar—Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A Boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

California Suite—Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie romp through four sketches whose setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. Neil Simon is the author and Gene Saks the director, and it is a very funny show. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Checking Out—A play by Allen Swift in which Mr. Swift and Joan Copeland appear. Directed by Jerry Adler. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Moves uptown to the Booth, 222 W. 45th St., 246-5969, for a Broadway opening on Wednesday, Sept. 15. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Going Up—A revival of the 1917 musical, with a book (taken from James Montgomery's comedy "The Aviator") and lyrics by Otto Harbach, music by Louis A. Hirsch, and a cast that includes Brad Blaisdell, Walter Bobbie, Kimberly Farr, and Maureen Brennan. Directed by Bill Gile. Previews Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 16-18. Opens officially on Sunday, Sept. 19. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Guys and Dolls—Frank Loesser's classical musical comedy. Having an all-black cast is a silly, old-fashioned stunt, but the show survives it. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Have a Dream—Billy Dee Williams as Martin Luther King, Jr., in an evening of theatre and music conceived by Robert Greenwald, and adapted by Josh Greenfeld from the words of Dr. King. Directed by Mr. Greenwald. Previews through Sunday, Sept. 19. Opens officially on Monday, Sept. 20, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 28. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays, except Sept. 21, through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

My Fair Lady—A flawless revival of a flawless musical. How did the world get along without it for fifteen thousand years? (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A revival of a revue devised by Kenneth Tynan. Contributors of sketches number twelve and of music three. Opens Friday, Sept. 24. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; Saturdays at 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Porgy and Bess—A limited engagement of the Houston Grand Opera production of the George Gershwin classic (book by DuBose Heyward and lyrics by him and Ira Gershwin). Directed by Jack O'Brien. Previews Tuesday through Friday evenings, Sept. 21-24, and Saturday matinée, Sept. 25. Opens officially on Saturday evening, Sept. 25, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 17. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

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The Runner Stumbles—A serious new play by Milan Stitt about a priest and a nun who fall in love and suffer unhappy consequences. Directed by Austin Pendleton and starring Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway last November. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Mr. Mamet is a deft, original playwright who cherishes words (even rude words), and who cherishes character even more. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

A Texas Trilogy—Preston Jones' three full-length plays, to be staged at succeeding performances. Directed by Alan Schneider. **THE LAST MEETING OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE MAGNOLIA**, with Fred Gwynne and Henderson Forsythe: Friday, Sept. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 19, at 2:30 (previews); Tuesday, Sept. 21, at 7 (opening); and Friday, Sept. 24, at 8. . . . **LU ANN HAMPTON LAVERTY OBERLANDER**, with Diane Ladd: Saturday, Sept. 18, at 2, and Sunday, Sept. 19, at 7 (previews); Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 7 (opening); and Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8. . . . **THE OLDEST LIVING GRADUATE**, with the Messrs. Gwynne and Forsythe: Saturday, Sept. 18, and Monday, Sept. 20, at 8 (previews); Thursday, Sept. 23, at 6:30 (opening); and Saturday, Sept. 25, at 2. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699.)

The Threepenny Opera—A superior production of the Brecht-Weill musical, in an accurate

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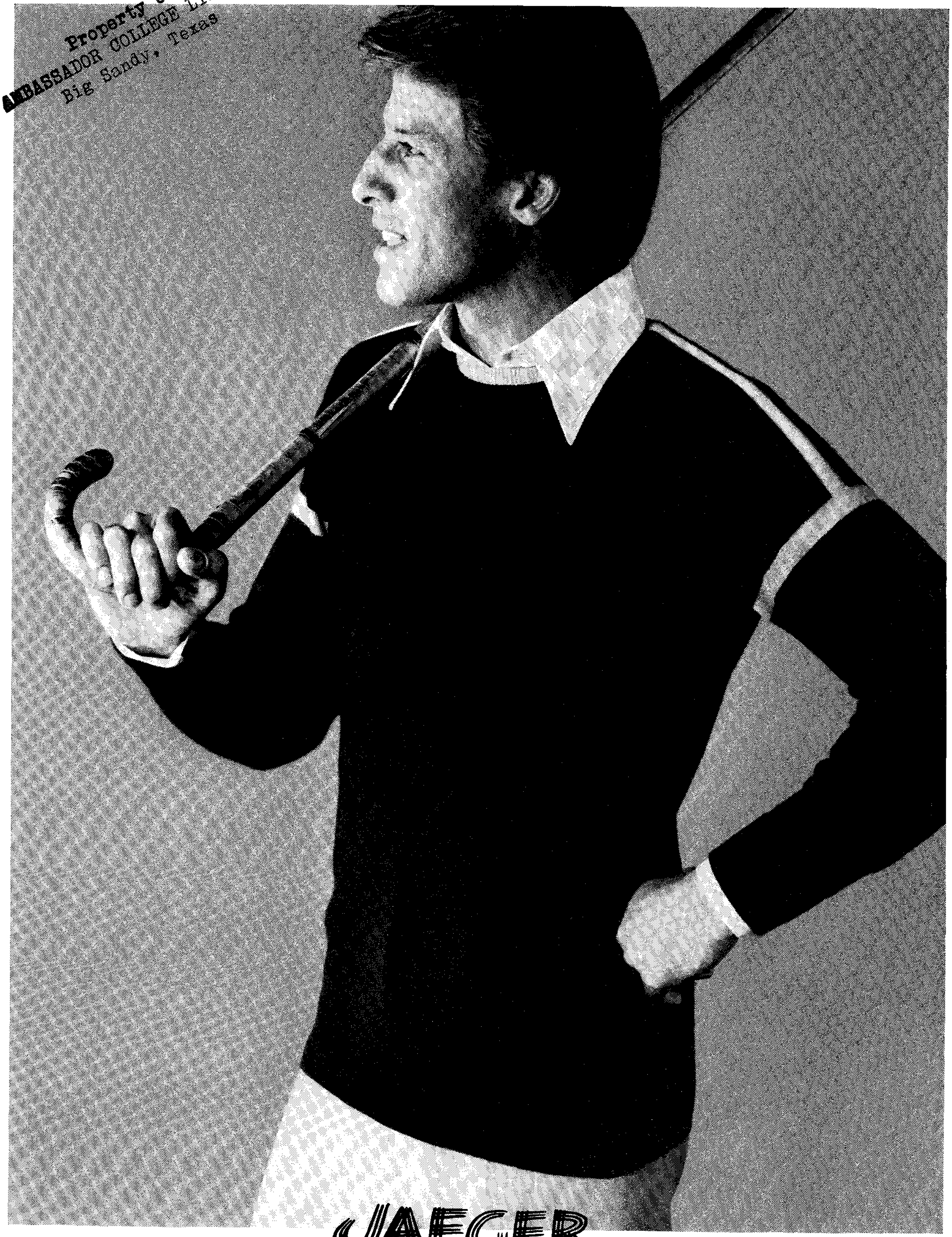

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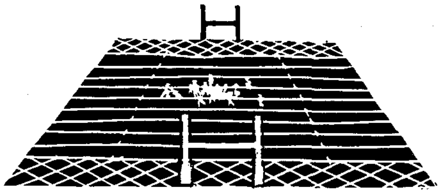
translation of the harsh-voiced original. Raul Julia is the dreaded Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is his faithful, traitorous Jenny. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Long Runs—**boy meets boy:** As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **chicago:** A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 6,825 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.) . . . **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **me and bessie:** The gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins in a vigorous attempt to recreate Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs. Howlett Smith leads the onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesday, Sept. 15, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, Sept. 16-17, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 18, at 2:30 and 8; Sunday, Sept. 19, at 2:30 and 5:30; Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8; and Saturday, Sept. 25, at 2:30 and 7:30.) . . . **pippin:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry plays Charlemagne. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **same time, next year:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **shenandoah:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the wiz:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

National Mexican Festival and Rodeo—Marches, drills, and riding events set to the music of a mariachi band. Tony Aguilar, Flor Silvestre, and their sons, Tonito and Pepito, head the troupe. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 16-17, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 18, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 19, at 2 and 6.)

Wonderful World of Horses—Royal Lipizzan stallions in demonstrations of the precision equestrian art of *haute école*, plus dressage performances by Morgans, Andalusians, saddlebreds, thoroughbreds, palominos, and Arabians. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Saturday, Sept. 18, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 19, at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Known previously as Studio 77, this ground-floor loft space has reopened and been transformed into an unpretentious but comfortable, very high-ceilinged bar. The proprietor is **rashied ali**, a respected, all-out musician who was John Coltrane's drummer during Coltrane's final, most exploratory period. Ali has been booking his friends and colleagues from the new-music and contemporary-jazz and loft-jazz scenes into his club. Violinist Billy Bang and his group, Survival, perform through Thursday, Sept. 16; Friday through Sunday, Sept. 17-19, tenor saxophonist **clifford jordan** will be present with his quintet; Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 21-23, drummer **andrew cyrille**, a longtime associate of Cecil Taylor, will work with his group; and beginning Friday, Sept. 24, **ali** himself will lead a quintet. Music from about ten.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A reliable spot for hearing consistently high-quality jazz—most of the music centers on the contemporary mainstream. This is *the* place to hear outstanding, if not yet famous, players like Sonny Fortune, Cecil McBee, Woody Shaw, Charles Sullivan, Junior Cook, and many others. Saxophonist George Adams' quartet is here through Saturday, Sept. 18. On Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 20-21, drummer **michael carvin** will be leading a young, moving quintet that knows a bit of classic R. & B. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 22-25, trumpeter **ted curson** will bring in his septet. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Something for nearly everyone. Popular singer Jane Olivor winds up her three-night stay on Wednesday, Sept. 15. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 16-18, the lively gospel group the Staples—they used to be known as the Staple Singers—will trade sets with the Meters, a rhythm-and-blues-and-disco quintet from New Orleans. On Sunday, Sept. 19, singers and guitarists Brewer and Shipley will come in for one night. Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 20-22, aging wunderkind **tony williams** will be here with his spiffy yellow trap set and the latest version of his band, Lifetime. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 23-25, two distinguished jazzmen—guitarist **kenny burrell** and bassist **ron carter**—will pilot their respective quartets. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians—mostly pianists and their bassists—and patrons who like to talk. **jimmy rowles** and his bassist compete with the talkers Mondays through Saturdays. On Sundays, pianist Hugh Lawson performs with bassist Gene Taylor. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Keyboard sorceress **marian mc partland** has returned to the Bemelmans Bar, where she plays from nine-thirty to one every night except Sunday.

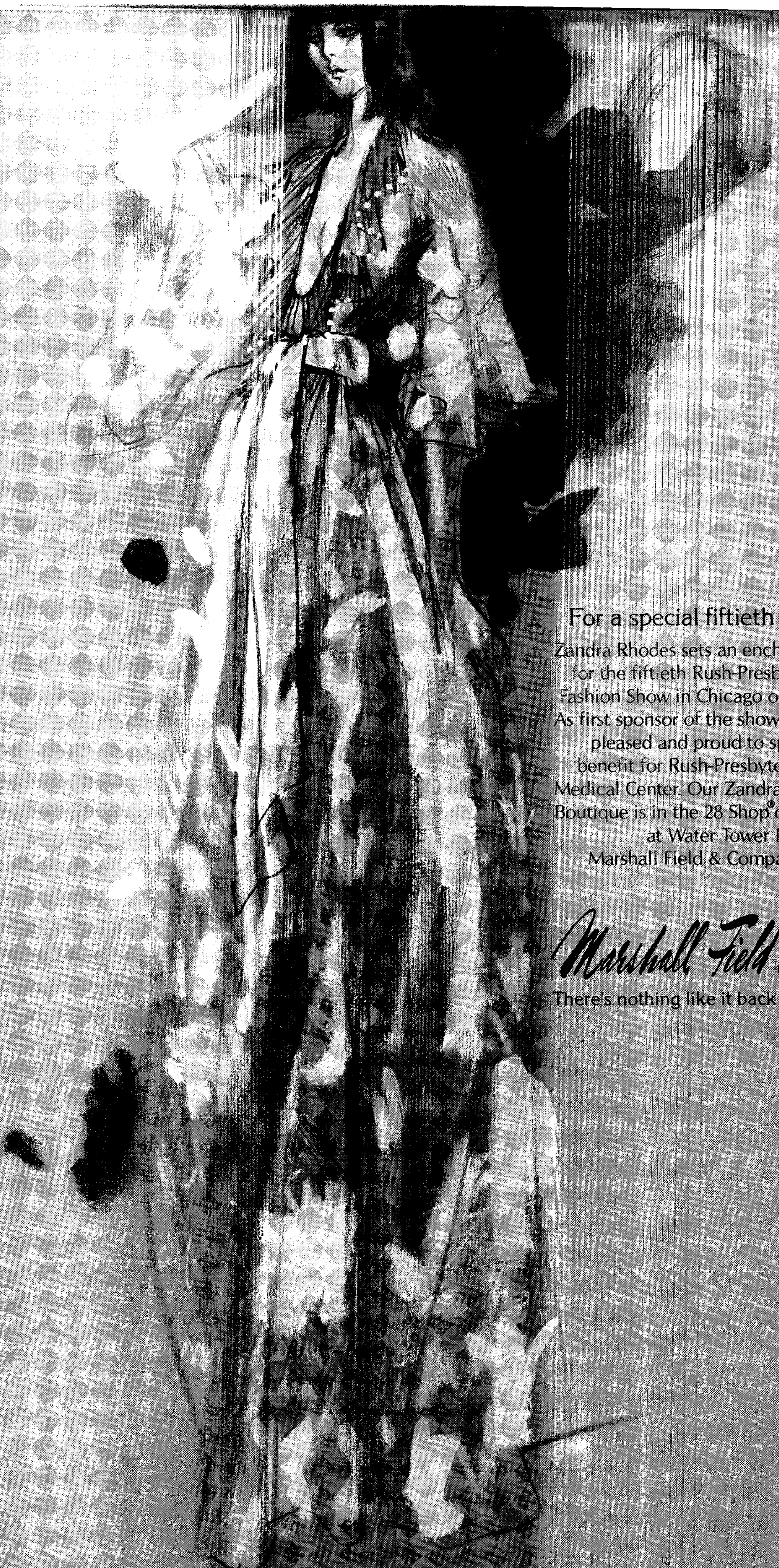
C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A long, narrow rustic bar—it has the feel of a small college-town gathering place—with rows of neon beer signs hanging from the ceiling and lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hanging around. Two, three, or more local loud and/or crude rock bands, with names like the Heartbreakers, the Dictators, Tuff Darts, Talking Heads, and Susan, perform nightly. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—A casual and sometimes overly animated restaurant with a piano in the thick of it. **mary lou williams**, who has been going strong since 1925, takes command of that piano Mondays through Saturdays. On Sundays, **dick hyman** outlines the history of the jazz piano. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a traditional (what else?) sextet, usually headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, Sept. 21, saxophonist Earle Warren will sit in with the regulars, and on Sunday, Sept. 19, trumpeter **joe newman** will drop by with a quintet at eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A breath of life on the upper East Side. From the outside, this tiny bar appears to be a quiet place, especially in comparison with its singles-bar neighbors, but genuine swing music prevails on the inside. Twenty-four-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fancier **brooks kerr** is the instigator of this swing revival, which can be heard Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three. The other members of the group are **sonny greer**, eighty years old and Ellington's drummer for decades, starting in 1919, and saxophonist and clarinettist **russell procope**, sixty-eight, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a delight. Mondays and Tuesdays, vibraharpist **warren chiasson** and bassist **jack six** work with guitarist **chuck wayne.** On Sunday, Sept. 19, Chiasson and Six will team up with guitarist **sam brown** from five to nine. Mondays through Saturdays, from six to nine, trumpeter Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards collaborate.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neat staff. This really is a Village jazz



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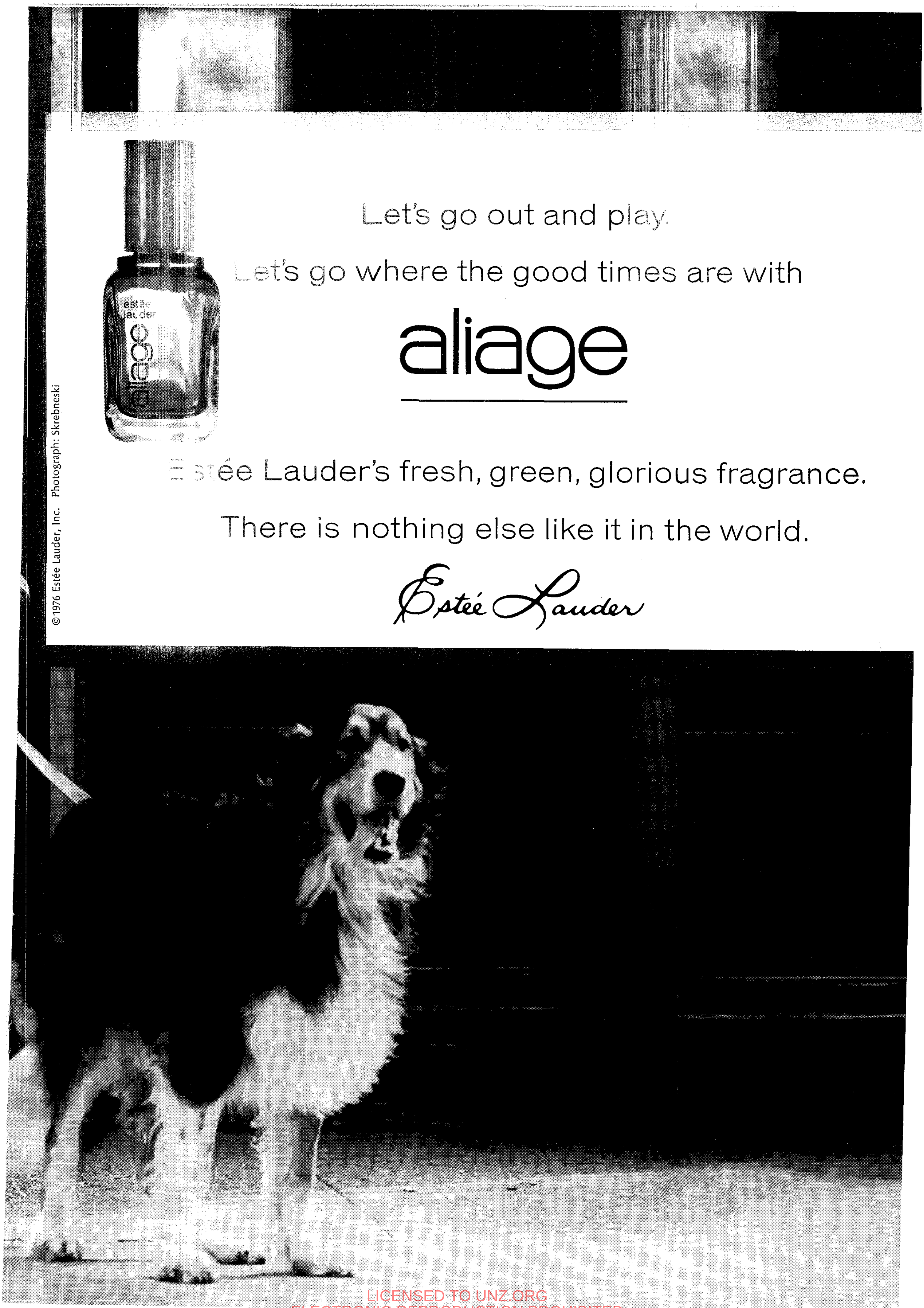

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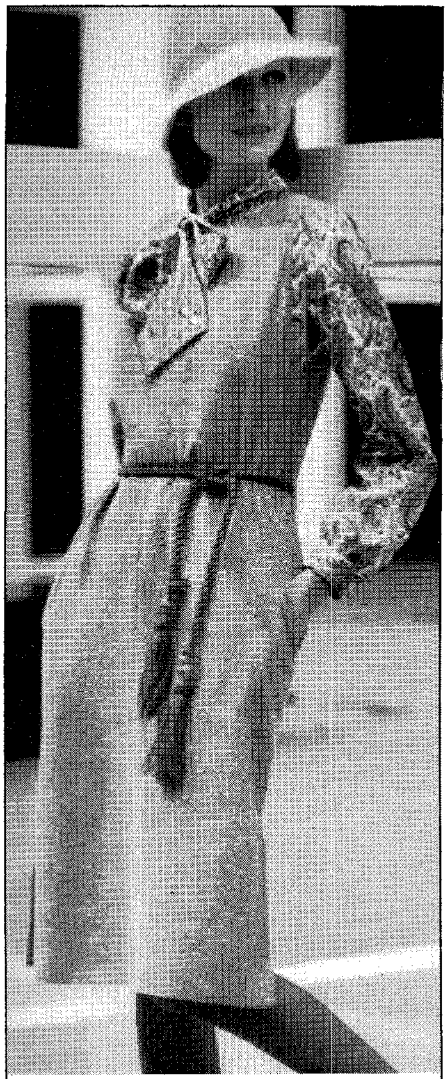

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Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—While Roy Eldridge is away, cornettist JIMMY MC PARTLAND fills in for him, playing with the resident traditionalists from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A quartet comprising tenor saxophonist Flip Phillips, bassist Milt Hinton, pianist Ray Bryant, and drummer Cliff Leeman performs for prime-rib devotees and others Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, and disco-funk bands. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The DEADLY NIGHTSHADE, a fine, heavily amplified trio—acclaimed by feminists, college students, and good old boys alike—is onstage through Sunday, Sept. 19. The three attractive, long-haired women, who seem pioneer-tough, sing their own witty songs and play standard rural instruments—fiddle, washboard, guitar, bass, and kazoo. They started out a few years ago on the Amherst-Smith-Mount Holyoke and western-Massachusetts bar circuit; now they have a couple of albums out and a substantial big-city following. On Monday, Sept. 20, Herman's Hermits, a British band that played teenybopper music ten years ago, will do two shows; Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 22-24, guitarist Lee Ritenour, pianist Patrice Rushen, and percussionist Harvey Mason will perform some jazz-rock; and on Saturday, Sept. 25, singer and composer Otis Blackwell will come in. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—SY OLIVER is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Actress Geraldine Fitzgerald does Brechtian street songs, English and Irish music-hall numbers, and "Danny Boy" through Sunday, Sept. 19. On Tuesday, Sept. 21, Martha Schlamme returns with her program of Brecht and Weill. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise its particular lineups, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small, clean-cut upper West Side outpost. On Mondays, pianist DAVE MATTHEWS takes his twelve-piece band through some of his charts; on Tuesdays, saxophonist and flutist Eddie Daniels fronts a lively quartet; and pensive altoist LEE KONITZ heads a quartet on Wednesdays and Thursdays. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 17-18, bassist RON CARTER will perform with guitarist JOE PUMA and a drummer. On Sunday, Sept. 19, Taksim, a Middle Eastern jazz band, will be on hand. Music weeknights from nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Vibraharpist WARREN CHIASSON teams up with bassist JACK SIX and guitarist Harry Leahy through Saturday, Sept. 18. On Sunday and Monday, Sept. 19-20, pianist Richie Beirach will work with Badal Roy on tabla and bassist Frank Tusa. The very fine guitarist JOE PASS is scheduled to arrive on Tuesday, Sept. 21. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—STORMIN' NORMAN AND SUZY, a broadly talented, funny, spirited, and—thank goodness—unself-conscious young quintet, performs mostly original songs and a couple of Bessie Smith blues at this small, inoffensive cabaret Wednesdays through Saturdays. The group, which usually plays a south Boston bar, is under the wily musical guidance of pianist and composer Norman Zamcheck, and is dominated onstage by Suzy Williams, a funky, twenty-two-year-old incarnation of Sophie Tucker. When she sings "T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," Miss Williams seems as uninhibited as Bessie Smith herself; on other numbers she wiggles, bounces, flails her arms and legs and head, and makes very strange faces. Miss Williams, Mr. Zamcheck, and their competent, deadpan co-workers—saxophonist David Stringham, bassist Bobo Lavorgna, and drummer Tom Macdonald, who likes to wear a conductor's cap from the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad—bring life and humor to the New York cabaret scene. Comedian David Misch, who also comes from Boston, opens for them with a compact, witty act; his routines include a parody of a local newscast, a bit he calls the Dylan Bathroom Tapes, and a pitch for Cat-on-the-Back Disease. Shows at ten and, sometimes, at midnight. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A place that draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. Trumpeter Hugh Masekela conducts a ten-piece African-jazz band through Sunday, Sept. 19, opposite conga wizard MONGO SANTAMARIA and his group. On Monday, Sept. 20, the Dutch Swing Band will take the stand, and on Thursday, Sept. 23, drummer CHICO HAMILTON, flutist Bobbi Humphrey, and their respective bands will begin a four-night stint. Music from ten. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Pianist, composer, and sage GIL EVANS and his fifteen-or-so-piece aggregation are here nightly through Monday, Sept. 20 (except Sunday, Sept. 19). Evans, who looks more like a prematurely gray rock star than the sixty-three-year-old jazz patriarch that he is, leads one of the very few successfully up-to-date big bands. The instrumentation is pure Evans—tubas, French horns, timpani, several bushels of percussion instruments, and synthesizers—and he has surrounded himself with some of the best young soloists on the scene. On Tuesday, Sept. 21, SONNY FORTUNE, a driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist who makes you forget all about Cannonball Adderley and Paul Desmond, will descend the murky staircase with his fine quintet. Music from ten.

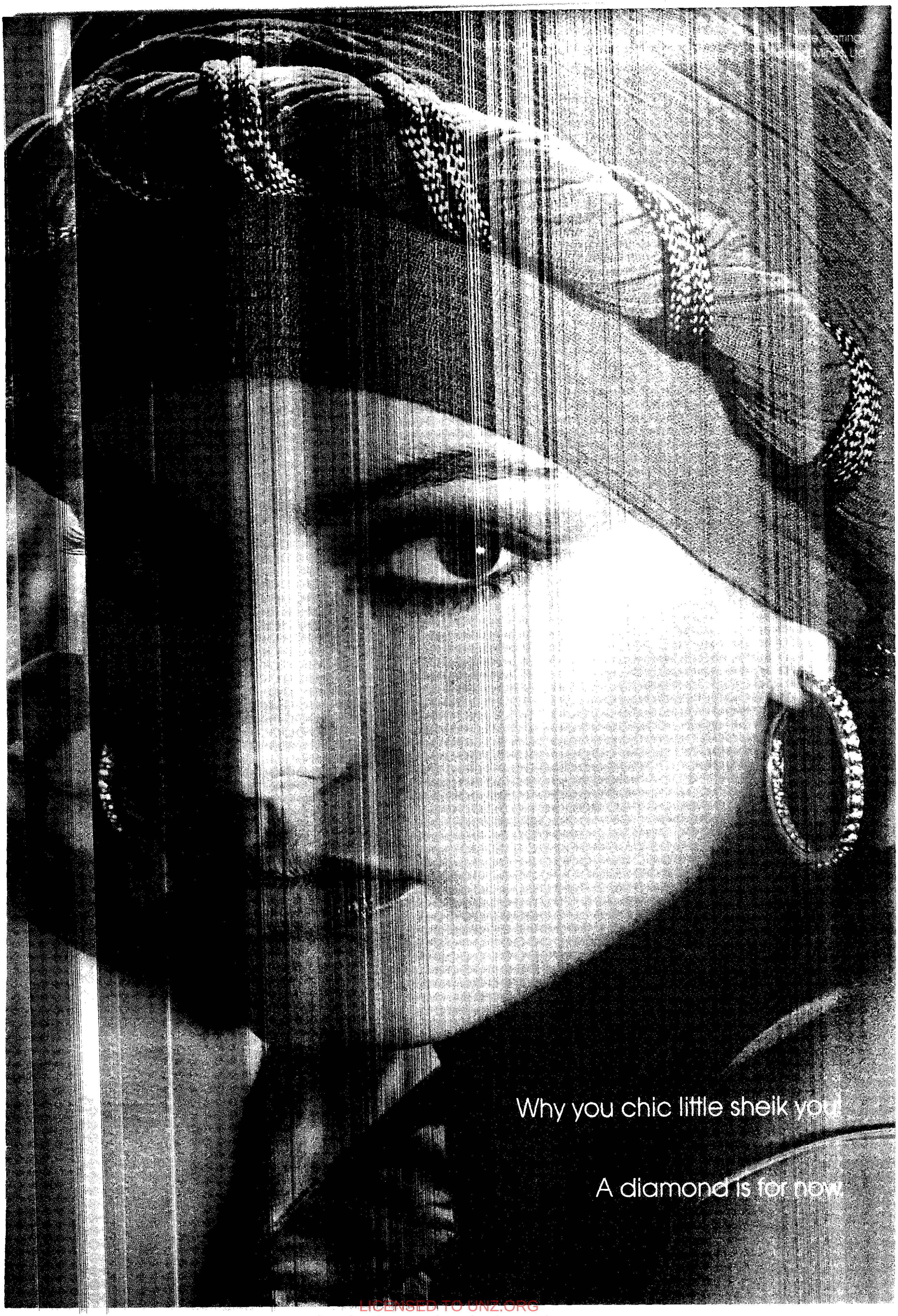
West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

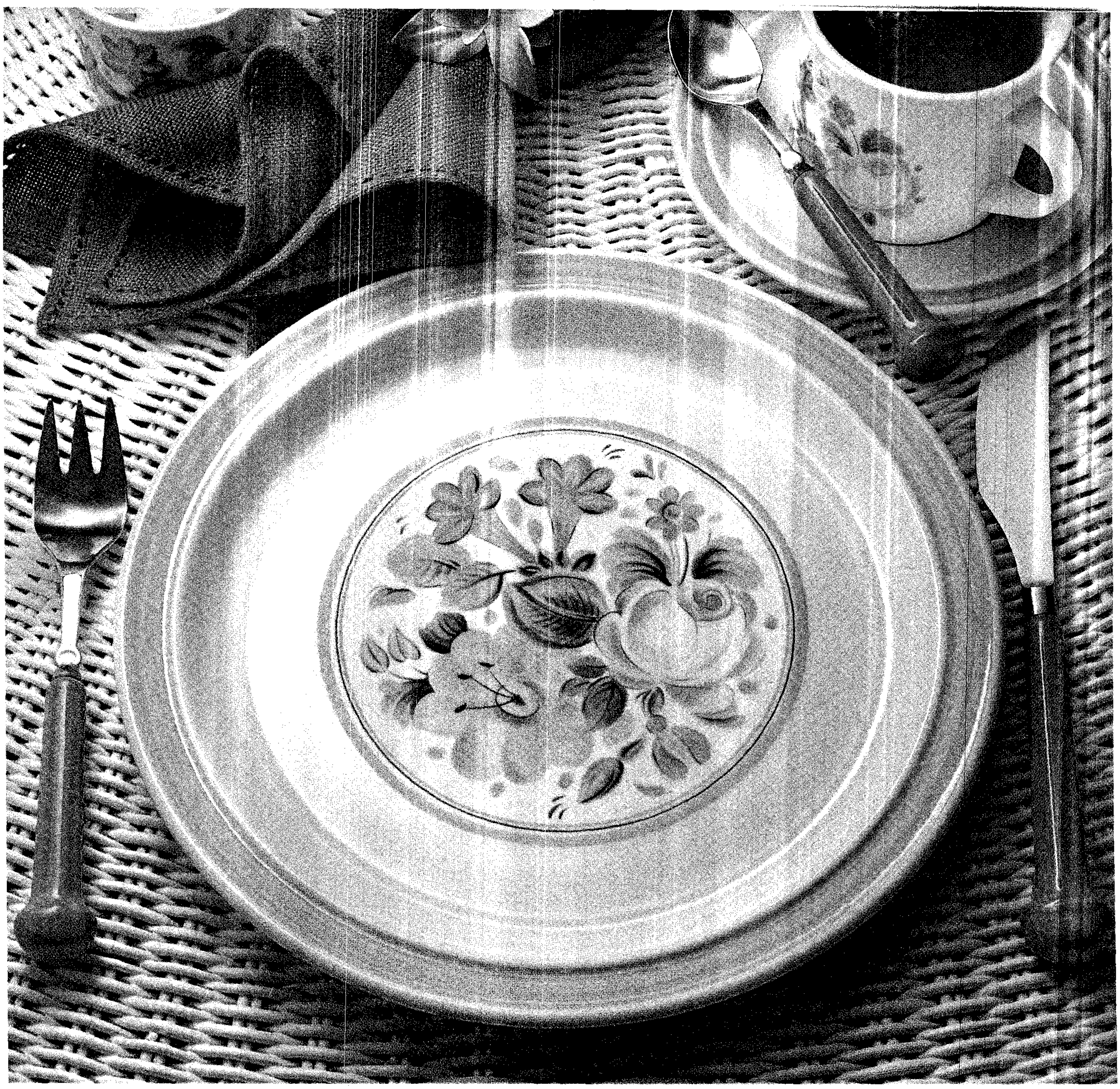
West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Lots of young, enthusiastic patrons but positively no synthesizers, equalizers, talking bags, envelope-dependent devices, digital delay lines, phase shifters, ring modulators, reverb units, fuzzboxes, octave splitters, octave multipliers, compressors, or wah-wah pedals. Nearly all the music here is pre-fifties jazz: On Wednesday, Sept. 15, JO JONES will be seated behind his drums and, as usual, will be very much in command of a quartet. Thursdays and Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Saturdays and Sundays to ex-Basie-ites like Buddy Tate, Earle Warren, Paul Quinichette, and a rhythm section. Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 20-22, tenor (four-string) guitarist TINY GRIMES, who usually shows up wearing a pompon-topped golf cap, will return to this stage with a quartet. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Debbie Reynolds—Minskoff Theatre, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; on Thursday, Sept. 16, at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.

The Stylistics and **the Salsoul Orchestra & Double Exposure**—Felt Forum, Madison Square


Why you chic little sheik you!
A diamond is for now.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Sept. 17, at 7 and 11.

The Band and **Chris Hillman**—Palladium, formerly Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 18-19, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

Jelly Roll, Joplin, James P., and Others—A tribute to the jazz immortals, performed by Dick Hyman, Pee Wee Erwin, Milt Hinton, Bob Rosengarden, Vic Dickenson, Johnny Mince, and Carrie Smith. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 8.)

The Jazz Trumpet—An exhibit of photographs, musical instruments, art work, and memorabilia. (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6. Optional contribution for admission.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Chet Augustine—Paintings of candy wrappers, crossword-puzzle sheets, wallpaper, and the like, in complex arrangements. Through Sept. 30. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Anna Bak—Small clay-colored ceramic pieces—vases, saucers, jars, and vials, plus representations of figs, leaves, loaves of bread, and so on—nicely turned and arranged in altarlike settings that might have just been discovered in some archeological dig. In fact, a sort of Pompeian aura pervades the whole show. Through Oct. 9. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Francine Barkan—Still-lifes and interiors. Through Oct. 2. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Peter Berg—This New York artist has built, from Sheetrock over a plywood frame, a large-scale environmental piece that the viewer is invited to inspect first-hand. Through Oct. 2. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Richard Fleischner—A hundred-foot-long outdoor sculpture built at the site which consists of a wooden bridgelike structure covered with earth and finished with sod. Through Nov. 30. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Mary Heilmann—Horizontal and vertical bands painted in primary colors. Through Oct. 2. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Pati Hill—Photo-copies (some in color) of the details on collars, underwear, trousers, and so forth. Through Saturday, Sept. 25. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Susan Sadler Hoeltzel / Banerjee—Messages and symbols in acrylic and pencil on unstretched canvas. / Sculptures, some of them painted, modelled from garbage bags. Through Oct. 2. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Winslow Homer (1836-1910)—A show of wood engravings and etchings, plus one watercolor and one drawing, all from the collection of the Bowdoin College Museum of Art. Through Oct. 2. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Rafael Mahdavi—Semi-abstract portraits on photo-sensitized linen. Through Sept. 30. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Wilbur Niewald—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes. Through Oct. 2. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Nancy Spero—A single hundred-and-twenty-five-foot-long work consisting of sheets of paper to which painted cutouts and written political and social messages relating to women have been affixed. Through Oct. 6. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Larry Zox—New abstract paintings. Through Sept. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **55 MERCER STREET GALLERY:** Abstract paintings that combine poured latex and acrylic reinforced with cotton and netting, by J. Nebraska Gifford; works made of layered paint (some of which is scraped off), by Gail von der Lippe; and two conceptual pieces by Sally Fisher. Through Wednesday, Sept. 22. . . . **KNOWLTON**, at a new location, 19 E. 71st St.: Betye Saar, Carol Anthony, Peter Passuntino, and others exhibiting paintings and sculptures. Through Oct. 2. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: A selection of works by gallery artists includes sculptures by Louise Nevelson and Guy Dill and paintings by Lee Krasner and Jack Youngerman. Through Friday, Sept. 24. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **WASHBURN**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: American abstract paintings from the thirties and forties by ten artists, including Ilya Bolotowsky and Alice Trumbull Mason. Through Oct. 2. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: "Scenes of France" is made up of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and drawings by Bonnard, Dufy, Pissarro, and others. Through Oct. 2. (Open Mondays.)

Sculpture—At **14 SCULPTORS**, 75 Thompson St.: Works in a variety of materials, among them stone and wood, by Jane Schneider, Stephen Garmey, and others. Through Wednesday, Sept. 22. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Seventeen metal pieces from the fifties and sixties, when many sculptors were forsaking mallet and chisel for sledgehammer and acetylene torch and applying recently acquired industrial skills to the exploitation of a rich new artistic mother lode they had discovered in junk piles and automobile graveyards. Among those represented here are Richard Stankiewicz, John Chamberlain, David Smith, and Joseph Goto. Also present are Seymour Lipton and Herbert Ferber, but their beginnings in metalwork lay in dentistry. Through Saturday, Sept. 25. (Open Mondays.)

Note—Some galleries launch the fall season with group shows of works by artists regularly associated with them. A few of these galleries are the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.) . . . **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.) . . . **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Alfred Eisenstaedt—Photographs from the last fifty years by the veteran *Life* photographer. Through Oct. 16. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Nicholas Nixon—Pictures taken with a view camera, including a score of high-vantage-point photographs of Boston. Through Oct. 5. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

W. Eugene Smith / Elli Marcus—A selection of photographs that includes reportage of the Second World War and picture essays done for *Life* magazine, along with some works that have never been exhibited before. / Portraits (most of them of theatre personalities), mainly from the twenties and thirties, by the German-born photographer. Through Oct. 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—"Pioneer Photographers of Brazil: 1840-1920," a show of more than a hundred and fifty pictures, half of them taken by Marc Ferrez, and the rest by fourteen other indigenous photographers. Through Nov. 14. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of ninety drawings (landscapes, genre scenes, and portraits) by Europeans, among them Rembrandt, Delacroix, and Gainsborough, from the Robert Lehman collection, many of which have not previously been on view. Through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Nicely juxtaposed to the European show is an exhibit of fifty-seven prints, all done in the sixties and seventies by American artists, including Jasper Johns, Claes Oldenburg, Helen Frankenthaler, and James Rosenquist. Through Oct. 17. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A

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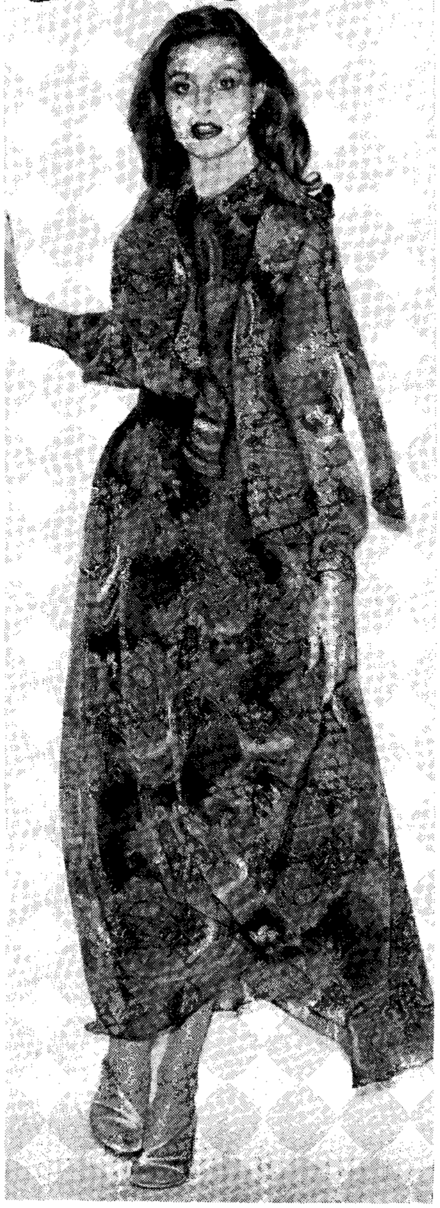

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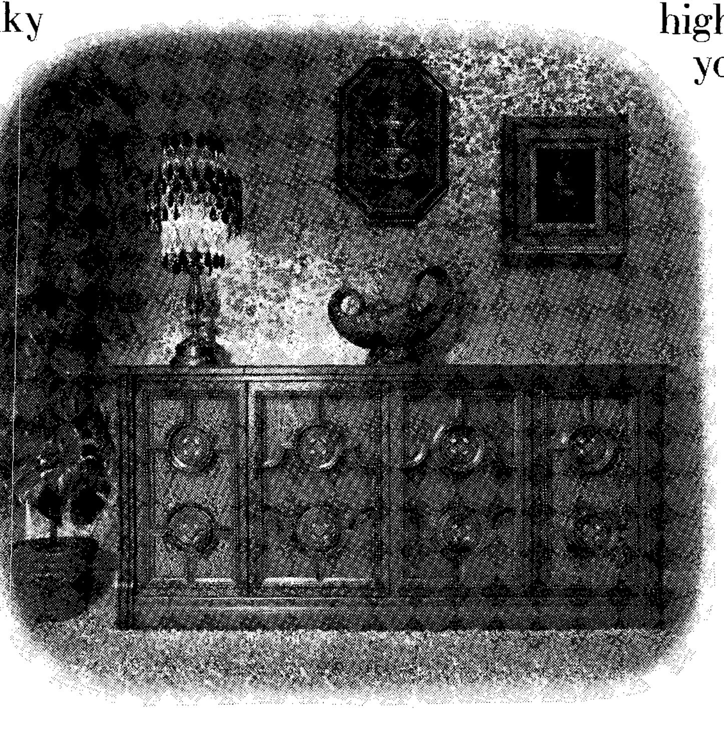
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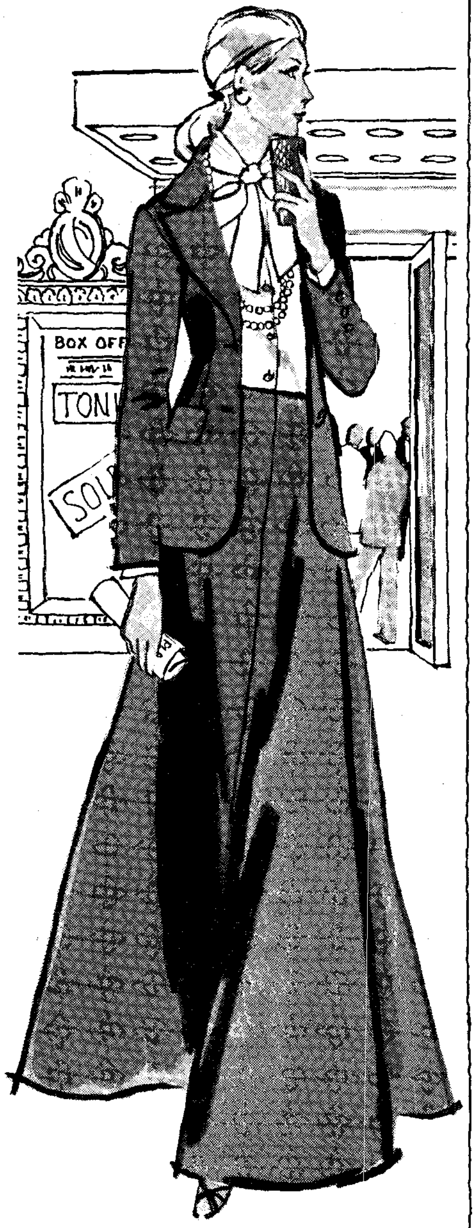

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survey of drawings by American and European painters and sculptors (Charles Burchfield, Man Ray, Picasso, and Modigliani among them) covering the years 1919 to 1939. Through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ A show of twenty-five flags that won a recent nationwide flag competition. A third of the flag designers are from Virginia. Through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Photographs by Nicholas Nixon. Through Oct. 5. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . NOTE: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., will be open, free, Friday through Sunday, Sept. 17-19, from 6 to 10, for the final times this season. Jazz pianist Steve Kuhn will play Friday and Saturday at 8.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ A single large-scale work, by Horia Damian, of styrofoam covered with paper spheres, plus related drawings. Starts Thursday, Sept. 16. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—More than a hundred paintings and sculptures from the John D. Rockefeller 3rd collection of American art. The dates of the works range from the Colonial period to the present, but the nineteenth century (Hicks, Chase, Bingham, Johnson, etc.) claims the largest share. Starts Thursday, Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Remnants of the historical survey of American sculpture can be seen through Sept. 26. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of works by artists who use nontraditional mediums. For instance, Don Celender exhibits documents that give the results of a survey of attitudes toward the arts, and Gordon Matta-Clark shows a film of underground structures in New York City. Starts Thursday, Sept. 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of watercolors and pastels (late eighteenth century to the present) by American artists, including Homer, Sargent, Burchfield, Avery, and O'Keeffe. Through Sunday, Sept. 19. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Minerals and Gems, occupying one-third of an acre in space, has on display such nonpareils as a diamond necklace made up of about five hundred diamonds to the order of King George III in 1776, the Star of India sapphire, the deLong Star ruby, and the Patricia emerald. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A life-size female deity carved from a single block of wood and a bronze mirror fragment, both from the eleventh century, are part of an exhibition, called "Shinto Arts," on loan from shrines, temples, museums, and private collectors in Japan. Through Oct. 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 7:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books and manuscripts collected by William Morris, along with examples of his calligraphy and of books that he himself designed (including the Kelmscott Press Chaucer of 1896). Through Nov. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) A complement to this show is a display of Morris's wallpaper patterns at the Reinhold-Brown Gallery, 26 E. 78th St.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A series of realist paintings depicting contemporary Indians, by Paul Collins. Through Oct. 10. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7459 and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 15, at 8: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Roberta Palmer, Lando Bartolini, and Dominic Cossa; conducted by Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 16, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Kathleen Hegierski, John Sandor, and Richard Fredricks; Kurt Klippstatter. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 17, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Sandra Walker, Gaetano Scano, and William Justus; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 2: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Gianni Rolandi, Gary Glaze, and Charles Roe; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 8: "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Elizabeth Hynes, Jane Shaulis, Richard Fredricks, and Henry Price; John Miner. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 19, at 1: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Olivia Stapp, Kathleen Hegierski, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and John Darrenkamp, and "Pagliacci," with Patricia Craig, Robert Nagy, and Pablo Elvira; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 19, at 7: "The Makropoulos Affair" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Elizabeth Hynes, Richard Taylor, David Clatworthy, and Nico Castel; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 21, at 8: The company première of Jacques Offenbach's "La Belle Hélène" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, Henry Price, James Billings, David Holloway, and Richard McKee; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 8: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Kathleen Hegierski, William Harness, and Richard Fredricks; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Glenys Fowles, Kenneth Collins, and Samuel Ramey; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 24, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Sandra Walker, Gaetano Scano, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 1: "La Belle Hélène," with Karan Armstrong, Henry Price, James Billings, and David Holloway; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 7: "Die Meistersinger" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Diane Curry, John Alexander, Reid Bunger, and David Holloway; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

Paris Opéra—The last in a series of performances by the Théâtre National de l'Opéra. Wednesday, Sept. 15, at 8: "Otello," with Margaret Price, Jane Berbié, Carlo Cossutta, Gabriel Bacquier, and Horst Laubenthal; conducted by Georg Solti. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 16, at 7:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Christiane Eda-Pierre, Frederica von Stade, Edith Mathis, Tom Krause, and José van Dam; Georg Solti. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 17, at 8: "Faust," with Mirella Freni, Alain Vanzo, Roger Soyer, and Yves Bisson; Michel Plasson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 8: "Otello," with Margaret Price, Jane Berbié, Carlo Cossutta, Gabriel Bacquier, and Horst Laubenthal; Georg Solti. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Teatro alla Scala—Claudio Abbado directing the orchestra and chorus of La Scala Opera of Milan in a benefit performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Shirley Verrett, soprano; Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano; Veriano Luchetti, tenor; and Ruggero Raimondi, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8. For tickets, call 582-7500.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Enrique Batiz conducting, with Eva Maria Zuk, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Sept. 19, at 8.)

RECITALS

Miron Yampolsky—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Sept. 16, at 8.)

Isaac Stern and Friends—The last in a series of concerts, this one played by Jaime Laredo, Arnold Steinhardt, and Mr. Stern, violin; Yo-yo Ma and Leonard Rose, cello; and Alexander Schneider and Pinchas Zukerman, viola. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Sept. 19, at 3.)

Composers String Quartet—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, Sept. 19, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Eastman School of Music Series—The first in a series of five concerts, this one performed by the Cleveland Quartet and other faculty members. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Sept. 19, at 8.)

Mary Judd—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Sept. 20, at 8.)

Judith Alstadter—Piano. (New York Public

Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Tuesday, Sept. 21, at 4. A limited number of free tickets will be available, but only to those applying for them in person after 3 on the day of the performance.)

Gary Kirkpatrick—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Sept. 21, at 8:30.)

Edward Auer—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 8.)

Nikhil Banerjee—Sitar, with Zakir Hussain, tabla. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, Sept. 15, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Thursday, Sept. 16, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh, Friday, Sept. 17, at 8:05; Saturday, Sept. 18, at 2:15; Sunday, Sept. 19, at 2:05; and Monday, Sept. 20, at 4:05. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday, Sept. 24, at 8:05, and Saturday, Sept. 25, at 2:15. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Tuesday, Sept. 21, at 8; Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader); and Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8.

College Football—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 18:** Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Yale, at Providence, at 3:20. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . **FRIDAY, SEPT. 24:** Fordham vs. Widener, at Fordham, at 8. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 25** (all games at 1:30): Army vs. North Carolina, at West Point. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Marist, at Gaelic Park. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Sunday, Sept. 19: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Denver Broncos, at Denver.

Hockey—Exhibition games—Rangers vs. Boston Bruins. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Sept. 23, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8:05.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 23. The Maskette Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 15; the Woodward Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 18; the Lawrence Realization, Monday, Sept. 20; the Matron, Wednesday, Sept. 22; and the Beldame, Saturday, Sept. 25. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:05, and Saturdays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays; last day Saturday, Nov. 13. Through Saturday, Sept. 18, post time will be 2; after that, it will be 1:30. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays through Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:15, and Saturdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 2. The Mermaid, Saturday, Sept. 18. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Thursday, Oct. 21.

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK,** East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Walking Tour—"Columbia University," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, Sunday, Sept. 19, starting at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. and 112th St., at 2:30.

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show is on view daily, from noon until sundown; through Sunday, Sept. 19.

Flea Market—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. and 25th St., is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Sept. 15, at 2: Jewelry, from many sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 2: English furniture, clocks, and decorations, from a private collection. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 23, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese snuff bottles, jades, ceramics, and other works of art; from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Sept. 17.

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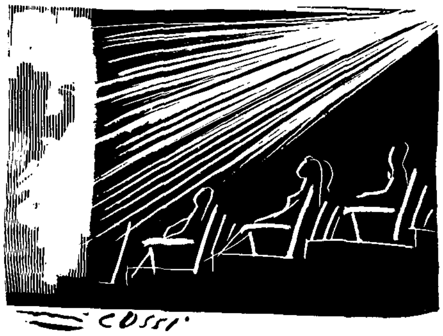
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Silent Movie."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Sept. 21: "Ode to Billy Joe" and "Magnum Force."
From Sept. 22: "Midway" and "Family Plot."

12th St. Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
Through Sept. 21: "Abduction" and "Manson."
From Sept. 22: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
(Currently showing revivals.)
Through Sept. 21: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both with the Marx Brothers.
From Sept. 22: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 21: "All Screwed Up" and "The Seduction of Mimi."
From Sept. 22: To be announced.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Sept. 21: "Silent Movie."
From Sept. 22: "Mad Dog."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Sept. 16: "Harry and Walter Go to New York" and "Taxi Driver."
From Sept. 17: "The Return of a Man Called Horse."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Clockmaker."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Sept. 21: "Singin' in the Rain" and "The Wizard of Oz."
From Sept. 22: To be announced.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bugsy Malone."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Obsession."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Idi Amin Dada."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"King Kong."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Ritz." (No evening performances on Tuesday, Sept. 21.)

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Silent Movie."

First Avenue Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (688-0143)
Through Sept. 21: "Ode to Billy Joe" and "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."
From Sept. 22: "Midway" and "Family Plot."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"St. Ives."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" and "Lenny."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Sept. 16: "Murder by Death."
From Sept. 17: "Swept Away" and "Seven Beauties."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"My Friends."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Sept. 23 (tentative): "Let's Talk About Men."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 21: "The Omen."
From Sept. 22: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Face to Face."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Sept. 21: "The Shootist."
From Sept. 22: "Mad Dog."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 16: "The Bad News Bears" and "Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood."
From Sept. 17: "The Return of a Man Called Horse."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"J. D.'s Revenge."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Sept. 16: "The Giant Spider Invasion" and "The Legend of Bigfoot."
From Sept. 17: "Street People."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Face to Face."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
(Currently showing revivals.)
Through Sept. 16: "The Awful Truth" (1937), directed by Leo McCarey, with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant; and "His Girl Friday" (1940), directed by Howard Hawks, with Rosalind Russell and Cary Grant.
Sept. 17-18: "Lost Horizon" (1937) directed by Frank Capra, with Ronald Colman and Margo; and "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948), directed by Orson Welles, with Rita Hayworth and Mr. Welles.
Sept. 19-20: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), directed by David Lean, with Peter O'Toole; and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers and George C. Scott.
Sept. 21: "Holiday" (1938), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant; and "Twentieth Century" (1934), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Barrymore and Carole Lombard.
From Sept. 22: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975), directed by Miloš Forman, with Jack Nicholson; and "Carnal Knowledge" (1971), directed by Mike Nichols, with Jack Nicholson.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 16: "Drum."
From Sept. 17: "The Return of a Man Called Horse."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."
Theatre 2: "Alpha Beta."
Theatre 3: "The Man Who Fell to Earth."
Theatre 4: "The Clockmaker."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Sept. 21: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."
From Sept. 22: "Ten Commandments."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Sept. 15: "Swashbuckler."
From Sept. 16: "Paper Tiger."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Return of a Man Called Horse."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Edvard Munch."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 21: "The Omen" and "The Legend of Hell House."
From Sept. 22: "Survive!" and "Hustle."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Obsession."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Silent Movie."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Festival of Women's Films.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Sept. 16: "The Man Who Fell to Earth."
From Sept. 17: "Zig-Zig."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 16: "The Man Who Skied Down Everest." Sept. 17-21: "Street People." From Sept. 22: "Lady Sings the Blues" and "Mahogany."
Theatre 2: "Cannonball."
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 21: "Face to Face." From Sept. 22: "Lies My Father Told Me" and "Hester Street."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Kaseki."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 16: "Drum."
From Sept. 17: "The Return of a Man Called Horse."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 21: "The Omen" and "The Longest Yard."
From Sept. 22: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" and "Barbarella."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 15: "Forbidden Games" (1952), in French, directed by René Clément, with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly; and "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.
Sept. 16: "Great Expectations" (1946), directed by David Lean, with Valerie Hobson, John Mills, Martita Hunt, Finlay Currie, and Alec Guinness; and "Oliver Twist" (1948), directed by David Lean, with Alec Guinness, Robert Newton, Kay Walsh, John Howard Davies, and Anthony Newley.
Sept. 17: "Two English Girls" (1972), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre.
Sept. 18: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais and Josette Day; and "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn.
Sept. 19: "Alex in Wonderland" (1970), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Donald Sutherland; and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas.
Sept. 20: "The Man Who Lies" (1970), in French, directed by Alain Robbe-Grillet, with Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "L'Immortelle" (1963), in French, directed by Alain Robbe-Grillet, with Françoise Brion.
Sept. 21: "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "The Conversation" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Gene Hackman.
Sept. 22: "Two Daughters" (1961), in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray; and "Distant Thunder" (1973), in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray, with Soumitra Chatterji.
Sept. 23: "Rancho Notorious" (†); and "The Blue Angel" (1929), in German, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. 757-2131)
Sept. 15: "Dead of Night" (1946), a five-part English film about the supernatural; and "Queen of Spades" (1949), directed

"Captain Kangaroo"—like "The Three Bears," hide-and-seek, and tricycles—works its perennial way with one new generation after another. "Kangaroo" presented its 6,000th broadcast on August 27. Many young parents watched with their pre-school children as their parents had watched with them.

The creator of "Kangaroo" and its captain of child enchantment is Robert Keeshan, Litt.D (Dartmouth), DFA (Fordham). He holds the astonishing record of having nurtured the minds of more young children, face to face, than anyone else since Creation. With new young viewers every weekday since 1955, "Kangaroo" is a childhood memory of half the U.S. population.

"Kangaroo" has made a fine art of awakening young imaginations. Its fanciful characters, costumes, scenery, and sounds make sparkling entertainment. And inside this colorful wrapping is a rich curriculum of lessons.

The pedagogy can't fail. How could a child resist the wise transactions of monkeys and fleas? Or a sonata played by a rabbit? Or a fairy-tale ballet? Or a Mr. Greenjeans, Mr. Moose, or Grandfather Clock? Or the talents of guest stars Imogene Coca, Pearl Bailey, Gwen Verdon, Jack Gilford, Arte Johnson, and dozens more.

Over the years, the show has been a seedbed of ideas and talents for children's programs on other networks, commercial and educational. This influence has been one more reason for the many awards and honors that have stuffed the "Kangaroo" pouch.

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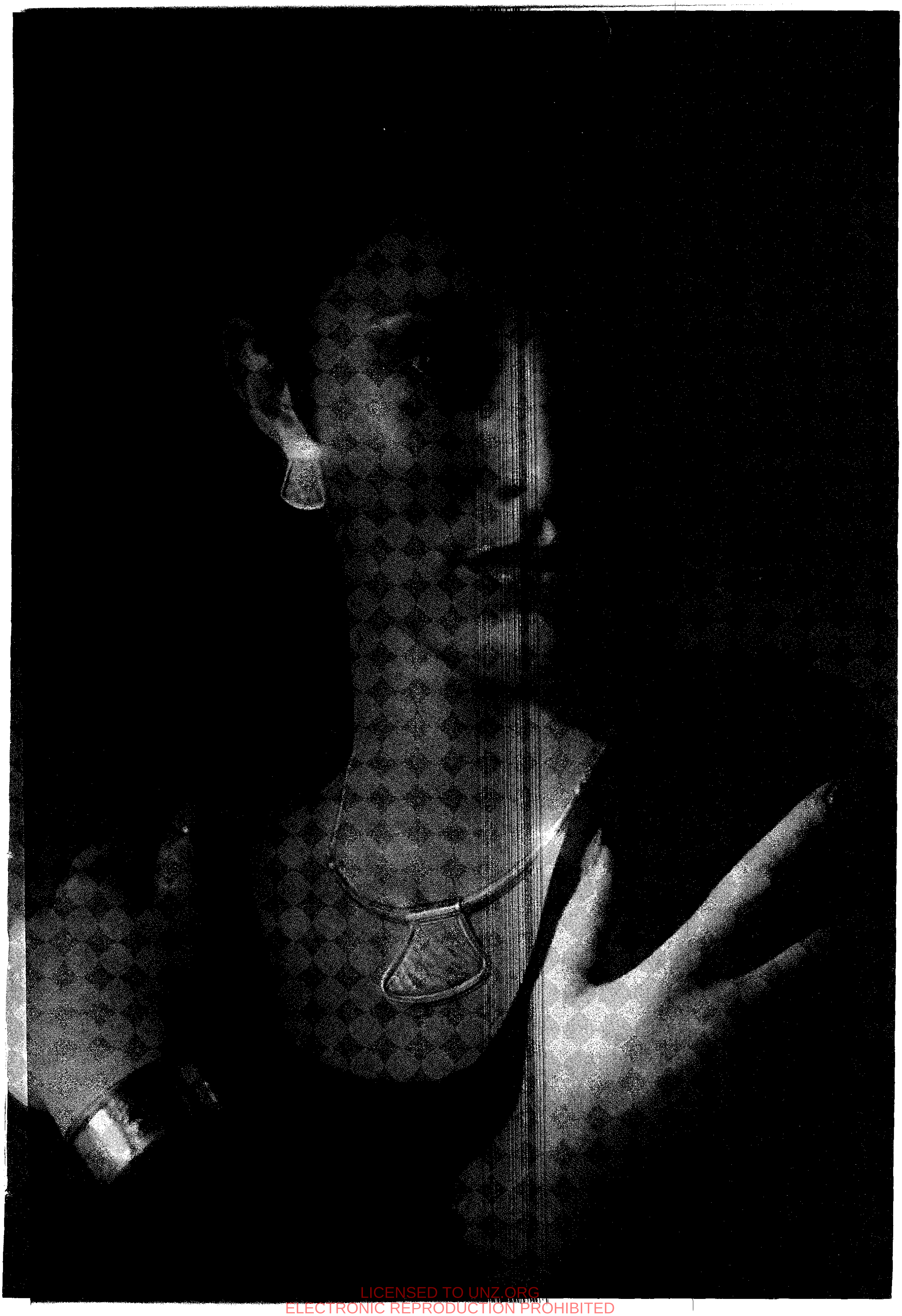

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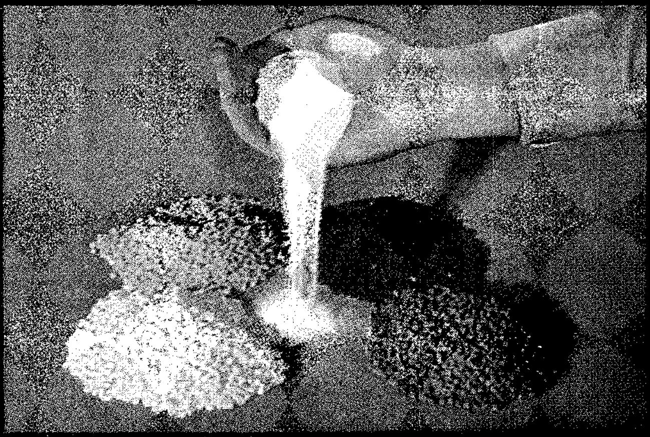

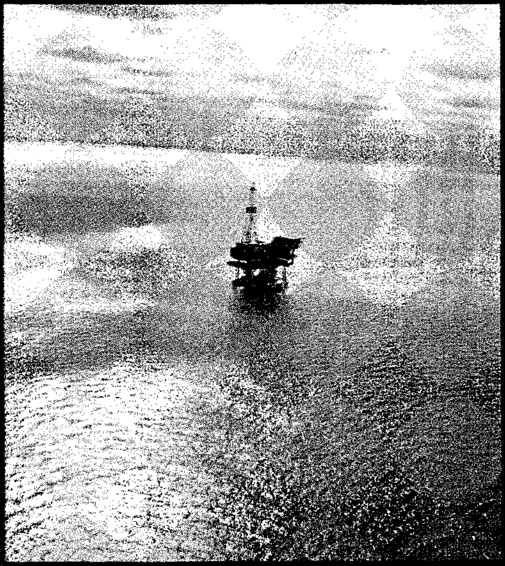

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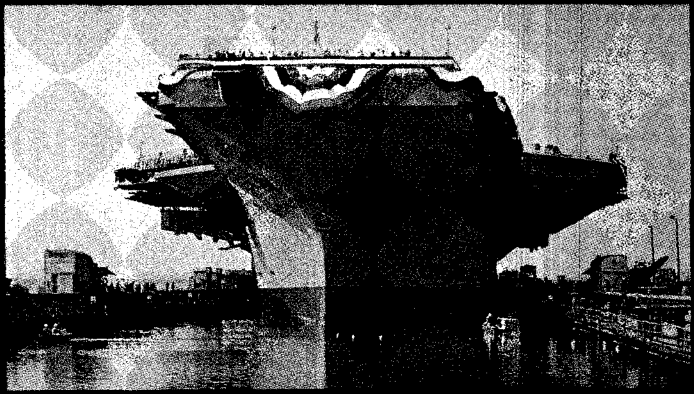

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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19	20	21	22	23		

by Thorold Dickinson, with Anton Walbrook and Edith Evans.

Sept. 16: "La Prisonnière" (1969), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot; and "Warehouse" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Yasuzo Masumura.

Sept. 17: "Tomorrow" (1972), directed by Joseph Anthony, with Robert Duvall; and "Friendly Persuasion." (†)

Sept. 18: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando; and "Baby Doll" (1956), directed by Elia Kazan, with Karl Malden and Carroll Baker.

Sept. 19: "Swing Time" (1936), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness; and "Shall We Dance" (1937), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore.

Sept. 20: "Daughter of Deceit" (1951), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel in Mexico; and "El" (1955; "This Strange Passion"), directed by Luis Buñuel.

Sept. 21: "No Exit" (†); and "Les Jeux Sont Faits" (1947), in French, directed by Jean Delannoy, with Marguerite Moreno, Charles Dullin, and Micheline Presle.

Sept. 22: "Lucia" (†); and "Memories of Underdevelopment" (1973), in Spanish, directed by Tomás Gutiérrez Alea, with Sergio Corrieri.

Sept. 23: "Four Nights of a Dreamer" (1971), in French, directed by Robert Bresson; and "Une Femme Douce" (1969), in French, directed by Robert Bresson, with Dominique Sanda and Guy Frangin.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Sept. 15: "The Sword of Doom" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto, with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "Red Lion" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto, with Toshiro Mifune.

Sept. 16: "Rollerball" (1975), directed by Norman Jewison, with James Caan and John Houseman; and "Zardoz" (1974), directed by John Boorman, with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling.

Sept. 17: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie; and "The Ballad of Cable Hogue" (1970), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Jason Robards, Stella Stevens, and David Warner.

Sept. 18: "Don't Look Now" (1973), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "Performance" (1970), directed by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg, with Mick Jagger and James Fox.

Sept. 19: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Day of the Locust" (1975), directed by John Schlesinger, with Donald Sutherland.

Sept. 20: "Chinatown" (1974), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Carnal Knowledge" (1971), directed by Mike Nichols, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret.

Sept. 21: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson; and "Kid Blue" (1973), directed by James Frawley, with Dennis Hopper and Warren Oates.

Sept. 22: "The Samurai Trilogy, Part III" (1956) and "Samurai Saga" (1959), both films in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.

Sept. 23: "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe; and "Bedazzled" (1967), directed by Stanley Donen, with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

Sept. 15: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated); and "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.

Sept. 16: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (†); and "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.

Sept. 17: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "Alice's Restaurant" (1969), directed by Arthur Penn, with Arlo Guthrie.

Sept. 18: "Claire's Knee" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Beatrice Romand; and "Chloé in the Afternoon" (1972), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Bernard Verley and Zouzou.

Sept. 19: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by John Schlesinger, with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Ulysses" (1967), directed by Joseph Strick, with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves.

Sept. 20: "Scenes from a Marriage" (1974), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.

Sept. 21: "Carnal Knowledge" (1971), directed by Mike Nichols, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret; and "The Graduate" (1967), directed by Mike Nichols, with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross.

Sept. 22: "Catch-22" (1970), directed by Mike Nichols, with Alan Arkin; and "M*A*S*H" (1970), directed by Robert Altman, with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman.

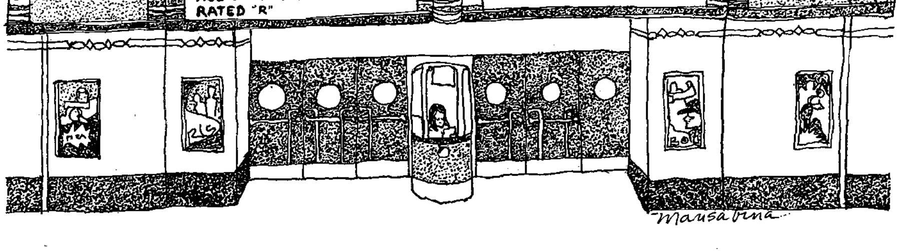
Sept. 23: "Swept Away" (†); and "Amarcord" (1974), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Bruno Zanin.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Sept. 15: "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (1936), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Patric Knowles; and "The Dawn Patrol" (1938), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Errol Flynn, Basil Rathbone, and David Niven.

Sept. 16-18: "Kings Row" (1942), directed by Sam Wood, with Ann Sheridan, Robert Cummings, and Betty Field; and "Angels with Dirty Faces" (1938), directed by Michael Curtiz, with James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Humphrey Bogart, and Ann Sheridan.

From Sept. 19: "Christopher Strong" (1933), directed by Dorothy Arzner, with Katharine Hepburn; and "A Woman Rebels." (†)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Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)

Sept. 15: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966), directed by Mike Nichols, with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis; and "Petulia" (1968), directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott.

Sept. 16: "My Night at Maud's" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "Tristana" (1970), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey.

Sept. 17: "Faces" (1968), directed by John Cassavetes, with John Marley; and "Morgan!" (1966), directed by Karel Reisz, with David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave.

Sept. 18: "The French Connection" (1971), directed by William Friedkin, with Gene Hackman; and "Z" (1969), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras, with Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas.

Sept. 19: "True Grit" (1969), directed by Henry Hathaway, with John Wayne; and "Derby." (†)

Sept. 20: "Frenzy" (1972), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Jon Finch, Barry Foster, Vivien Merchant, and Alec McCowen; and "Topaz" (1969), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Frederick Stafford.

Sept. 21: "Dear John" (†) and "Love." (†)

From Sept. 22: To be announced.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Sept. 16: "Island of Lost Souls" (1932), directed by Erle C. Kenton, with Charles Laughton, Kathleen Burke, and Bela Lugosi; and "Transatlantic Tunnel" (1935), directed by Maurice Elvey, with Madge Evans and Richard Dix.

Sept. 17-18: "Penny Serenade" (1941), directed by George Stevens, with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Edgar Buchanan, and Beulah Bondi; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938), directed by Howard Hawks, with Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant.

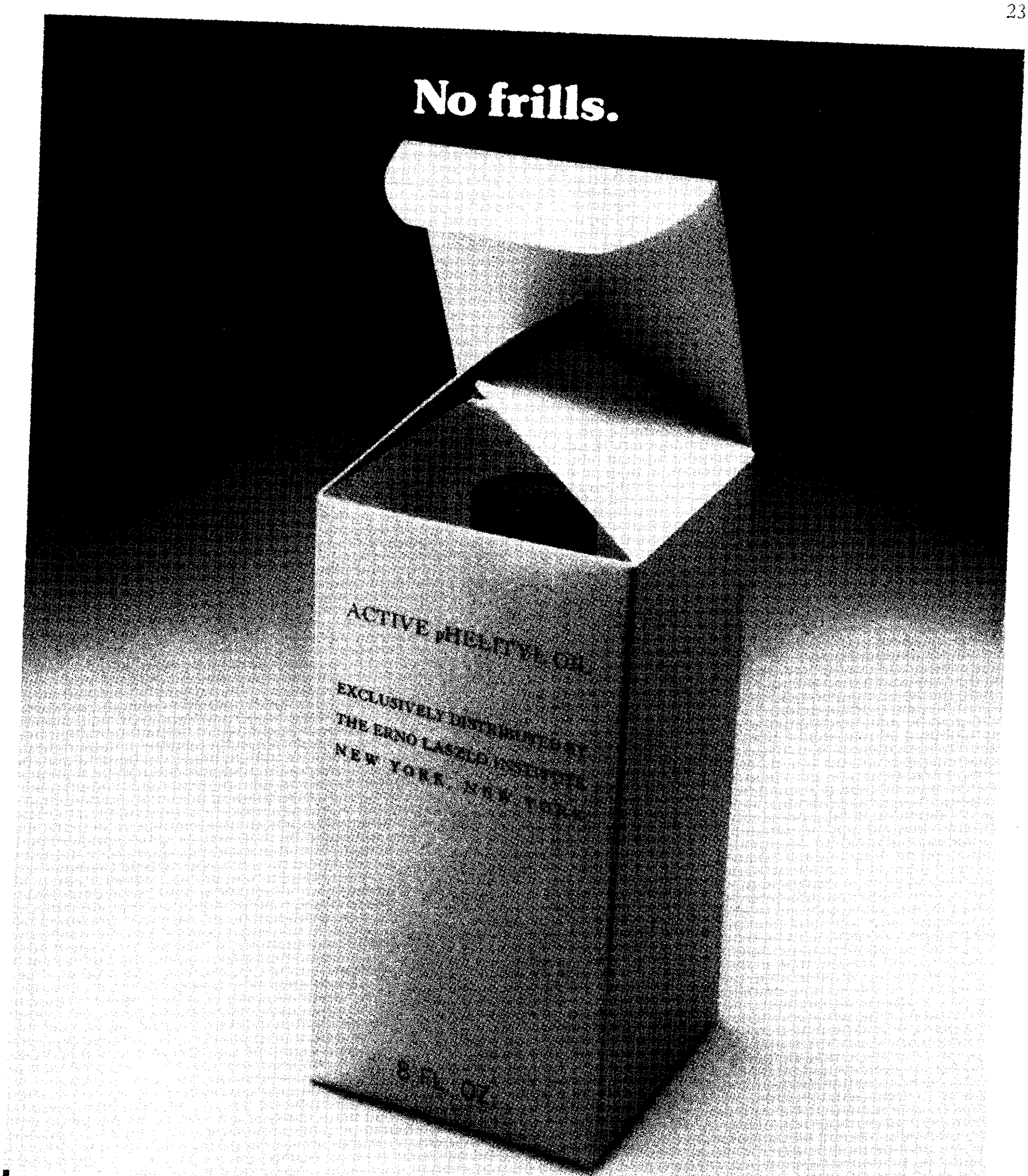
Sept. 19-20: "The North Star" (1943), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Anne Baxter and Walter Huston; and "A Farewell to Arms." (†)

Sept. 21-22: "Diplomaniacs" (†), "Cracked Nuts" (†), and "Kentucky Kernels." (†)

From Sept. 23: "Tomorrow Is Forever" (†) and "Jane Eyre" (1944), directed by Robert Stevenson, with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 16 at 2:30: "The Lady Eve" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, and Charles Coburn. . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 6: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944), directed by Preston Sturges, with Eddie Bracken, Betty Hutton, William Demarest, and Diana Lynn. . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 8:30: "The Palm Beach Story" (1942), directed by Preston Sturges, with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée. . . . ¶ Sept. 17, at 2:30: "Woman of the Year" (1942), directed by George Stevens, with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 6: "Talk of the Town" (1942), directed by George Stevens, with Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, and Ronald Colman. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at noon: "Henry Aldrich, Editor" (1942), directed by Hugh Bennett, with Jimmy Lydon and Charles Smith. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 2:30: "The Major and the Minor" (1942), directed by Billy Wilder, with Ginger Rogers and Ray Milland. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 5: "San Diego, I Love You" (1944), directed by Reginald LeBorg, with Jon Hall, Louise Allbritton, Buster Keaton, and Edward Everett Horton; and "She Gets Her Man" (1945), directed by Erle C. Kenton, with Joan Davis, Leon Errol, and William Gargan. . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at noon: "Road to Utopia" (1945), directed by Hal Walker, with Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, and Dorothy Lamour. . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 2:30: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"The More the Merrier" (1943), directed by George Stevens, with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn. . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 5: "The Parson's Widow" (1920), a Swedish silent film, directed by Carl Dreyer; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at noon: "Murder, He Says" (1945), directed by George Marshall, with Fred MacMurray, Helen Walker, and Marjorie Main. . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 2:30: "Without Love" (1945), directed by Harold S. Bucquet, with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball, and Keenan Wynn. . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 6: "Heaven Can Wait" (1943), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Don Ameche, Gene Tierney, Charles Coburn, and Marjorie Main. . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at noon: "San Diego, I Love You.". . ¶ Sept. 21 at 2:30: "Easy to Wed" (1946), directed by Edward Buzzell, with Van Johnson, Esther Williams, Lucille Ball, and Keenan Wynn. . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 6: "Murder, He Says.". . ¶ Sept. 23 at 2:30: "Mad Wednesday" (1947), directed by Preston Sturges, with Harold Lloyd, Frances Ramsden, and Raymond Walburn. . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 6: "Without Love.". . ¶ Sept. 23 at 8:30: "The Meanest Man in the World" (1943), directed by Sidney Lanfield, with Jack Benny, Priscilla Lane, Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, and Edmund Gwenn; and "It's in the Bag" (1945), directed by Richard Wallace, with Fred Allen, Jack Benny, Binnie Barnes, and William Bendix. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Sept. 19: "Lost Lost Lost: Diaries, Notes & Sketches, Reels 1-6" (1976), directed by Jonas Mekas. Showings at noon and 3. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 21: "Tuskegee Subject #626" (1976), directed by Leroy McDonald, with Robertearle Jones and Paulene Meyers; and "Blood's Way" (1972), directed by Stan Taylor, with Tracy Reed and Leroy McDonald. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Belson, Baillie, Heyward, Broughton, Bresson, Brakhage, and others. Showings Sept. 17 at 7 and 9; Sept. 18 at 2:30, 7, and 10; Sept. 19 at 8; Sept. 21 at 7 and 9; Sept. 22 at 8; and Sept. 23 at 7 and 9.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Abduction—With Gregory Rozakis and David Pendleton. Directed by Joseph Zito. (12th St. Cinema; through Sept. 21.)

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore (1975)—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (First Avenue Cinema; through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; Sept. 16.)

All Screwed Up—A noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of the Sicilians who go to Milan. Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown to be acquisitive schemers who manipulate and exploit their men, and there's a ballet in a slaughterhouse which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Gramercy; through Sept. 21.)

Alpha Beta—Rachel Roberts and Albert Finney in a fine film by Anthony Page, taken from E. A. Whitehead's play about an English suburban marriage. Finney, as Mr. Elliot, is unable to stop himself from uttering scabrous barbs; Miss Roberts, as Mrs. Elliot, is unable to abandon the moroseness that she knows will irritate him. Small rows, puny victories. The director makes us see their ambitions for a better life, their vast hopes, their unwitting villainies and small vanities. A first-rate film, thrillingly acted, beautifully written. (8/9/76) (Quad Cinema.)

The Bad News Bears—A story of a team of sort of mini-Mets, with Tatum O'Neal as a pitcher, and Walter Matthau as a coach who feeds his team Coke and franks and pours slugs of Scotch into his cans of beer. (86th St. East; through Sept. 16.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absentminded revolutionary. (Olympia; starting Sept. 22.)

The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings—With Billy Dee Williams, James Earl Jones, and Richard Pryor; directed by John Badham. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2.)

Buffalo Bill and the Indians—A Robert Altman film, drawn from Arthur Kopit's play about frontier legend and how it is fed, perhaps, by wish. The setting is a Wild West Show. Buffalo Bill is played by Paul Newman, with age lines of makeup and a wig of long, fair hair; Sitting Bull (Frank Kaquitts) is a totemistic figure, almost mute throughout; Annie Oakley is played by Geraldine Chaplin. Everything that Altman photographs is about stage heroics. This is not a picture about sociological differences between white men and Indians; it is about their different sorts of dream. (6/28/76) (72nd Street East; starting Sept. 22.)

Bugsy Malone—A musical about New York City gangsters in the late twenties, with all the roles being played by young performers, including Jodie Foster, Scott Baio, Florrie Dugger, and John Cassisi. Directed by Alan Parker. (Baronet.)

Cannonball—With David Carradine, directed by Paul Bartel. (Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Clockmaker—Bertrand Tavernier's remarkable first film, from a Simenon novel. Philippe Noiret plays—beyond praise—a clockmaker in Lyons. He speaks of the matters of life as meticulously as if he were inspecting them through his watchmaker's glass. It is therefore all the more terrible for him that his young grown-up son has committed chaos by murdering a right-wing informant. A splendid, sober film. In French. (8/9/76) (Fine Arts, and Quad Cinema.)

Cousin, Cousine—A very good film, by Jean-Charles Tacchella, about muddled and ironically sensual family gatherings, full of Rabelaisian cheer. Finely acted by people whom the director has helped to embody a mixture of the droll and the fragile. In French. (8/2/76) (Paris.)

Cracked Nuts (1931)—Vaudevillians and Ziegfeld stars of the twenties, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey carried over their stage routines and became a popular R.K.O. comedy team in the early thirties. It was often impossible to decide if they were wonderfully terrible or just plain terrible, but they were totally unpretentious. Round-faced Wheeler was the teary, innocent, eternal juvenile; skinny, bespectacled Woolsey was the con man, nibbling on a long cigar and spitting out quips. The story here is about their efforts to seize the throne of the kingdom of Eldorania; the villains include Boris Karloff and Stanley Fields. The cast also includes Edna May Oliver as the aunt of the pert straight-girl heroine, Dorothy Lee, an actress of such bright-eyed, dizzying incompetence that she wins one over. Memorable bit: Ben Turpin as an aerial bomber. His cockeyes are in closeup when he assures his boss (Karloff) that he'll hit his target. Edward Cline directed; Al Boasberg and Ralph Spence did the writing. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 21-22.)

Dear John (1966)—An appealing picture, written and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren, about an affair between a ship's captain and a waitress. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. In Swedish. (Sutton; Sept. 21.)

Derby (1971)—Slow-pulsed documentary about a young Midwesterner who dreams of making the roller derby a way of life. O.K., but pretty sentimental about a puny form of athleticism. (Sutton; Sept. 19.)

Diplomaniacs (1933)—Wheeler and Woolsey, this time in an R.K.O. comedy about a peace conference that turns into a battleground. Written by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, this aspires to the surreal-satirical class of "Million Dollar Legs" and "Duck Soup," and the idea is certainly a beauty, but the film flails about. William A. Seiter directed; with Hugh Herbert, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern, and Marjorie White. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 21-22.)

Drum—With Ken Norton, Warren Oates, Isela Vega, and Yaphet Kotto; directed by Steve Carver. (Greenwich, and Symphony; through Sept. 16.)

Edvard Munch—The early life of the Norwegian painter, with Geir Westby in the title role. Directed by Peter Watkins. In Norwegian, with an English narration by the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Festival.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Waverly. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through Sept. 21.)

Family Plot—Hitchcock's fifty-third film, made in his seventy-seventh year, is perhaps his most sparkling and most good-natured, full of sly jokes. Barbara Harris plays a pretty, permanently famished clairvoyant who nearly throttles her boyfriend (Bruce Dern) when their car's brake fluid has been nefariously interfered with. The posh villains are played by Karen Black and William Devane. (4/19/76) (St. Marks Cinema, and First Avenue Cinema; starting Sept. 22.)

A Farewell to Arms (1932)—The American lieutenant in this early version is played by Gary Cooper—the young Gary Cooper, before he became repulsively earnest and folksy—and he's the definitive Hemingway hero. Frank Borzage, who directed, has a feeling for the tenderness of young lovers and considerable skill, but the picture, which retains much of Hemingway's dialogue while tidying up the plot and making it obvious, is rather small-scale, low-key, and unexciting. Part of the problem may be Helen Hayes as the English nurse. Even in 1932, she was already so damnably *appealing*—so wistful and whimsical and touchingly forlorn. It's strange that an actress with the endurance of an ox and probably with as much energy as Mickey Rooney should be so wan and so lacking in force. Rinaldi is played by Adolphe Menjou. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 19-20.)

Festival of Women's Films—A number of films produced, written, and/or directed by women—three of which are reviewed in this issue. Five or six entries a day will be shown, starting at noon, seven days a week, through Sept. 26. The schedule is complicated; the best idea is to call the box office: 877-4040. (Cinema Studio.)

Friendly Persuasion (1956)—Taken from Jessamyn West's stories, this William Wyler film is disappointing but far from shameful. It's about a group of Quakers in Indiana at the time of the Civil War; they try to hold onto their belief in nonviolence despite the actions of Confederate raiders. The presentation is too gently bucolic: the head of the house (Gary Cooper) races a neighbor to Sunday meeting in the family buggy, and buys an organ, which his wife (Dorothy McGuire) regards as an instrument far too profane to install in a proper home. Meanwhile, their daughter (Phyllis Love) is swooning over the boy next door and their older son (Anthony Perkins) considers pouring lead into the first Rebel who turns up in the neighborhood. This was one of the first of Perkins' confused, canny, emotional characters; his mood shifts hadn't yet become ticky, and he's marvellously likable as he imitates Cooper's lanky movements—he's a very convincing son. The film was actually shot in California and the acreage looks so manicured that one half expects a station wagon to come into view; still, it was an attempt to deal with an offbeat subject, and Wyler's work shows

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care and taste. With Marjorie Main, Robert Middleton, and Walter Catlett. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 17.)

Harry and Walter Go to New York—A turn-of-the-century comedy, with James Caan, Michael Caine, Elliott Gould, and Diane Keaton. Directed by Mark Rydell. (Trans-Lux East; through Sept. 16.)

Hester Street—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. (11/24/75) (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Sept. 22.)

Hustle—As a Los Angeles police officer, Burt Reynolds despairs over the American loss of innocence and, since the system is rigged on the side of the rich, he takes the law into his own hands. He's a romantic-liberal Dirty Harry in this sloshy melodrama, which is caught between the pulpy weltschmerz of the writer, Steve Shagan, and the harshness of the director, Robert Aldrich. When Aldrich tries for tenderness, it turns to sleaze. With Paul Winfield, Catherine Deneuve, and Eddie Albert. (1/26/76) (Playboy; starting Sept. 22.)

Idi Amin Dada (1974)—A documentary about the Ugandan General. Directed by Barbet Schroeder. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1.)

J. D.'s Revenge—With Glynn Turman, Lou Gossett, and Joan Pringle; directed by Arthur Marks. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Kaseki (1974)—A most important and delicate Japanese film by the masterly Kobayashi, about a middle-aged Tokyo businessman of subtle sensibility who visits Europe in the company of a pushy assistant. The assistant takes it for granted that ambition is a virtue—having been drilled, heaven help us, in Western civilization's tenet of drive. His once similar boss, now dealing with a medical diagnosis of cancer, is in the process of remaking the vestige of his life in other terms. The film considers death with a majesty of intellect rare in cinema. Its quality of mind often brings up thoughts of Tolstoy's "The Death of Ivan Ilyich." In Japanese. (9/13/76) (New Yorker.)

Kentucky Kernels (1934)—One of the better-made Wheeler and Woolsey comedies, and also one of the most popular. George Stevens directed, and Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby did the story and provided the song "One Little Kiss." Wheeler and Woolsey adopt a child (Spanky McFarland), go down to the South to claim his inheritance, and get caught in a feud between families headed by Noah Beery and Lucille La Verne. With Mary Carlisle, Willie Best, and Margaret Dumont. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 21-22.)

King Kong (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. This original version is destined to be withdrawn shortly because of the remake. (D. W. Griffith.)

Lady Sings the Blues (1972)—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays Piano Man. (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Sept. 22.)

The Legend of Hell House—With Pamela Franklin and Roddy McDowall. Directed by John Hough. (Playboy; through Sept. 21.)

Lenny (1974)—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Columbia II.)

Let's Talk About Men (1965)—Lina Wertmüller's second film, in four parts. Nino Manfredi plays the Superior Man in all four: a businessman financially less successful than his sumptuous thief of a wife, an aged circus knife-thrower, a sadomasochist, a snoring husband who is blind to his wife's discontent. Wertmüller is not a women's-lib polemicist. Politically, she is an intelligent and kindly philosopher, who sees people being turned into society's flunkies. Dramatically, she is moved by paradox, fully aware of the ache that often underlies the Latin bombast of her characters. In Italian. (8/16/76) (Loews Tower East; through Sept. 23, tentative.)

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Lies My Father Told Me—Set in Montreal in the twenties, about a seven-year-old Jewish boy, his grandfather, and his father. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Sept. 22.)

The Longest Yard (1974)—Burt Reynolds, as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo, lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (10/14/74) (Olympia; through Sept. 21.)

Love (1971)—If you suggest going to a Hungarian film to almost anyone but a Hungarian, you are apt to face mutiny, but this film—by Károly Makk—is much recommended. Reviving and vivid about the true nature of aristocracy. In Hungarian. (Sutton; Sept. 21.)

Lucia (1974)—A long trilogy by Humberto Solas, a young man who has been called Cuba's Eisenstein. The first episode is melodramatic; the second, about the disorganized hatred felt for the dictatorial President Machado, is intellectually fine and visually lyric; the third is an ironic fable about a Castro-period husband who literally walls up his beautiful new wife and nearly goes crazy with jealousy when a handsome teacher arrives to take her through the revolutionists' literacy program. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 22.)

Mad Dog—With Dennis Hopper as Daniel Morgan, a nineteenth-century bandit in the Australian outback. Directed by Phillipe Mora. (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum; starting Sept. 22.)

Magnum Force (1973)—The bloody, brutal sequel to "Dirty Harry." This time, Clint Eastwood doesn't speak for vigilante justice, and he slaughters those who do. But he's the same emotionless hero, who lives and kills as affectlessly as a psychopathic personality. The setting is San Francisco, but, as in the spaghetti Westerns, Eastwood's gun power makes him the hero of a totally nihilistic dream world. Ted Post's direction is mediocre; the script by John Milius and Michael Cimino is cheaply effective. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 21.)

Mahogany—Diana Ross in a garish, garbled version of outmoded white kitsch. She plays a secretary from the South Side of Chicago, who becomes the first black model to crack the color bar, goes on to be a whirling international celebrity, and then gives it all up to help her black lover (Billy Dee Williams) fight to improve conditions at home. The decadent whites who paw her or bitch at her include Tony Perkins, Nina Foch, Marisa Mell, and Jean-Pierre Aumont. Berry Gordy directed. (10/27/75) (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Sept. 22.)

Manson—A documentary, directed by Robert Hendrickson. (12th St. Cinema; through Sept. 21.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Sept. 22.)

The Man Who Skied Down Everest—An Oscar-winning Japanese documentary about the celebrated skier Miura, who toiled most of the way up Everest with a caravan of Sherpas and scientists, and then skied down part of it, at a hundred miles an hour. Six Sherpas died. There is a difference between an endeavor and a feat. (6/7/76) (Loews 83rd Triplex; through Sept. 16.)

Midway—Henry Fonda, Charlton Heston, and Robert Mitchum in a noisy, flag-waving film, directed by Jack Smight, about a key Pacific maneuver of the Second World War. (St. Marks Cinema, and First Avenue Cinema; starting Sept. 22.)

Murder by Death—A thriller thronged with the world's most famous detectives, written by Neil Simon, directed by Robert Moore. A funny night of a hundred stars, with Truman Capote as the host, a carefully spoken blind butler played by Alec Guinness, and Maggie Smith, never more limp-wristed or full of sophisticated common sense. Estelle Winwood plays the nurse of a Miss Marbles, but the nurse is the one in the wheelchair. (6/28/76) (Beekman; through Sept. 16.)

My Friends—An Italian film about friendship—a salute to male camaraderie, bravery in mufti, benevolence to friends' failings. Philippe Noiret plays one of the quartet of friends—a poached-egg-eyed crime reporter. Directed by Pietro Germi and, after his death, by Mario Monicelli. In Italian. (7/26/76) (68th St. Playhouse.)

No Exit (1962)—The famous Sartre play, set in its suffocating hell-hotel, has been turned into a movie that manages to do almost everything wrong. Damned if the screenwriter, George Tabori, didn't even open up the play with flashbacks, letting in gust after gust of stale, moralizing air! Viveca Lindfors gives the only noteworthy performance; with Rita Gam, Morgan Sterne, and Ben Piazza. Tad Danielewski directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 21.)

Obsession—An *hommage* to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman (Cliff Robertson), who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a Daddi in the Italian church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Who is she? A hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. (8/2/76) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

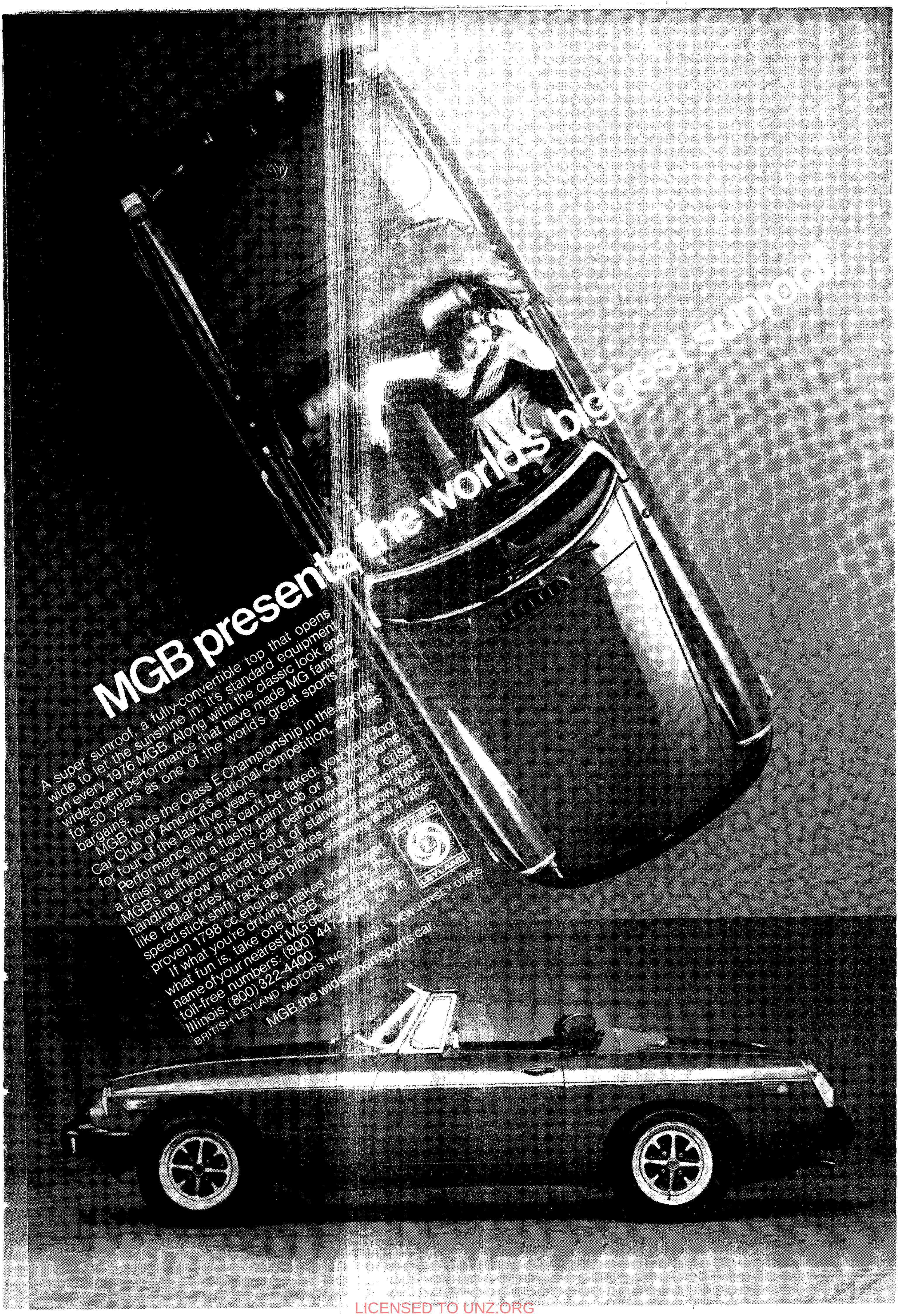
Ode to Billy Joe—With Robby Benson and Glynnis O'Connor, directed by Max Baer. (St. Marks Cinema, and First Avenue Cinema; through Sept. 21.)

The Omen—Directed by Richard Donner, starring a very sonorous and vapid Gregory Peck, who is married to Lee Remick (in a good performance). The plot involves the replacing of her stillborn baby with an orphan who turns out to be the child of Satan. The cult of Satanism may be the "Jaws" of next year. (7/5/76) (72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; through Sept. 21.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Columbia II.)

Paper Tiger—With David Niven, Toshiro Mifune, and Hardy Krüger, and with Ivan Desny and Jeff Corey. Directed by Ken Annakin. (Music Hall; starting Sept. 16.)

Rancho Notorious (1952)—Not one of the films that Fritz Lang will be remembered for. Lang said that this Western was conceived for Marlene Dietrich (she plays an aging femme fatale, a retired dance-hall hostess who operates a hideout for outlaw gangs) but that by the time it was finished he and Dietrich had



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stopped speaking to each other. Financed by Howard Hughes, but on a small scale, it was shot mostly in the studio; the picture was to be called "Chuck-A-Luck" and Lang used the ballad "The Legend of Chuck-A-Luck" as an integral theme song, but afterward Hughes changed the title. (The picture was also recut.) Possibly even under the best of circumstances the mixture of Lang's conspiratorial motifs with the Western characters and locale might not have worked out. Arthur Kennedy is a cowpuncher obsessed with getting revenge for the rape and murder of his fiancée, and Mel Ferrer is Frenchy, a Western variant of Lang's master criminals. With Gloria Henry, William Frawley, Jack Elam, Dan Seymour, George Reeves, Lloyd Gough, and Fuzzy Knight. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 23.)

The Return of a Man Called Horse—Richard Harris as an English peer who becomes the blood brother of a Sioux tribe. Directed by Irvin Kershner. There is much patronage about the white man's role as savior of natives in distress, much repulsive dwelling on initiatory torture, much bovine acting, and much, much bad illustrative music. (8/16/76) (Ziegfeld. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East, 86th St. East, Greenwich, and Symphony; starting Sept. 17.)

The Ritz—From Terrence McNally's play, directed by Richard Lester. We are in a New York City bathhouse where homosexuals hang out. A rococo-Mafia atmosphere reigns, and McNally's dialogue is barbarously funny. (8/23/76) (Cinema I. No evening performances on Tuesday, Sept. 21.)

St. Ives—With Charles Bronson, John Houseman, Jacqueline Bisset, and Maximilian Schell; directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Columbia I.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (Gramercy; through Sept. 21.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Guild; through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Beekman; starting Sept. 17.)

The Shootist—A Western, with John Wayne and Lauren Bacall, directed by Don Siegel. (Loews Orpheum; through Sept. 21.)

Silent Movie—Mel Brooks's intermittently very funny film, in which Mel Brooks (as Mel Funn), Dom DeLuise (as Dom Bell), and Marty Feldman (as Marty Eggs) try to beat a readily identifiable conglomerate called Engulf & Devour by making a silent movie—this is 1976. Much joy for children, but the humor is a bit burly, and one misses Madeline Kahn. (7/12/76) (Art, Cinema II, and Paramount. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Sept. 21.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Plaza; through Sept. 21.)

Street People—With Roger Moore and Stacy Keach, directed by Maurice Lucidi. (Loews 83rd Triplex; Sept. 17-21. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Sept. 17.)

Survive!—A Mexican film (in English) based on the survival of the Uruguayan soccer team whose airplane crashed in the Andes in 1972. (Playboy; starting Sept. 22.)

Swashbuckler—With Robert Shaw, James Earl Jones, Peter Boyle, Geneviève Bujold, Beau Bridges, and Geoffrey Holder; directed by James Goldstone. (Music Hall; Sept. 15.)

Swept Away (1975)—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Guild; through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Beekman; starting Sept. 17. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; Sept. 23.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Trans-Lux East; through Sept. 16.)

The Ten Commandments (1956)—Charlton Heston is the highly athletic Moses; Anne Baxter is the kittenish princess who loves him; Judith Anderson is the sinister slave who knows the secret of his Jewish birth; Cedric Hardwicke is the likable old Pharaoh; Yul Brynner is the prince who beats Moses to the Egyptian throne; Edward G. Robinson is the traitor to the Jews; Debra Paget is the young slave old Robinson's got his eyes on. Stir them all together, throw in stone tablets, a whopping big Golden Calf, part the Red Sea, and you've got Cecil B. De Mille's epic—almost four hours of it. As old-fashioned hokum, it's palatable and rather tasty. (Guild; starting Sept. 22.)

Tomorrow Is Forever (1946)—One of the most dismal of the many variants on the Enoch Arden theme. A cherub-faced chemist named MacDonald (Orson Welles) gets so badly shot up in the First World War that he prefers to let his wife (Claudette Colbert) think he's dead; he returns, transformed bewilderingly into a shattered European, to find that she has married the industrialist for whom he's going to work. Wearing a wig and false whiskers, dragging a gimpy leg, and rolling gutturals around on his tongue, Welles is so transparently Welles that it's pretty funny that Colbert doesn't recognize him. That's the only humor in this pallbearer-paced weeper. With Natalie Wood, George Brent, Lucile Watson, and Richard Long. Irving Pichel directed Lenore Coffee's script, from Gwen Bristow's novel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 23.)

Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others—A fabulous all-star cast that includes Yves Montand, Michel Piccoli, Serge Reggiani, Gérard Depardieu, Stéphane Audran, Marie Dubois, and Antonella Lualdi, in a story about a group of people who take refuge in friendship. All hell breaks loose in their lives, but the friendship pads their falls. The director, Claude Sautet, is a wizard at juggling and balancing the complex "Dinner at Eight" situation, and he's got the control and refinement of a master—the film moves rhythmically, as if it were a melancholy, romantic tune. Yet it's a blandly, mathematically tragic, almost congratulatory view of middle-class resilience; Sautet seems to have put his craft on the screen and left himself out. In French. (3/15/76) (Thalia.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Heavenly. Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow. (Plaza; through Sept. 21.)

A Woman Rebels (1936)—Arguably Katharine Hepburn's worst picture (most serious rival: "Mary of Scotland"), and the central issue of the freedom of women is made to seem tired, dated, and convictionless. This time Hepburn is Pamela Thistlewaite, daughter of an autocratic judge (Donald Crisp). After an affair (with Van Heflin), she has an illegitimate child; though she's the crusading editor of a women's magazine and a campaigner for women's rights, she fibs about the baby. After much suffering, she realizes she's in love with her longtime faithful suitor (Herbert Marshall). Mark Sandrich directed; from Netta Syrett's "Portrait of a Rebel." (Regency; starting Sept. 19.)

Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood—A lot of mummified-looking human co-stars in cameo parts playing second role to a hypertrained dog. (86th St. East; through Sept. 16.)

Zig-Zig—With Catherine Deneuve, Bernadette Lafont, and Hubert Deschamps; directed by Laszlo Szabo. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 17.)

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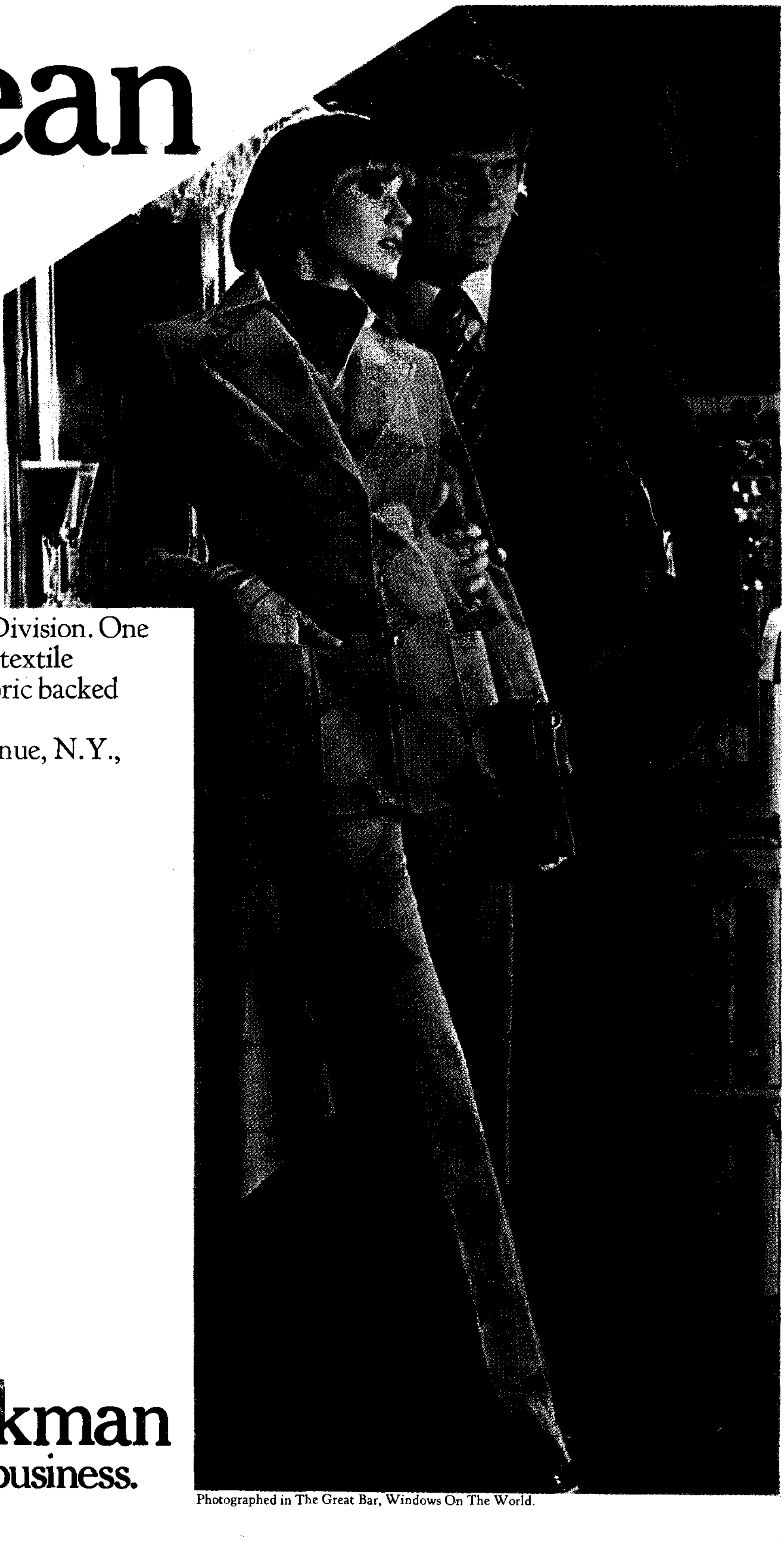
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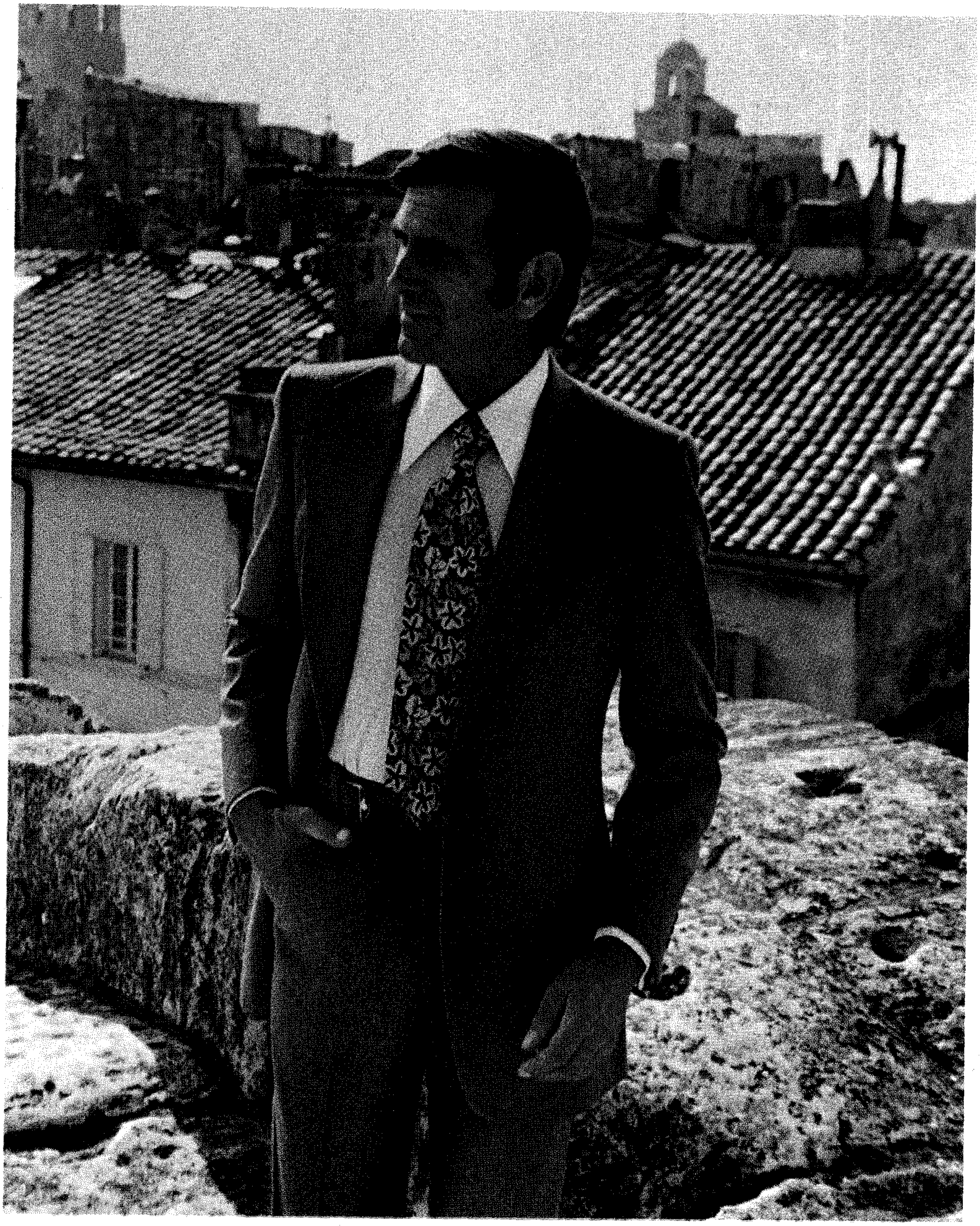

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AFTER an interval, we have heard from our friend the long-winded lady, who writes:

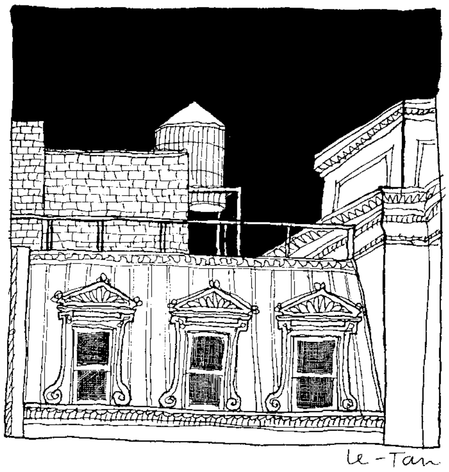
This is a daydream: I am lying in the sand just below the dunes on the beach in East Hampton, where I lived for several years. It is a warm, sunless day, with a cool breeze blowing in from the ocean. My eyes are closed. I like the beach, and the sand. There is a big Turkish towel between me and the sand, and I am quite alone. The cats and my dog, Bluebell, walked over here with me, but two of the cats dropped out at the walled rose garden a short distance back, and the four others are hiding in the long dune grass just above me. Bluebell is down by the water. She is a black Labrador retriever, and she swims and rolls in the water and watches for a seagull to play with, but the gulls fly off shrieking with outrage at the sight of her. I won't stay here much longer. In a few minutes, I'll get up and start for home—a five-minute walk through dune grass and between trees and across the wide, sloping lawn that leads to the big house where the walled rose garden is. I live at the foot of that lawn. I'll just lie here a few more minutes and then I'll go back.

But I opened my eyes too suddenly, for no reason at all, and the beach at East Hampton has vanished, along with Bluebell and the cats, all of them dead for years now. The Turkish towel is in reality the nubbly white counterpane of the bed I am lying on, and the cool ocean breeze is being provided by the blessed air conditioner. It is ninety-three degrees outside—a terrible day in New York City. So much for my daydream of sand and sea and roses. The daydream was, after all, only a mild attack of homesickness. The reason it was a mild attack instead of a fierce one is that there are a number of places I am homesick for. East Hampton is only one of them.

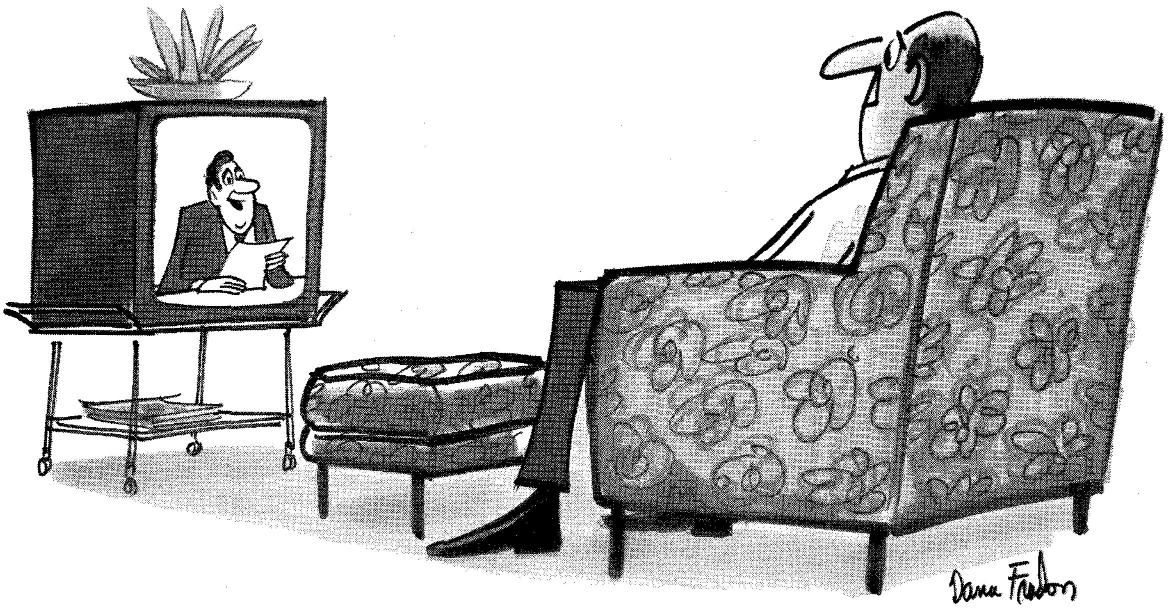
• •

Gift

THE Paris Opéra was settling in at Lincoln Center last week with three hundred people, a hundred and fifty tons of scenery, and a lot of well-thumbed pocket-sized French-English dictionaries. The company, which is making its first visit to America, will play eight performances at the Metropolitan Opera and then move on to the Kennedy Center, and the astronomical cost of the entire operation—nearly two million dollars after ticket sales—will be paid by the French government as a Bicentennial present. We dropped by the Metropolitan a couple of days before opening night and found a French-American team of stagehands assembling an enormous four-tiered white structure, which turned out to be a modernistic castle for the first act of "Otello." Technicians scurried back and forth checking diagrams to make sure that the individual four-by-eight-foot canvas-covered flats that made up the castle were put together in proper sequence; a mistake, one of them told us, could weaken the entire structure and endanger the singers. Down on C-level, we found Edith Mathis (Susanna) and Christiane Eda-Pierre (the Countess) running through the letter duet from "The Marriage of Figaro" in a small studio, and, a few doors down the hall, Michel Plasson, a dynamic young conductor, rehearsing the entire cast of the second act of "Faust." The musicians, casually dressed, were seated in the center of a large wood-panelled room, and the soloists and the chorus were ranged at various levels on a platform behind them. The men on the platform wore open-necked shirts and slacks or bluejeans; the women favored pants or long cotton skirts, tank tops, and turbans. As we slid into a seat behind the trombones, Roger Soyer, a tall, handsome French bass, who plays Méphistophélès, folded his arms across his chest and began the famous "Veau d'or" aria. M. Plasson, a tall, energetic man who has a long face and whose hair (brown) falls into his eyes, sang along soundlessly. The aria went well, but a quiet bit of recitative that came after it disturbed M. Plasson. He spread his arms to stop the orchestra, and said, "*Je vous en prie. Piano, c'est une chose. Pianissimo, c'est une autre chose.*" The orchestra, looking slightly surprised, played softer.



At three o'clock, after the usual French lunch break, Sir Georg Solti, a muscular, magnetic Hungarian, took over the orchestra for a stage rehearsal of "Otello." As the chorus—still in sports clothes—spread itself out on three setbacks that form part of the castle wall, Sir Georg suddenly decided to lower the orchestra pit a foot to obtain a better balance of sound. This took nearly half an hour and made everybody nervous. ("We are wasting valuable time," said Sir Georg, pacing up and down the aisle like an angry leopard.) Several of the musicians, who had been shooed out of the pit, stood in a small group playing softly; we went over, and discovered that they were



“And now, from Washington, Roland Hample continues his underreporting of the Eugene McCarthy campaign.”

• •

improvising a jazz version of Bach’s Double Violin Concerto. At three-thirty, Sir Georg gave the downbeat for the crashing chorus that begins “Otello.” After a few bars, he handed his baton to an assistant and raced back into the auditorium to check the sound. He resumed conducting, without missing a beat, during Iago’s drinking song, and then stopped the orchestra to ask for silence backstage. “*Il y a beaucoup de désastres* back there,” he said. “QUIET! There must be somebody responsible for this damn stage.”

There was a loud clunk, and a head popped out of the doorway in the center of the castle wall.

Sir Georg pounced. “Are you French or American?” he shouted.

“Yes, sir,” said the startled stagehand.

“STOP WORKING, for God’s sake!” said Sir Georg. “ALL OF YOU! GO AWAY, PLEASE! IMMEDIATELY!”

The backstage sounds ceased abruptly, and Sir Georg, with a smile, swept Otello and Desdemona into the ecstatic love duet that ends the act.

When the lights came up in the auditorium, we spotted Rolf Liebermann, the Opéra’s general director, in the back of the house, and went over to say hello. Mr. Liebermann, a tall, white-haired, unflappable Swiss composer and conductor, is one of the shrewdest impresarios in Europe. He took over the Paris Opéra four years ago, when it was an artistic quagmire, and has turned it into a creditable international house. We offered our congratulations on his remarkable success with the company, and asked about the choice of repertoire for America.

“ ‘Figaro’ was an obvious necessity,” he said, “because Beaumarchais, its creator, is the only man in opera who helped supply the Revolutionary Army during your War of Independence. Our production is pure Fragonard, but Giorgio Strehler, the director, has staged the opera with a sense of impending revolution. You feel at the end of Act III that there is a mob out there ready to tear down the castle. ‘Faust’ is obvious for a French company, but this is a *Gounod* ‘Faust,’ set in the industrial time of 1875, and not a *Goethe* ‘Faust,’ set in the Middle Ages. As a German-speaking Swiss, I have always objected to trying to stage Goethe with those sweet nineteenth-century waltzes that you can dance to on ice. So we have put the opera in Gounod’s time and set it in a kind of steel-and-glass nineteenth-century Grand Palais, with Méphistophélès and Faust as mirror images of each other. ‘Otello,’ our newest production, emphasizes the Arabic culture of fifteenth-century Cyprus. Except for the Venetian soldiers, everybody is dressed like an Arab, in a caftan or a djellabah. Otello is a baptized Christian, who wears a big cross, but when he becomes convinced that Desdemona is untrue he rejects both Christianity and the culture of Venice and returns to Allah.”

“You’ve been running the Paris Opéra for four years,” we said. “Would you undertake the same job again if it were offered to you?”

“That’s difficult to answer,” replied Mr. Liebermann. “There was a lot of opposition when I first came to Paris. The critic of *Le Figaro* announced that out of fifty million Frenchmen they could have found *somebody* to run the house, and a group of left-wing staff members put up posters saying ‘Beware of Foreigners.’ But now that we are building a respectable repertoire and selling out the house, a great deal of the opposition has vanished. My contract has been extended to 1980, and I expect to leave my successor with a complete operatic museum—from Rembrandt to Picasso—that he can use as a foundation for *his* work.”

“What are your greatest problems?” we asked.

“Politics,” Mr. Liebermann said. “In France, the unions are politicized. They’re not primarily after money or better working conditions—they call strikes to make political statements. In recent years, the stagehands, who are Communist-led, have refused to work at performances for two Presidents—Pompidou and Giscard. Fortunately, such strikes last only twenty-four hours and are declared five days in advance, so we always know what’s coming. My second problem is to balance the international repertoire of the main house with an all-French repertoire at the Opéra-Comique. There we will present those charming nineteenth-century composers—Delibes, Charpentier, Messager—who wrote in a very special French style. We’re starting this Opéra-Comique season with Rossini’s ‘Le Comte Ory,’ Rameau’s ‘Platée,’ and Massenet’s ‘Werther.’ ”

We asked Mr. Liebermann, who was director of the Hamburg State Opera before moving to Paris, if he could outline the differences between French and German audiences.

“They have completely different ways of looking at life,” he replied. “Hamburg is true and faithful and kind and loyal, and my opera house was my castle, and my friends were friends for life. Paris is fast, elegant, sophisticated, and spoiled. If you bore Parisians, they forget you immediately, and if you lack good taste they dismiss you as provincial. When I go back to my home in Switzerland now, people tell me I've changed. I think they're right, because I have learned to see things in a different way. There is a famous book by the Swiss philosopher Herbert Lüthy whose title sums up my experience. It's called 'French Clocks Run Differently,' and I can assure you that this is absolutely true."

Complex

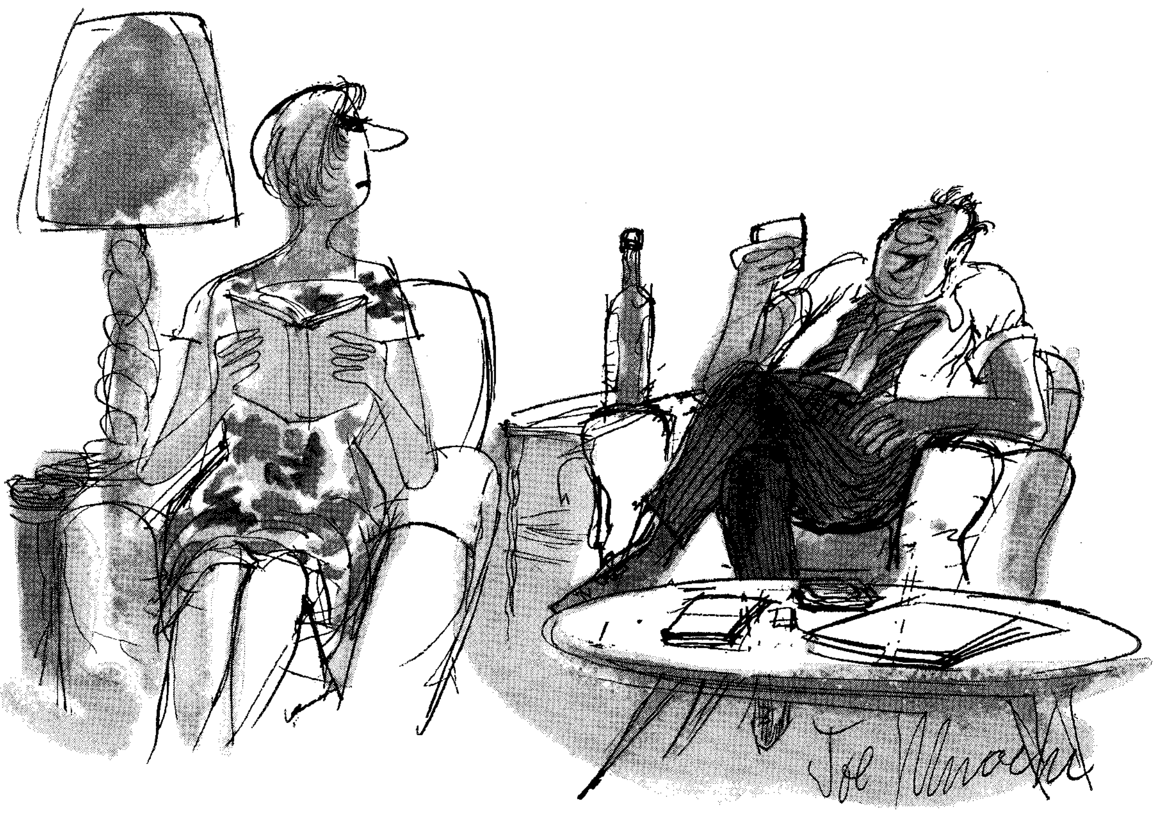
HERE in the sand-filled heart of the eighteen-million-person New Jersey-New York-Connecticut Megalopolis—which is how the New Jersey Sports & Exposition Authority thinks of everything within an hour's drive of East Rutherford, New Jersey—the talk has a new pride and self-awareness. Rutgers men in the employ of Authority Chairman David A. (Sonny) Werblin, Rutgers '31, stand atop three and a half million cubic yards of Ambrose Channel sand piped in to displace the whipcord-tough *Phragmites*—the nine-foot-high, tasselled marsh grass—and point with joy to the first units of the Jersey-financed and by-and-large-Jersey-constructed Meadowlands Sports Complex: the now functioning Meadowlands Racetrack (capacity 35,000) and the practically finished 78,000-seat Giants Stadium, new home of the Just Plain Giants, who have taken the "NY" off their helmets for their move across the Hudson. We like the place—they've done a nice job.

Four and one-tenth miles from the Lincoln Tunnel, eight miles from the George Washington Bridge, across a road from the transmitter of WHN (New York's only country-music radio station), and visible from the World Trade Center, Meadowlands is not very much like Manhattan. Lots of sky, horizons, parking lots. The race track has more State of New Jersey flags than you'll ever see anyplace else, lots of ultra-modern lower-case, thin-line neon lettering, and a two-and-a-quarter-million-dollar gargantuan Stewart-Warner video-matrix computerized scoreboard, which displays, on ninety-five hundred forty-watt bulbs, crisp black-and-white live TV pix of every race (trotters, at the moment). There's a clam bar and trackside dining for seven hundred in the grandstand—six-level, fully enclosed, and climate-controlled. The climate of the Giants Stadium—unenclosed—is controlled by the weather except within the press box and seventy-two mezzanine suites, equipped with Clikdial thermostats, small bars, plaid or dotted carpeting, cushioned movie-theatre-type seats, TV sets, and (in some cases) vinyl-suède wallpaper. The seventy-seven thousand open-air seats, of molded magenta or blue plastic, are comfortable and somehow all give the illusion of being close to the lime-green, padded, slightly bowed (for runoff) Astroturf field. It will be an interesting place to play in, because when you stand on the Astroturf the seats all somehow look the same distance away. It's the first football stadium we've seen that has the intimacy of old baseball parks like Fenway, in Boston, and Tiger Stadium, in Detroit, and it's built, really, for one sport. This place is concentrated. It's steeply banked, and full; with the Giants winning, it could be a real powerhouse.

At the race track, the backstretch area, which has facilities for thirteen hundred and twenty horses and five hundred people, looks like an award-winning community college. The official Sports Complex logo features a football helmet, the head of a race horse, a dolphin, and the head of an egret. The dolphin represents hopes for an aquarium, and egrets have been summering here probably at least since the end of the last Ice Age. Egrets will perhaps still make use of a hundred-and-thirty-acre chunk of swamp which will be set aside as a nature walk and environmental-study center. The population of the Sports Complex site in October, 1970—before construction—ran to six thousand birds of forty-eight species, muskrats, mink, bats, mice, voles, rabbits, rats, possums, raccoons, fox, skunk, turtles, killifish, grass shrimp, fiddler crabs, blue crabs, and barnacles. The newly completed hundred-and-thirty-acre Sports Complex parking lot can take twenty thousand cars and four hundred buses of several thousand species.

Barter Baron

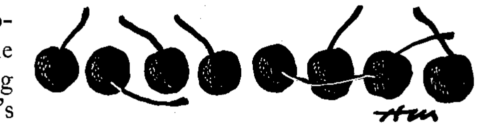
ACCORDING to certain canny Wall Streeters, the barter business—or the reciprocal-trade industry, as it now calls itself—may be in the advantageous launch position today that electronics found itself in ten or fifteen years ago. Most likely to generate such a boom, informants agree: Moreton Binn and his "laundry list." Binn, forty, personable, hardworking, an orphan



"I'm in fine fettle. Why don't you get in fine fettle?"

at twelve who at twenty-five owned a small metropolitan ad agency, whose favorite comedians are W. C. Fields, Corbett Monica, Henny Youngman, and Gene Baylos, has for almost two years been chairman of the board, president, and chief executive officer of Atwood Richards, Inc., nineteen-year-old traditional reciprocal-trade leader, at 99 Park Avenue (branches in Chicago, Beverly Hills, and Toronto). Binn expects to gross ninety million dollars in 1976 in exchanges of products and services, and in twenty-two months he has acquired three titles: the Barter Baron, the King of the Swappers (a Canadian designation), and No. 1 Turtle. The Turtles are an old flight club that Binn took on as a sideline last year and has transformed into a social club primarily for businessmen: members get advantageous deals on assorted books and turtle accessories and wear turtle pins in their lapels—badges that give them a good way of striking up conversations. The first Turtle key club—the King of Clubs, out on Long Island—is scheduled to open next year, and plans call for a Chinatown on the left of the entrance, which will be an authentic pagoda with a Chinese chef, and a Spanish villa on the other side, with, Binn promises, "very fine Spanish food but not hot stuff to kill yourself."

The modern American barter business got started in the mid-fifties as a service to help television with its cash flow. Barter firms would buy a two-hundred-thousand-dollar camera for a station or a network in exchange for a certain amount of available air time, of which there was plenty in those days—say, three hundred thousand dollars' worth for the camera. The barter firms would then sell the commercial time to businesses for cash. In 1974, Binn, who was then head of a promotional agency that dealt in contests, sweepstakes, sales-incentive programs, and the like, saw other possibilities for the barter business: it could get into barter on the other end of its transactions as well. The recession/depression that hit business in late '73 saw retailers unwilling to buy and stock inventory six months in advance of sales, the way they would in flusher times. Their new motto was "What you see is what we got," and, as a result, manufacturers had a tremendous back-up in inventory and had to spend a lot of their time servicing stores on a more or less continuous basis in order to protect their shelf positions. Binn says he concentrated on two facts: everything can be sold for a price; and a man's business expenditures—for travel, hotel space, air time, and such—go right on even while his merchandise is sitting in warehouses. Having seen this in September, 1974, Binn, who likes to set himself a deadline for every transaction, decided to acquire Atwood Richards, a multimillion-dollar firm, before November 1st. At 11:57 P.M. on October 31st, he signed the documents that gave him control of the firm, and set about preparing his "laundry list;" i.e., items he was willing to exchange at full retail value for the wholesale value of overstocked furniture, barbecue sets, Convair 880 airplanes, guano, imitation mayonnaise, tomato sauce, underwear, bleach substitute, hockey pads, fibre-tip pens, hedge trimmers, humidifiers, potatoes (frozen, chopped, chived, or cheesed), skis, rings, hand cleaner, pool tables, bird cages, wallpaper, frozen pizza, fur coats, CB radios, or weed killer. The latest "laundry list" published by Atwood offers (this is a random selection) television, radio, and cable-TV broadcast time, magazine space, billboards, a complete selection of men's and women's clothes, computer time, calculators, fire-alarm systems, world-wide hotel accommodations, air travel, cruises, rent-a-car credits, limousines, and the printing of brochures, catalogues, pamphlets, and annual reports. The floor that Atwood occupies at 99 Park is entirely furnished with items reciprocally traded by the firm. Binn has a corner office—outfitted with toy turtles, a desk covered with papers, a speaker phone, hanging plants, a wall of personal photographs, and testimonials or certificates from places like the International Symposium of Entrepreneurship and Enterprise Development, Channel 13, the Young Presidents' Organization, Dale Carnegie, the Eastern Dairy and Deli Food Association, Inc., the Ionosphere Club, and the Ohio House of Representatives—in which, when he's not running around the country, Binn makes deals and confers with his "band of Cherokees," or executives, who are men like Sid Hoenig, senior vice-president and broadcast-acquisitions director and Don Quinn, vice-president for syndications/station relations (these two acquire Atwood's broadcast and outdoor-advertising inventory); Bill Steinberg, vice-president and administrative coördinator of client relations; Jim Carbery, vice-president and head of periodical space acquisitions; and Bill Walker, vice-president and head of the client service department. Binn dresses smartly, and his taste runs to browns: the day we talked with him, he wore a brown herringbone jacket with an enamelled turtle pin, a monogrammed shirt of light-brown sea-island cotton, slightly flared cream pants, a solid-brown tie, brown shoes, and black socks. Many big firms that Atwood started dealing with after Binn bought the company were initially standoffish, because they were used to thinking of barter as something you do only when you're in trouble. Of course, they'd forgotten that *all* business was barter before money was invented.



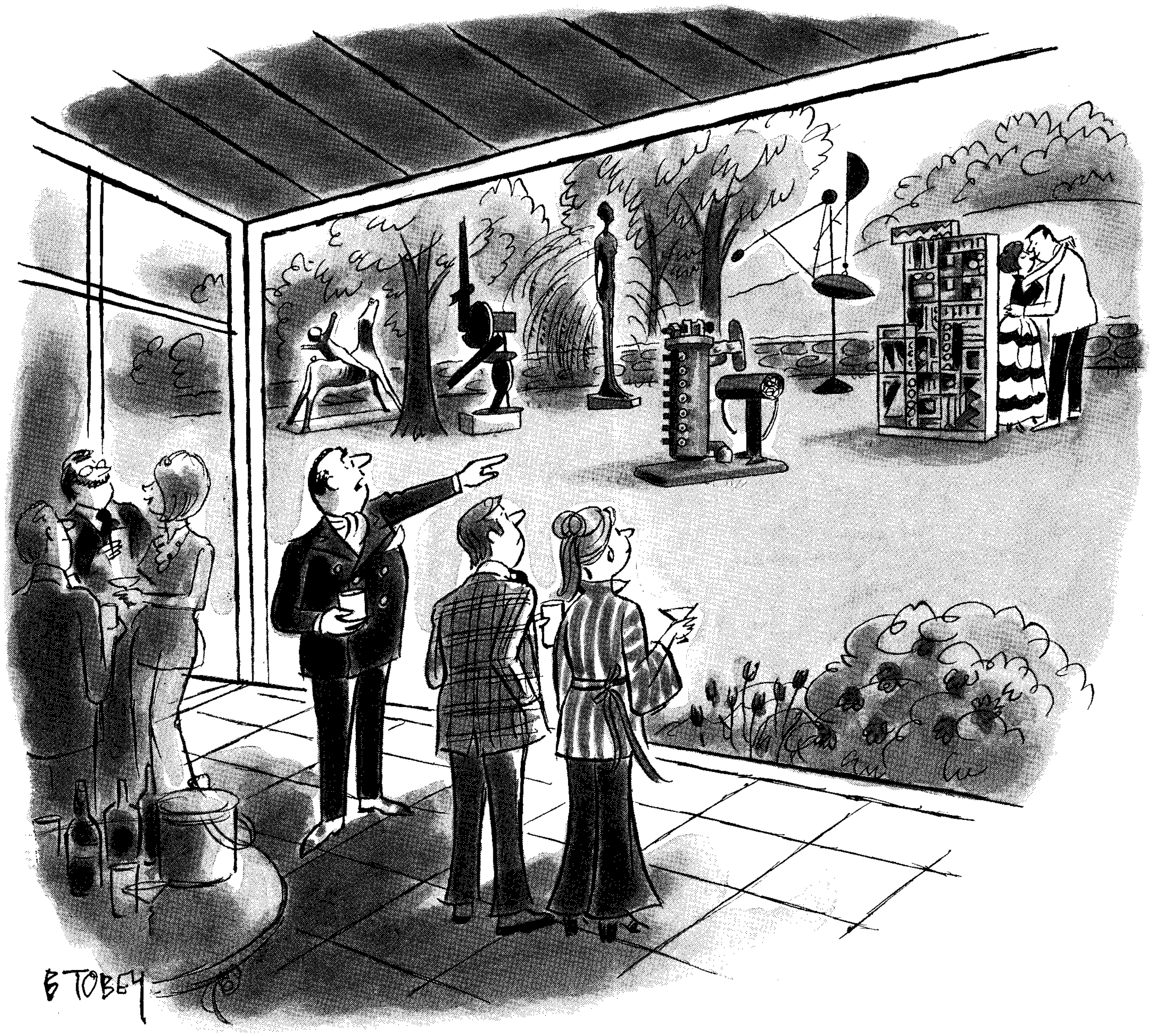
SPENDING TIME WITH BINN: Binn is dictating a letter to the president of one of the largest camera companies in the country. "At our meeting yesterday, you indicated you could use approximately eighty quote sportscars unquote for salesmen who hit their sales quotas. Paragraph. Could you use regular standard American cars dot dot dot. Atwood has access to many brands. I know you want a five-thousand-dollar foreign car with a real jazzy, sporty look. There is no question that Atwood can fulfill your request, but it might take as long as a month to fit your exact promotional-impact requirement. Paragraph. We can also supply the trip for two hundred people, five days and four nights, to Mexico, Jamaica, or some other interesting location at the end of January, 1977."

Phone call. Binn says, "I want to keep three of the planes—one in a first-class configuration and two in a tourist configuration. . . . I'll either sell twenty planes or twenty-two planes. . . . No, they'll take two planes to service my two planes. . . . Yes, twenty for an average price of two hundred thousand a plane. I'm willing to wash the transaction in order to keep three of the planes."

Interruption. "There's a fellow here to hang the mirrors on the back wall," Binn says. "Reflecting side facing front."

Another letter, this one to an Italian businessman. "It would be very nice to have an Italian branch of Atwood Richards in Florence and Milan, but just at the moment we want to know we can keep in touch with our offices in California, Chicago, and Toronto."

And there's a call from Toronto about four hundred-thousand-dollar deals and one million-dollar deal; a conference about the TV marketing of Super Dyna-Trim, Atwood's own product, and its first, which is an im-



"Starting at the left, Marini, David Smith, Giacometti, Stankiewicz, Calder, Nevelson, and, good Lord, my wife and Harvey Peterson!"

• •

ported portable exercise unit that it actually buys and sells; letters to several Turtles; a chat with the Binn chauffeur about fixing the beer spigot in the armrest of the Binn car; and a deal for a million sixty thousand dollars' worth of network radio time.

MORETON BINN'S FAVORITE TRADING STORY: "Listen to this. I bought a half-million dollars' worth of furniture at ninety cents on the dollar, wholesale price, trading it for services, premiums, hotel space, and TV, radio, and magazine space. During the entire negotiation, the manufacturer insisted I couldn't lose, because he himself could sell the furniture for sixty cents on the dollar. I didn't lose, in this case, because Atwood had the leverage—Atwood hadn't had to pay anything like ninety cents for the time, premiums, and services. I had an idea. I was making money on the deal, and I didn't need the furniture, so after we signed the papers I told the manufacturer, 'If you can sell this furniture for sixty cents, why *don't* you? I'll sell it back to you for fifty cents.' Suddenly, everything changed. The manufacturer looked at me as if I had flipped, and turned to his executive vice-president in charge of sales and said, 'Herb, whatcha think?' Now I'm the seller, and the tables have turned. Herb, in the straight-man role all of a sudden, said, 'I don't know if fifty cents is a good price.' So we talked for another hour, and I ended up selling it to him at forty cents. Atwood still made money, thanks to our leverage on the first deal. But note. Make sure you reflect on the fact that the meeting started at ten in the morning; nobody left the room until twelve-thirty; by eleven-fifteen, contracts had been signed and a half-million dollars' worth of furniture had become the property of Atwood Richards at ninety cents; an hour and fifteen minutes later, Binn closes the deal and the manufacturer has bought back his own property at forty cents on the dollar and signed another contract; the furniture never moved an inch in the warehouse; the only thing that moved was two pieces of paper passed back and forth; and at one o'clock the manufacturer and Moreton Binn are sitting in a restaurant toasting the transaction and the two good deals they both just made."

MASTERPIECE TEARJERKER

(SEVERAL MORE EXHAUSTING TRIPS UP AND DOWN THE STAIRS AT EATON PLACE)

Our host, the famous Americophile, is reclining on a horsehair chaise longue—a replica of the one in the foyer of the men's room at Waterloo Station. Beside him on a table are a lamp made from a cast of Lord Kitchener's torso and an exact reproduction of a water tumbler. He puts aside his book, forms a tepee with his fingers to signal transatlantic cordiality, and meets our eye.

HOST: Good evening, Yanks, I'm Sir Arnold Constable. We come now to the eight-hundred-fifty-seventh episode in our series "U and Non-U," in which we follow the very human ups and downs of everyone in Britain in the years before, during, and after the First War. It was a time of pacifists and plum duff, of shirkers and scullery maids, of aesthetes and armament manufacturers, of White's and Boodle's (*pause; then, gravely*) and bombs.

Last time, of course, we saw Lord Randolph Crust committing a really disastrous gaffe by accidentally setting fire to Devonshire House while showing off his electrical Boer War set, Lytton Strachey receiving a letter from H. A. L. Fisher, and Lady Mary Crust getting herself into a peck of trouble by commencing an affair with a really unsuitable twelve-year-old schoolboy, Cecil Formalin. We come in now on Lady Mary, who has just returned from an outing with Cecil—an outing that was, as we shall see, something of a bust.

The year, 1910. Episode Eight Hundred Fifty-seven: "The Gathering Tantrum."

SCENE 1: *The morning room. Lady Mary is alone, weeping.* ENTER *her best friend, Lady Laura Fantod.*

LAURA: My dear, what ever is this in aid of?

MARY: It's too frightful! We chanced on one of Cecil's school friends, who insulted me in public. He said I put him in mind of a vulgar, common American woman!

LAURA: Which one?

MARY: Which American woman?

LAURA: Which friend of Cecil's?

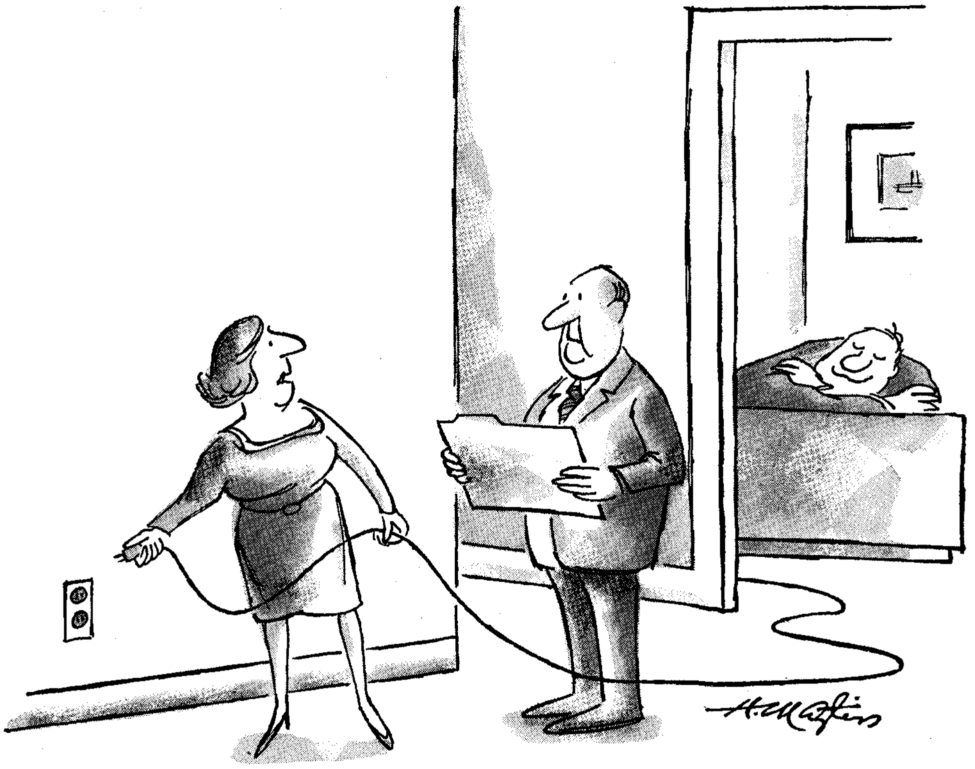
MARY: Evelyn Wore, or Wall, or something. *Such* an unpleasant little party. Pop-eyed as well. This younger set! The old moral order seems to be smashing up all round us these days.

(ENTER *Hooting, the butler.*)

HOOTING: Excuse me, my lady, but I have just received word that the young mistress Viola is, er, arrested.

MARY: You're telling me my own daughter is a mental defective?

HOOTING: Arrested by the police, my lady. These suffragette carryings on. The young mistress chained herself to Mr. Asquith.



"Kindly stand aside, Mr. Robbins. I'm going to galvanize Mr. Attenborough into action."

LAURA: My dear, *quel* case of pickles! Viola will be forcibly fed in prison—and not on your splendid Mrs. Winkle's *rissoles.*

MARY: That girl never had much in the way of appetite. (*Becomes hysterical.*)

PROGRAM NOTE: Starting this week, Beryl Simon (who plays Viola Crust) can be seen in the BBC's twenty-episode dramatization of "Martin Chuzzlewit," along with these other actors and actresses who have been temporarily or permanently displaced from the plot of "U and Non-U": Simon Graham (Captain Neville Crust, now a remittance man in Mombasa), Graham Glansdale (old Lord Roger Crust, dead), Sarah Pinch (Rosalind, mad), Derek Lamb (Reg, the chauffeur, sacked), and Rosalind-Beryl Graham (Nanny, on holiday with her sister in Reading).

SCENE 2: *An enormous spread (cakes on tiered plates, etc.) on several long tables in Lord Randolph's office at Whitehall. Lord Randolph and General Simon ffen-Nightingale are having tea.*

FFEN-NIGHTINGALE: Jolly decent five-o'clock they lay on here at Whitehall. (*Chews.*) Toad-in-the-hole, my favorite.

RANDOLPH: Spotted Dick, too. Very tasty, very tasty.

(ENTER *a young woman with an ineffably sad and beautiful face and superb carriage. She wears a shabby but meticulously pressed coat and skirt from Worth, and carries a tray of rock buns.*)

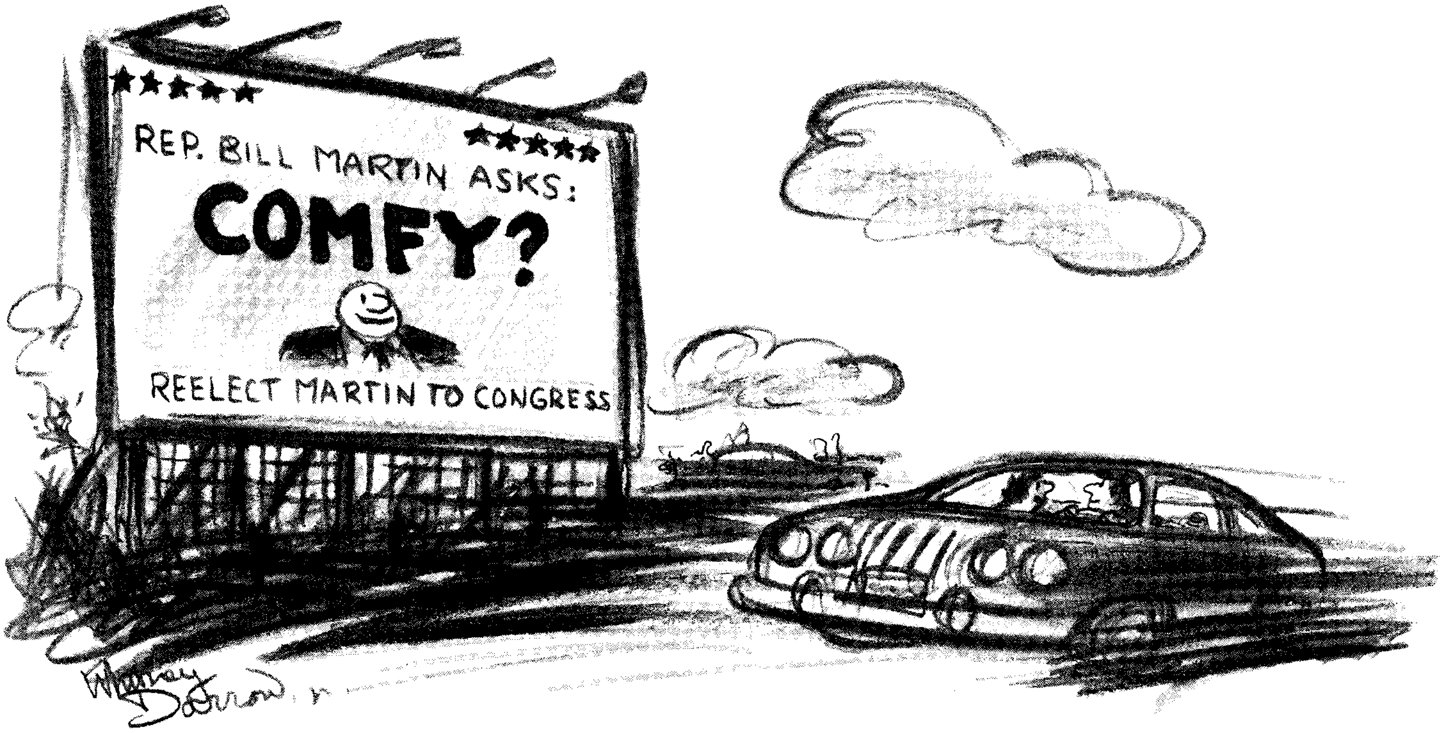
RANDOLPH: Put those— (*Does double take.*) Who are you?

WOMAN: Edith Bullock, sir. (EXITS *proudly.*)

RANDOLPH: Why the devil do you suppose a woman of that type is serving tea?

FFEN-NIGHTINGALE: Bit too fond of the old horizontal refreshment, I daresay. Now, you wanted to have a spot of chin-wag, my boy?

RANDOLPH: Yes, it's this German—you know, thingy. Wireless message? I seem to have, you know—decoded it. And it looks like we're in for what-do-you-call-it. War. The thing is, something really colossal came up—quarrel with Mary—and I misplaced the message. The P.M. will have me on toast! I was, you see, so preoccupied about Mary. Poor old thing, she's been rippingly unselfish and patient. I haven't been a—you know—proper husband to her ever since—well,


REP. BILL MARTIN ASKS:
COMFY?
REELECT MARTIN TO CONGRESS
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Well, it's a new approach."

ever since I went off my onion about *you.* (*Breaks down.*) Y-you won't repeat any of this, will you?

fFen-Nightingale: My dear boy, give me credit for some natural delicacy. And now let's look for that message. Trust bleeding Jerry to telegram at a time like this!

Scene 3: *The Green Farm, Timworth, near Bury St. Edmunds. Exterior.* ENTER *Lytton Strachey, with valise. Knocks on door. Housemaid opens door.*

Strachey: I am Mr. Strachey. Mr. McCarthy asked me to spend the weekend.

Housemaid: Mr. McCarthy is in Paris, sir.

Strachey: Oh. (*Business with valise*) Well, thanks all the same. Good day. (*Goes away wistfully.*)

Scene 4: *The servants' hall at Eaton Place. Late afternoon. Mrs. Winkle, the cook, is scowling over her "Mrs. Beeton." Dora, the parlormaid, is whittling new boot trees for Viola. Doris, the scullery maid, is attempting to poison herself because she is hopelessly in love with Mr. Bangers, purveyor of sausages to the Crust kitchen.* ENTER *Hooting.*

Hooting: Doris! What ever have you got in that best crystal decanter?

Doris: Harsenic, Mr. 'Ooting. Oh, please, let me do meself in. I can't stand it no more!

Hooting: Unrequired love and that, is it? Well, hard cheddar, my girl. The master and mistress are counting on you to remain here in this life, as a member of the staff. You do as you're told now, and put the kettle on. (*Doris slopes off to kitchen.*) And get your finger out! It's nearly teatime. (*Grumbles to self.*) That girl's as cunning as a dead pig.

Dora: Not 'alf!

(ENTER *Joseph, the footman.*)

Hooting: And where might you have been, my lad?

Joseph: Just off for a pint of the old purko down at The Swan and Dead Pig.

Hooting: You seem to be getting a tick independent for a mere thirty-year-old man, Joseph. Mark my words—

(ENTER *Lady Mary.*)

Mary: I *am* sorry—I don't quite know how to break this to all of you. I've been so preoccupied lately that I forgot to mention it. King Edward VII and Mrs. Pankhurst and Cosima Wagner are all coming to dinner. Rather soonish. Tonight, in fact. (*Hooting falls to the floor and displays the painstakingly researched symptoms of an apoplectic fit.*) Now, Hooting, we mustn't let down dear old H.R.H., must we? And you always manage *so* well.

Hooting: Forgive me, my lady. . . . I'm done for . . . off to join the celestial poultry. . . . Carry on without me. . . . Mustn't let down standards . . . key to the cellar . . . the nought-three Haut-Brion. . . . (*Staff gamely stifles sobs.*)

Mrs. Winkle: Never you fear, Mr. 'Ooting, we'll do right proud by you. A lovely Aberdeen cutlet, I think—'e always loved my Aberdeen cutlet, 'e did, when 'e was Prince of Wales.

Hooting: That's right . . . standards . . . oh, no, *the best decanter* . . . (*Dies.*)

Host: Several days later, the King, too, was dead—reportedly of a bronchial condition. And with him the old moral order bit the dust. (*Cut to photograph of Big Ben.*) I remember as a boy hearing people say, in the streets, "Oh, pack it in with your old moral order." (*Cut to photographs of Dr. H. H. Crippen; a red grouse; Arthur Wing Pinero.*)

Next week, Joseph does a bunk with Lord Randolph's second-best railway shares; Vita Sackville-West invites Harold Nicolson to a dance (*cut to photograph of potted palm*); and much, much more.

And you can be sure that we haven't heard the last of Edith Bullock. I remember as a boy seeing ever so many Edith Bullocks at evening parties in my parents' house, where I lived. In the fashion of the time, they all wore long dresses and perfume and did their hair. I would sit on the stair landing and gaze down on them and wonder what it all *meant.* (*Smiles.*) Now, of course, we know.

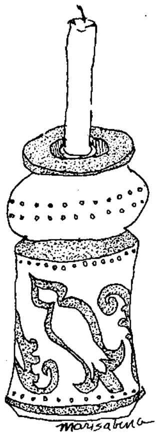
Sir Arnold Constable for "Masterpiece Tearjerker." Good night, Yanks.

—Veronica Geng

THE DUKE OF ORKNEY'S LEONARDO

THE child, a boy, was born with a caul. Such children, said the midwife, never drown. Lady Ulpha was cold to the midwife's assurances; the same end, she said, could be reached by never going near water. She was equally indifferent to the midwife's statement that children born with a caul keep an unblemished complexion to their dying day. Lady Ulpha had long prided herself on her unblemished decorum. The violent act of giving birth, the ignominy of howling and squirming in labor and being encouraged by a vulgar person to let herself go, had affronted her. Seeing that encouragements were unwelcome, the midwife did not mention that cauls are so potent against drowning that mortals making a sea voyage will pay a great price for one. The child was washed and laid in the cradle, and a nurse given charge of it. As for the caul, by some mysterious negotiation it got to Glasgow. There it was bought by the captain of a whaler and subsequently lost at sea.

Sir Huon and Lady Ulpha were fairies with a great deal of pedigree, pride to match it, and small means for its upkeep. On the ground that it does not do to make oneself cheap, they seldom appeared at the Court of Rings, a modest Elfin kingdom in Galloway, preferring to live on their own estate, small and boggy, and make a merit of it. When the boy was of an age to be launched into the world, it would be different.



He was still spoken of as The Boy, because he had been named after so many possible legacy leavers that no one could fix a name on him, except his nurse, who called him Bonny—a vulgar dialect term which would get him nowhere. He was the most beautiful child in the world, she said, and would grow into the handsomest elfin in all Scotland. Looking at her child more attentively, Lady Ulpha decided that though he was now an expense, he might become an asset.

His first recollection of his mother was of being lifted onto her high bed to have his nose pinched into a better shape, his ears flattened to the side of his head, and his eyebrows oiled. As time went on, other measures were imposed. He had to wear a bobbing straw hat to shield him from getting freckles, and was forbidden to hug his pet lamb in case he caught ticks. In winter a woollen veil was tied over his face. This was worse than the hat, for it blinded him to his finer pleasures: the snow crystal melted in his hand, the wind blew the feathers away before he had properly admired them. Baffled by the woollen grating over his eyes, he came indoors, where sight was no pleasure. The veil was pulled off and he was set to study an ungainly alphabet straddling across a dirty page.

It was in summer that he got a name of his own. A trout stream ran through the estate, and as he couldn't be drowned he was allowed to play in it, provided he kept his hat on. Sir Glamie, Chancellor of the Court of Rings and an ardent fly-fisher, had permission from Sir Huon—who knew he would otherwise poach—to fish there on Wednesdays, provided he threw back every alternate fish. Having scrupulously thrown back a small trout, Sir Glamie approached a pool where he knew there was a large one. A ripple travelled toward him, and another. He saw a straw hat, and advanced on the poacher. Under the hat was a naked boy, whose limbs trailed in the pool. The boy was not even poaching, merely wallowing, and scaring every trout within miles; but as Sir Glamie drew nearer he saw that the boy was winged. "Are you young what's-his-name?" he asked. The boy said he thought so. Sir Glamie said he was old enough to know his name. The boy agreed, and added, "It used to be Bonny." Sir Glamie replied that Bonny was a girl's name, and wouldn't do. Overcome by the boy's remarkable beauty, he had a rush of benevolence, and casting round in his mind remembered the worms, small and smooth and white, that fishermen call gentles, and impale on the hook when the water is too cloudy to use a fly. "I shall call you Gentle," he declared. By force of association, he took a liking to the boy, extricated him from Lady Ulpha's clutches, and took him to Court, where he was made a pet of and called Gentil.

It was not the introduction his parents had intended: it was premature, since clothes had to be bought for him and he would outgrow them; it was also patronizing, and made their heir seem a nobody. But as none of the legacies they invoked had responded, they submitted, called him Gentil, made him learn his pedigree by heart, and loyally attended banquets.

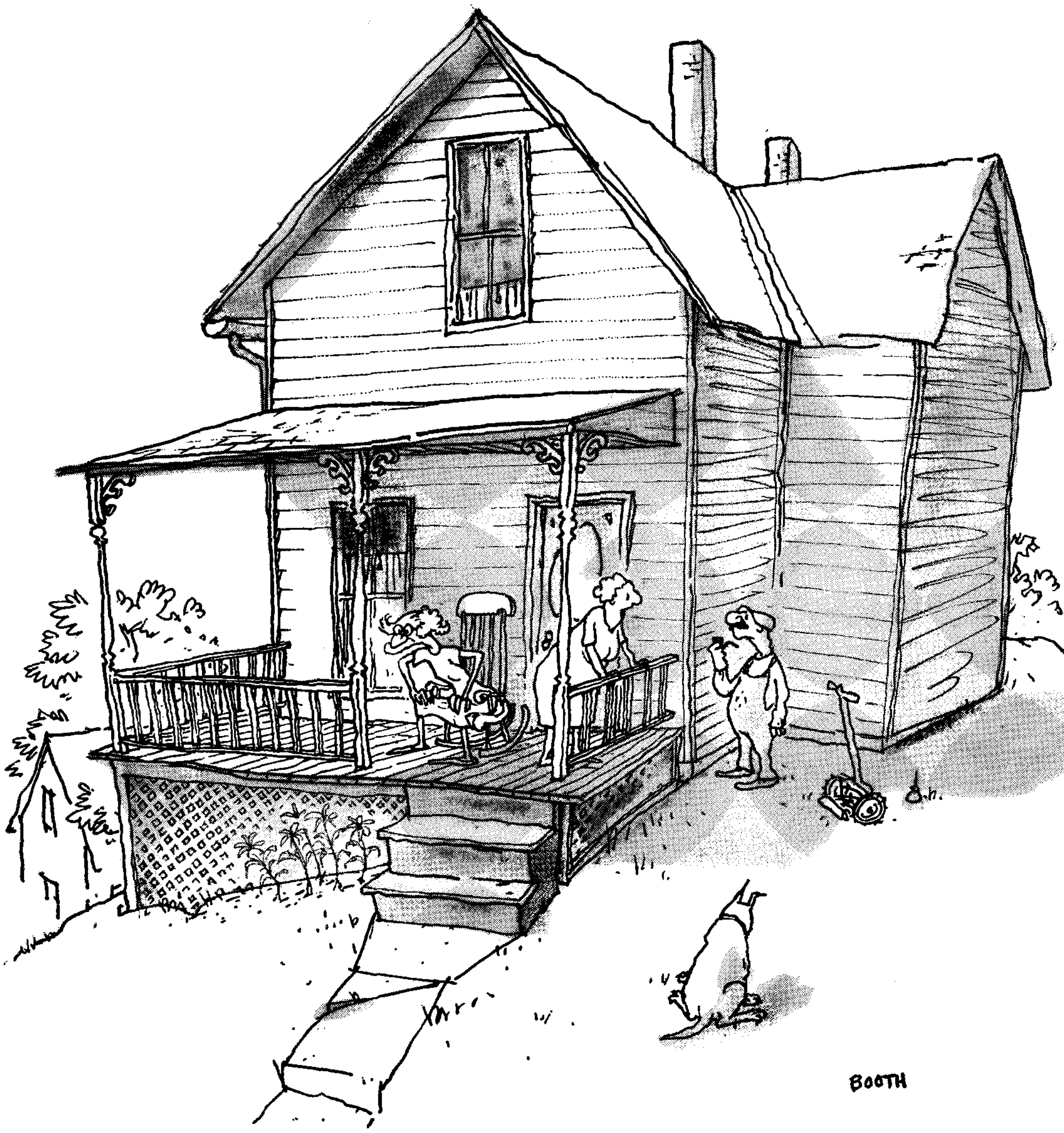
Gentil was scarcely into his new clothes before he grew out of them. A fresh outfit was under consideration when the need for it was annulled: the Queen made him one of her pages, and a uniform went with the appointment. For the first time in his life he was aware of his beauty, and gazed at his image in the tailor's mirror as though it were a butterfly or a snow crystal—a snow crystal that would not melt. At intervals, he remembered to be grateful to his parents, but for whose providence he might still be admiring the veined underwater pebbles without noticing his reflected face. It needed no effort to be grateful to his new friends at Court: to the Queen, who stroked his cheek; to her ladies, who straightened his stockings; to his fellow-pages, who shared their toffees with him; to Sir Glamie, who chucked him under the chin with a fishy hand and asked what had become of the hat; to Lady Fenell, the Court Harpist, who sang for him

> I love all beauteous things,
> I seek and adore them

—an old-fashioned ditty composed for her by an admirer, which exactly expressed his own feelings. For he, too, was a beauty lover, and loved himself with an untroubled and unselfish love.

Fenell's voice had grown quavering with age—she had actually heard Ossian—but her fingers were as nimble as ever, her attack as brilliant, and young persons of quality came from all over Elfindom to learn her method. The latest of these was the Princess Lief, Queen Gruach's daughter from the Kingdom of Elfwick, in Caithness. She had the air of being assured of admiration, but there was nothing beautiful about her except the startling blue of her eyes: a glance that fell on one like a splash of ice-cold water. During the reception held to celebrate her arrival, the glance fell on Gentil. It seemed like a command. He came forward politely and asked if there was anything she wanted. After a long scrutiny, she said, "Nothing," and turned away. He felt snubbed. Not knowing which way to look, he caught sight of Sir Huon and Lady Ulpha, whose faces expressed profound gratification. He knew they did not love him, but he had not realized they hated him.

If it had not been for Lady Ulpha's decorum, she would have nudged Sir Huon in the ribs. All that night they sat up telling each other that Gentil's fortune was made. There could be no mistaking such love at first sight. Gentil would be off their hands, sure of his future, sure of his indestructible good



"Since the CB-radio boom, Mother Cantwell's dental work has been receiving and *sending."*

looks, with nothing to do but ingratiate himself with Queen Gruach and live up to his pedigree. And, as the castle of Elfwick stood on the edge of a cliff, the caul would not be wasted. The caul might count as an asset and be included in the marriage settlement.

It was just as they foresaw. Lief compelled Lady Fenell into saying she had nothing more to teach her (the formula for dismissing unteachable pupils), assaulted Gentil into compliance, and bore him off to Elfwick, where, after a violent set-to with Queen Gruach, she had him proclaimed her Consort and made a Freeman of Elfwick.

The ceremony was interrupted by the news that a ship was in the bay. Every male fairy rushed to the cliff's edge. Narrowing his eyes against the wind, Gentil was just able to distinguish a dark shape tossing on the black-and-white expanse of sea. He was at a loss to make out what the others were saying, except that they were talking excitedly, for they spoke in soft mewing voices, like the voices of birds of prey. Gulls exploded out of the dusk, flying so close that their screams jabbed his hearing. They, too, sounded wild with excitement. The sea kept up a continuous hollow booming, a noise without shape or dimension, unless some larger wave charged the cliff like an angry bull. Then, for a moment, there seemed to be silence, and a tower of spray rose and hung on the air, hissed, and was gone. Ducking to avoid a gull, Gentil lost sight of the ship. When he saw it again, it was closer inland. He saw it stagger, and a wave overwhelm it, emerge, and be swallowed by a second wave. There was a general groan. A voice said something about no pickings. A flurry of snow hid everything. He heard the others consulting, their voices dubious and discouraged. They had begun to move away, when a shriller voice yowled, "There she is, there she is." They gathered again, peering into the snow flurry. When it cleared, the ship was plainly visible, much smaller and farther out to sea. Everyone turned away and went back to the castle, where the ceremony was resumed, glumly.

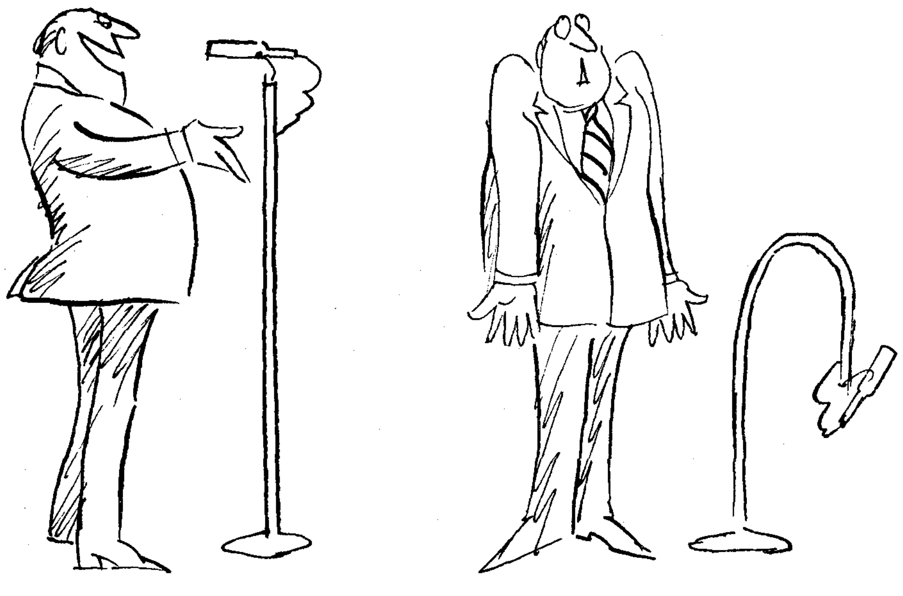
When he said to Lief that he was glad to see the ship still afloat, and hoped no one on her was drowned, she said, embracing him, that he would never be drowned—that was all she cared for. He learned that Elfwick had rights over everything that came ashore—wreck, cargo, crew: the east wind blew meat and drink into Elfwick mouths. Next day she walked him along the cliffs, and showed him where the currents ran—oily streaks on the sea's face. A ship caught in a certain current would be carried, willy-nilly, onto a rock called the Elfwick Cow, which pastured at the entrance to the beach, lying so temptingly in the gap between the cliffs. She pointed to a swirl of water above the rock, and said that at low tide the Cow wore a lace veil—the trickle of spray left by each retreating wave. He clutched at his retreating hopes. "But if a sailor gets to shore alive—" "Knocked on the head like a seal," she said, "caul or no caul. Cauls have no power on land." Seeing him shiver, she hurried him lovingly indoors.

Her love was the worst of his misfortunes. He submitted to it with a passive ill will, as he submitted to the inescapable noise of the sea, the exploitation of a harshly bracing climate. Wishing he were dead, he found himself at the mercy of a devouring healthiness, eating grossly, sleeping like a log. "You'll soon get into our Elfwick ways," Queen Gruach remarked, adding that the first winter was bound to be difficult for anyone from the south. She disliked her son-in-law, but she was trying to make the best of him. If Gentil had inherited his parents' eye for the main chance, he could have adapted himself to his advantages, and lived as thrivingly at Elfwick as he had lived at Rings—where everyone liked him, and he loved himself, and was happy. At Elfwick, he was loved by Lief, and was appalled.

THE first winter lasted into mid-May, when the blackthorn hedges struggled into bloom and a three-day snowstorm buried them. The storm brought another ship to be battered to pieces on the Elfwick Cow. This time, the cold spared her plunderers the trouble of dispatching the crew. The ship was one of the Duke of Orkney's vessels, its cargo was rich and festive: casks of wine and brandy, a case of lutes (too sodden to be of any use), smoked hams (none the worse), bales of fine cloth. In a strong packing case and wadded in depths of wool was an oval mirror. Lief gave it to Gentil, saying that the frame—a wreath of carved ivory roses, delicately tinted and entwined in blue glass ribbons—was almost lovely enough to hold his face. She was in triumph at having snatched it from Gruach, who had the right to it. He thanked her politely, glanced at his reflection, saw with indifference that he was as beautiful as ever, and commented that he was growing fat. The waiting woman who had carried the mirror stood by with a blank face and a smiling heart. To see the arrogant Princess fawning on an upstart from Galloway was a shocking spectacle but also an ointment to old sores.

Baffled and eluded, Lief continued to love her bad bargain with the obsession of a bitch. She beset him with gifts, tried to impress him by brags, wooed him with bribes. She watched him with incessant hope, never lost patience with him, or with herself; she was so loyal she did not even privately make excuses for him. If anyone showed her a vestige of sympathy, she turned and rent him. This and quarrelling with her mother were the only satisfactions she could rely on.

At first, she hoped it was winter that made him cold. Summer came, and Gentil was cold still—cold like a sea mist and as ungraspable. If she had believed in witches, she would have believed he was under a spell; but Caithness was full of witches—mortals all, derided by rational elfins. He was healthy, could swim like a fish, leap like a grasshopper—and none of this was any good to him, for he was without initiative, and had to be wound up to pleasure like a toy. The only thing he did of his own accord was sneak out and be away all day. Sometimes he brought back mushrooms, neatly bagged in a handkerchief. Otherwise, he returned empty-handed and empty-headed, for if she asked him what he had seen, he replied, "Nothing in particular."



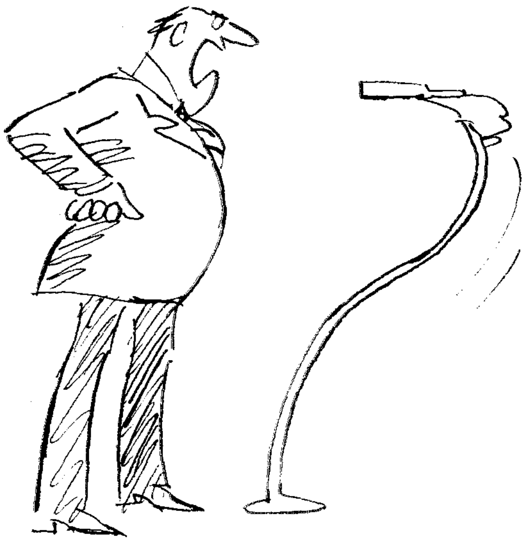
And it was true. He could no longer see anything in its particularity—not the sharp outline of a leaf, not the polish on a bird's plumage. It was as though the woollen veil had been tied over his face again, the woollen grating that had barred him from delight. He saw his old loves with a listless recognition. Another magpie. Another rainbow. More daisies. They were the same as they had been last summer and would be next summer and the summers after that.

IT was another April, and Gentil, wandering through the fields, was conscious only that a cold wind was blowing, when he heard a whistling—too long-breathed for a thrush, too thoughtful for a blackbird. The whistler was a young man, a Caithness mortal. He was repairing a tumbled sheepfold. Each time he stooped to pick up a stone, a lappet of black hair slid forward and dangled over one eye. Gentil was accustomed to mortals, took them for granted, and never gave them a thought. At the sight of the young man he was suddenly pierced with delight. The lappet of hair, the light toss of the small head that shook it back, the strong body stooping so easily, the large, deft hands nestling the stones into place were as beautiful and fit and complete as the marvels he had seen in his childhood. Weakened by love, he sat down on the impoverished grass to watch.

He went back the next day, and the morning after that he got up early and was at the sheepfold in time to collect some suitably sized stones and lay them in a neat heap at the foot of the wall. Love is beyond reason, and when the young man took stones from the heap as though they had been there all the time, Gentil was overjoyed. Civility obliged him to attend the celebrations on Gruach's birthday, telling himself furiously that no one would notice if he was there or not. On the morrow, he woke with such a release into joy and confidence that he even dawdled on his way to the sheepfold. It was finished, the young man was gone. Gentil took to his wings and flew in wide circles, quartering the landscape. A flash of steel signalled him to where the young man was laying a hedge.

This task had none of the scholarly precision of mending a dry stone wall. It was a battle of opposing forces, the one armed with a billhook, the other armored in thorns. It was an old hedge, standing as tall as its adversary; some of the main stems were thick as a wrist, and branched at all angles with intricate lesser growths. Here and there it was tufted with blossoms, for the sap was already running. The young man, working from left to right, chose the next stem to attack, seized it with his left hand, bent it back, and half severed it with a glancing blow of the billhook. The flowing sap darkened the wound; petals fell. Still holding the upper part of the stem, he pressed it down, and secured it in a plaited entanglement of side branches, lesser growths, and brambles. Then he lopped the whole into shapeliness with quick slashes of his billhook. The change from dealing with stone to dealing with living wood changed his expression: it was stern and critical—there was none of the contented calculation which had gone with rebuilding the sheepfold.

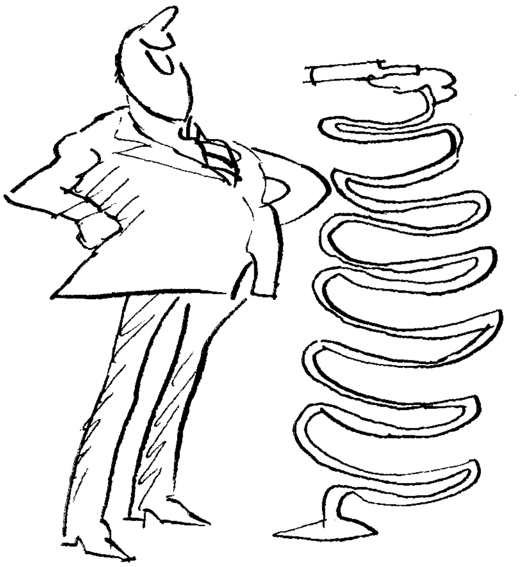
It changed Gentil too—from a wor-

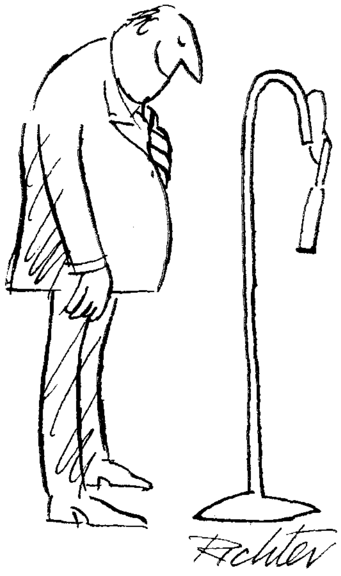


shipper to a partisan. He hovered above the hedge, watching each stroke, studying the young man's face—how he drew down his black eyebrows in a frown, bit his lip. Secure in his invisibility, Gentil hovered closer and closer. They were moving on from a completed length of hedge when a twig jerked up from the subdued bulk. "Look! Here!"—the words were almost spoken when the young man saw the twig and slashed at it. The bright billhook caught Gentil in its sweep and lopped off half his ear. Feeling Gentil's blood stiffening on his hand, the young man licked the scratch he had got from a thorn and went on working. Another length of hedge had been laid before Gentil left off being sick, and crept away.

Several times he trustingly lay down to die. The trust was misplaced; the cold of shock and loss of blood forced him to rise from the ground into the clasp of the sunny air and walk on. When he tried to fly, he found he could not: the loss of half an ear upset his balance. He walked on and on, vaguely taking his way back to Elfwick and wondering how he could put an end to his shamed existence. He could not drown, but he remembered a place where a ledge of rock lay at the foot of the cliff, and if he could get that far he could let himself drop and be dashed to pieces. But he must make a detour, so that no one from the castle would see him.

Lief, impelled by her bitch's instinct, was there before him, not knowing why but knowing she must be. In any case, it never came amiss to look seaward: there might be another ship. He went past without seeing her. She grabbed him. As they struggled on the cliff's edge, she saw the bloody stump of his ear but held him fast.





* * *

As time went on Lief sometimes wondered whether it would not have been better to let him have his way. But she had caught hold of him before she saw what had happened, and her will to keep him was stronger than her horror at his disfigurement. So she fought him to a finish, and marched him back to the castle.

The return from the cliff's edge was perhaps the worst thing she had to endure. There were no more people about than usual but it seemed to her that every Court elfin was there, gathering like blowflies to Gentil's raw wound, turning away in abhorrence. It was natural, she accepted it. Elfwick had never lost the energy of its origin as an isolated settlement, embattled against harsh natural conditions: cold and scarcity, wind and tempest. Its savagery was practical, its violence law-abiding. Though it had grown comfort-loving, it had never become infected with that most un-Elfin weakness, pity. She herself nursed Gentil through his long illness without a tremor of pity traversing her implacable concern. She risked her reason to save him, exactly as the wreckers risked their limbs to snatch back a cask from the undertow, and she recognized the rationality and loyal traditionalism of the public opinion she defied. The mildest expression of it was Gruach's. "He must be sent back to Rings." While he was thought to be past saving (for the stump festered and his face and neck swelled hideously) there was hope. But the swelling went down and Gruach visited the sickbed to remonstrate in a motherly way against Lief's devotion. "I chose him. I shall save him," said Lief.

"But have you considered the future? It's not as though you were saving a favorite hound. He is your Consort, remember. How can you appear with such an object beside you? How could you put up with the indignity, the

BIRDS

I am not in the center of myself.
The starlings rise and glide
And the scissor birds cut small chunks of matter
From the blue sky.
All is repaired,
But the mind is an organ which bears scars
Covering itself with dead tissue:
I think with a callus,
Demand with a scar,
Love with a rope of inflamed flesh
Knotting and unknotting like a snake of infection.
Everything else heals:
Lovely blue sky with unblemished skin,
How generous to allow the birds within!
And the blue sea, whose joyful rocking is a desert,
Forgives all monsters in its blue compassion.

—Al Levine

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scandal, of his mutilation?" Lief replied, "You'll see." She put a bold front on it, but at times she despaired, thinking that if Gentil once left her keeping, public opinion would soon do away with him.

As it happened, this problem did not arise. No one was more horrified by his deformity than Gentil himself. He refused to be seen, he would have no one but Lief come near him. If she had to make an appearance at Court, he insisted that she lock him in and keep the key between her breasts. She still did not know what had happened. When she questioned him he burst into tears. She did not ask him again, for by then she was as exhausted by his illness as he, and only wanted to sit still and say nothing. They sat together, hour after hour, saying nothing, she with her hands in her lap, he fingering his ear.

The oncome of winter was stormy; two profitable ships were driven onto the Cow, the castle resounded with boasts and banquetings. Then for months nothing happened. A deadly calm frost clamped the snow, waves crept to the strand and immediately froze, the gulls flew like scimitars through the still air. Gentil sat by the fire, fingering his wound.

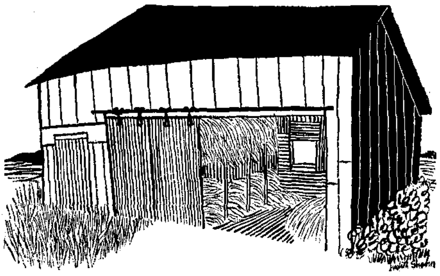
THE smell of spring was breathing through the opened casement when he suddenly raised his head, looked round the room and on Lief, and said passionately, "Everything is so ugly, so ugly!" Casting about for something to please him, Lief remembered her mother's gold and silver beads, which the Duke of Orkney had thought to hang round a younger neck. Schooling herself to be daughterly and beguiling, she persuaded Gruach to unlock her treasure chest, questioned, admired, put on the gold and silver beads, and asked if she could borrow them. And though Lief had never shown the least interest in the Duke of Orkney's importations, except when she carried off the oval mirror, Gruach thought she might be returning to her right mind, and handed over the beads and some other trifles. Gentil tired of running the beads through his fingers; a jewelled bird trembling on a fine wire above a malachite leaf and a massive gold sunflower with a crystal eye were more durable pleasures. Later, he was spellbound by a branching spray of coral. At the first sight of the coral, which to Lief was nothing to marvel at, since there was no workmanship about it, he gave a cry of joy that seemed to light up the room.

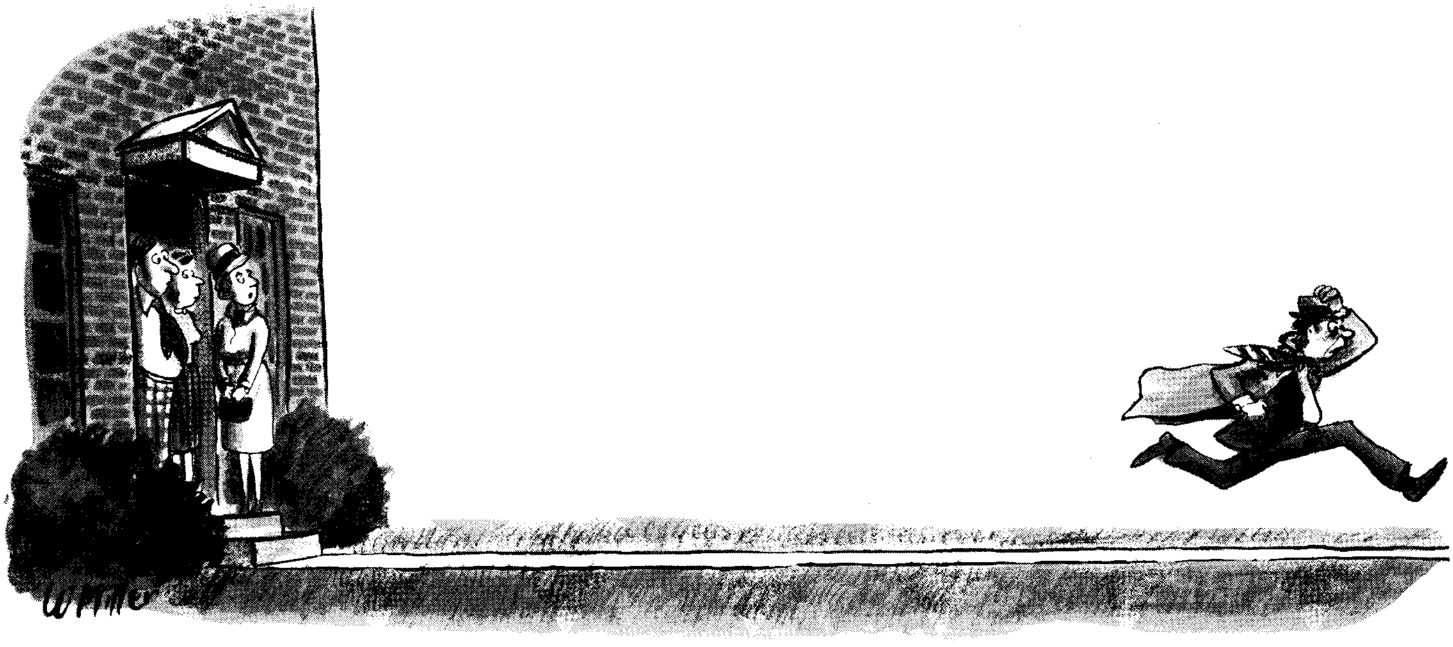
But this, too, eventually went the way of the sunflower and the bird. And when she brought fresh rarities to replace it, he thanked her politely and ignored them. Except for sudden fits of rage, when he screamed at her, he was always polite. The fits of rage she rather welcomed; they promised something she could get to grips with. It never came. He sat by the fire; he sat by the window; the maimed ear had thickened into an accumulation of flaps, one fast to another, like the mushrooms, hard as leather, that grow on the trunks of aging trees and are called Jew's-ears. A scar extended down his cheek. The rest of him was lovely and youthful as ever.

Nothing deflects the routine of a court custom. The Freemen of Elfwick had no particular obligations except to wear a badge and have precedence in drinking loyal toasts at banquets; but in times of emergency they were expected to rally and attend committee meetings. Gentil was now summoned to such a meeting. Naturally, he did not attend. The emergency was still in the future, but it was inevitable, and must be faced with measures of economy, tightening of belts, and finding alternative sources of supply. For the Duke of Orkney was mortal, and over sixty—an age at which mortals begin to fall to bits. His heir was a miserly ascetic, always keeping Lents; there would be no more casks of wine and brandy, no more of those delicious smoked hams, no more candied apricots from Provence, fine cloth from Flanders, spices to redeem home-killed mutton from the aroma of decay; the Cow would advance her horns to no purpose, the Elfwick standard of living would fall catastrophically. The meeting closed with a unanimous recommendation to make sure of the Duke of Orkney's next consignment.

It could be expected before the autumnal equinox. Spies were sent out for hearsay of it, watchers were stationed along the cliffs, where they lolled in the sun, chewing wild thyme. It had been an exceptionally early harvest; rye and oats were already in stooks, rustling in the wind. It was a lulling sound, but not so to the Court Purveyor. For it was a west wind, and though it was gentle it was steady. Of all the quarters the wind could blow from he prayed for any but the west. With a west wind keeping her well out to sea, the Duke's ship would be safe from those serviceable currents that nourished the Cow. Elfwick would get nothing.

Subduing his principles, consulting nobody, the Purveyor put on a respectable visibility and sought out the nearest coven of witches. They were throwing toads and toenails into a simmering cauldron; the smell was intolerable, but he got out his request, and at the same time got out a purse and clinked it. "A wind from the east?" said the head witch. "You should go to my sister in Lapland for that." He answered that he was sure a Caithness witch could do as well or better. She threw in another toad and said he should have his will. Handing over the purse, he asked if there was anything else he could supply. A younger witch spoke up. "A few cats . . . seven, maybe." "Alive?" "Oh, aye." He carried the hamper of





"Arthur hates long goodbyes."

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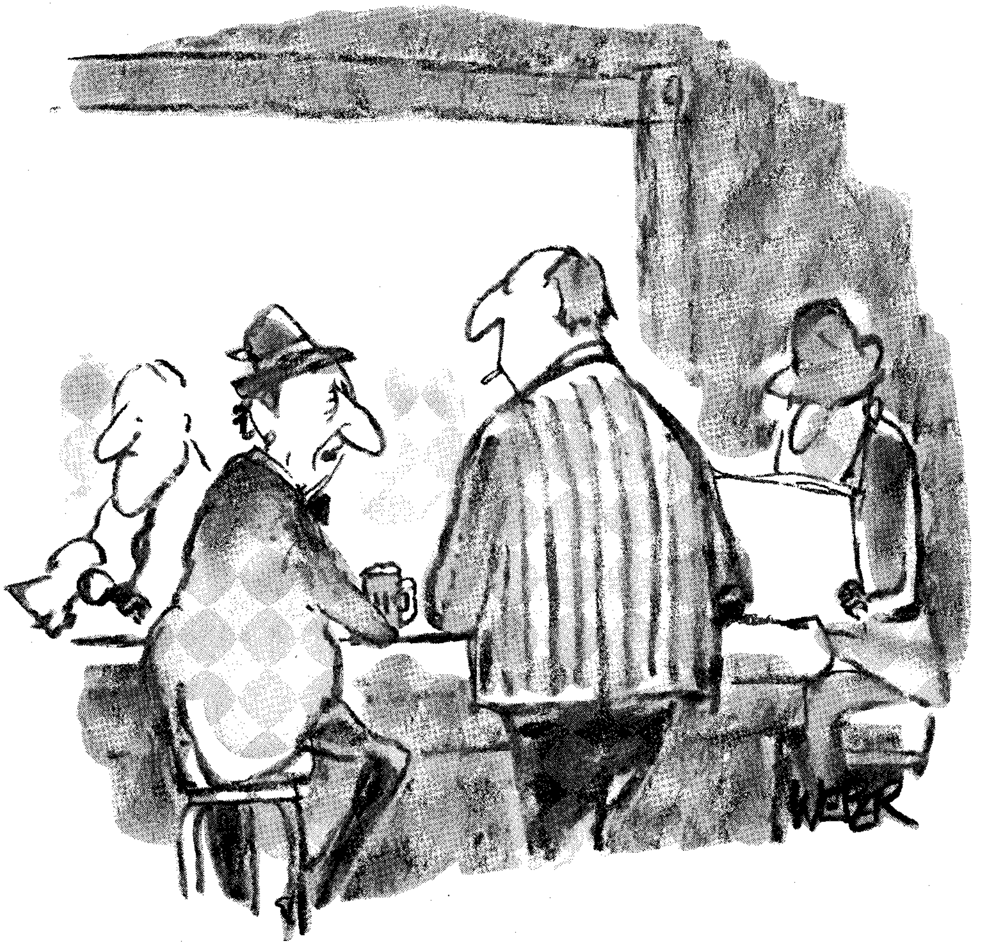
squalling cats to the place they commanded, and fled in trust and terror.

The storm which impaled the Duke of Orkney's ship on the Elfwick Cow did so at a price. Hailstones battered down the stooks and froze the beehives. A month's washing was whirled away from the drying yard. Shutters were torn from their hinges, fruit trees were uprooted, pigs went mad, the kitchen chimney was struck by lightning, the Purveyor, clutching at his heart, fell dead. Lief stepped over him on her way out. The clamor of wind and voices, the reports of a superb cargo, of a cargo still at hazard, had been more than she could withstand. Settling Gentil with a picture book, she locked him in, put the key in her bosom, and ran to the cliff's edge. Bursts of spray made it difficult to see what was going on. She caught sight of a Negro, fighting his way to shore against the suck of the undertow. He was down, he was up again, still grasping an encumbering package. It was wrenched from him by the undertow; he turned back. When she could see him again, he had retrieved it. Curious to know what it was he guarded so jealously, she descended the path. By the time she reached the strand, he had been dispatched, and lay sprawled over his package—an oblong wooden box, latticed with strips of iron—as though he would still protect it. She tried to pull it from under him, but it was too heavy for her to shift. More and more plunder was being fetched ashore. She stood unnoticed in the jostle till one of the Freemen tripped over the Negro. He started at seeing Lief there, and panted out felicitations: never had the Cow done better for Elfwick. She told him that the Negro's box was hers, under the old law of Finders Keepers; he must call off one of the wreckers to carry it after her to the castle.

On the cliff's summit she stopped to look back. Twitches of lightning played incessantly over the sea. Remade by wind and tempest, she felt a lifetime away from Gentil; when the grunting porter asked what to do with the box, she had forgotten it existed.

Yet in the morning the box was the first thing in her mind. Gentil had a cat's pleasure in anything being unpacked: had a crate been large enough, he would have jumped in and curled up in it. The box was brought to her apartment, the castle's handyman called in. Practiced in such duties, he made short work of it. The iron bands were eased and tapped off, screw after screw withdrawn. At intervals he remarked on the change in the weather. The wind had fallen as suddenly as it had come up, and when he had finished the box he would see to the shutters, and then the pigsties, which the pigs in their frenzy had torn through like cannonballs. This box, though, was a different matter. Made of solid mahogany, it would baffle the strongest pig in Scotland. He laid the screws aside and raised the lid. Whatever lay within was held in place by bands of strong twine and wrapped in fold on fold of waxed linen. The handyman cut the twine, bowed, and went away. Gentil came out of hiding. Kneeling by the box, Lief lifted the oblong shape and held it while Gentil unwound the interminable wrappings. The oblong turned into a frame, the frame held a padding of lamb's wool. Gentil folded the linen and smoothed it affectionately. Pulling away the lamb's wool, he was the first to see the picture.

It was the half-length portrait of a young man, full face and looking directly before him. Behind him was the landscape of a summer morning. Wreaths of morning mist, shining in the sun, wandered over it. Out of the mist rose sharp pinnacles of mountain, blue with distance yet with every rocky detail exactly delineated. A glittering river coiled through a perspective of bronzed marshes and meadows enclosed by trees planted in single file, each tree in its own territory of air. It was as though a moment before they had been stirring in a light wind which now had fallen. Everything lay in a trance of sunlight, distinct, unmoving, and completed. Only the young man, turning his back on this landscape, sat in shadow—the shadow of a cloud, perhaps, or of a canopy. He was not darkened by it; but it substantiated him, as though he and the landscape belonged to different realities. He sat easily erect, with his smooth, long-fingered young hands clasped like the hands of an old man round a stick. His hair hung in docile curls and ringlets, framing the oval of his face. He had grey eyes. In the shadow which substantiated him, they were bright as glass, and stared out of the canvas as though he were questioning what he saw, as smilingly indifferent to the answer as he was to the lovely



"I've been around since the turn of the century, but not in this particular bar."

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landscape he had turned his back on.

Lief tired under the effort of holding up the picture. She propped it against a chair, and went round to kneel beside the kneeling Gentil and discover what it was he found so compelling. The likeness was inescapable: Gentil was gazing at himself in his youth, at the Gentil who had come forward and asked if there was anything she wanted; she had said, "Nothing," and nothing was what she had got. Tears started to her eyes and ran slowly down her cheeks. She shook her hand impatiently, as if to dismiss them. He turned and looked at her. The sun shone full on her face. He had never seen her cry. The glittering, sidling tears were beautiful, an extraneous beauty on an accustomed object. He shuffled nearer and stared more closely, entranced by the fine network of wrinkles round her eyes. She heard him give a little gasp of pleasure, saw him looking at her with delight, as long ago he had looked at an insect's wing, a yellow snail shell. Cautiously, as though she might fly away, he touched her cheek. She did nothing, said nothing, stretched the moment for as long as it could possibly last. They rose from their knees together and stood looking at the picture, each with an arm round the other's waist.

LOVE—romantic love, such as Lief had felt for Gentil, Gentil for the young man at the sheepfold—was not possible for them. In any case, elfins find such love burdensome and mistrust it. But they grew increasingly attached to each other's company, and being elfins and untrammelled by that petted plague of mortals, conscience, they never reproached or regretted, entered into explanations or lied. This state of things carried them contentedly through the winter. With the spring, Gentil astonishingly proclaimed a wish to go out-of-doors, provided he went unseen. Slinking out after midnight, they listened to owls and lambs, smelled honeysuckle, and ate primroses chilled with dew.

After the sweetness of early morning it was painful to return to the stuffiness of the castle, its oppressive silence shaken by snores. Gentil planned stratagems for escaping into daylight: he could wear a sunbonnet; they could dig an underground passage. But the underground passage would only deliver him up to the common gaze, the sunbonnet expose him to a charge of transvestism—more abhorrent to Elfwick than any disfigurement, and certain to be more sternly dealt with. Seeing him again fingering his ear and staring at the morning landscape behind the young man in the painting, Lief racked her brains for some indoor expedient which might release him from those four walls. Build on an aviary? Add a turret? The answer swam into her mind, smooth as a fish. The court library! It was reputed to be a good one, famous for its books of travel. And was totally unvisited. She had heard that some of the books of travel were illustrated. Gentil enjoyed a picture book. The midsummer mornings which had curtailed their secret expeditions now showed a different face: no one would be about at those unfrequented hours of dawn.

No one was. The snores became a reassurance and even a blessing, since they could be timed to smother the squeaks of the library door. Gentil sat looking at the travel books and Lief sat listening to the birds and looking at Gentil. One morning, he gave a cry of delight, and beckoned her to come and see what he had found. It was a woodcut in a book about the Crusades—a battle scene with rearing horses and visored warriors. It was unlike Gentil to be so pleased with a battle scene, but he was certainly in a blaze of joy. He pointed to a warrior who was not visored, whose villainous dark face was muffled in a wimplelike drapery, whose eyes rolled from beneath a turban. "That . . . that . . . that's what I need, that's what I must have!" She said it would be ready that same evening.

Having embraced Islam, Gentil found a new life stretching before him. Turbaned and wimpled, he appeared at Court, kissed the Queen's hand, sat among his fellow-Freemen, studied sea anemones. This was only an opening on wider ambitions. It seemed excessive to go to Mecca, and Lief did not wish to visit his parents. But they went to Aberdeen, travelling visibly and using the alias of Lord and Lady Bonny. From Aberdeen they took ship to Esbjerg and inspected the Northern capitals. As travellers do, they bought quaint local artifacts, patronized curiosity shops, attended auctions. One has to buy freely in order to discover the run of one's taste. They discovered that what they most liked was naturalistic paintings. They concentrated on the Dutch School, Lief buying seascapes, Gentil flower pieces, and by selling those which palled on them they made money to buy more. In course of time, they acquired a number of distinguished canvases, but never another Leonardo.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

SPRING NOTES—II

MAY 27

FOR the first time, the poll taken by CBS and the New York *Times* shows Jimmy Carter defeating Gerald Ford in November. For people with a finger to the wind, in both parties, this kind of information, whatever it means—it's a long time to November—is important. It helps Carter, who has just suffered two major primary losses, and faces additional serious challenges, and it also helps Ronald Reagan.

MAY 28

TESTIMONY offered yesterday to the African Affairs Subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on an application by General Electric for permission to sell South Africa two nuclear reactors and the fuel required to operate them revealed the kinds of thinking and pressures that lead to the spread of nuclear capability. Myron Kratzer, the chief State Department official concerned with questions relating to the export of nuclear plants and fuel, offered the somewhat dizzying proposition (while not explicitly stating that the State Department favored the sale, which it is said to do) that "among the factors to be considered" was "our long-standing policy for the United States to abide by its existing agreements and remain a reliable supplier of nuclear equipment and fuels under effective controls as a means of furthering our non-proliferation objectives." He explained that "beginning in 1953 South Africa, which possesses large uranium reserves, became an important supplier of uranium to the U.S. for defense purposes," that it continued to play that role until the early nineteen-sixties, and that "it was therefore natural that . . . South Africa should be among the countries with which coöperation in this field would be established." (Since 1961, the United States has shipped South Africa two hundred and twenty-eight pounds of highly enriched uranium—material that can be converted into nuclear bombs.) Under questioning, Kratzer confirmed that three years ago the United States approved the sale of two computers to South Africa without knowing how they would be used, and that they were used in running a secret uranium-enrichment plant. Mr. Kratzer explained that "through our role as a reliable nuclear supplier" we diminish proliferation, because "we have played a key part in framing and strengthening the inspection system of the International Atomic Energy Agency, in proposing and encouraging widespread adherence to the Non-Proliferation Treaty, and in achieving a substantial measure of conformity in the nuclear-export policies of major suppliers." He also explained that "while South Africa has not adhered to the Non-Proliferation Treaty, its leaders have stressed that the South African nuclear program is exclusively devoted to peaceful purposes, and it is our understanding that South Africa has by no means ruled out the possibility of becoming a party to the treaty;" and that "the opportunity for the U.S. to have an affirmative influence on this decision will be enhanced by continuation of our peaceful nuclear coöperation."

A spokesman for the Export-Import Bank, a government agency that guarantees the loans of other banks and itself lends funds to finance exports of American goods, and that has been asked by South Africa to guarantee loans for the purchase of the two reactors, told the subcommittee that the bank had been informed that "competition for the nuclear power stations has come from French and German suppliers," and that "we have been advised by General Electric that this project would have a significant positive impact upon employment within the United States, since it will involve about three point two million man-hours divided among G.E. and U.S. subcontractor facilities in sixteen states."

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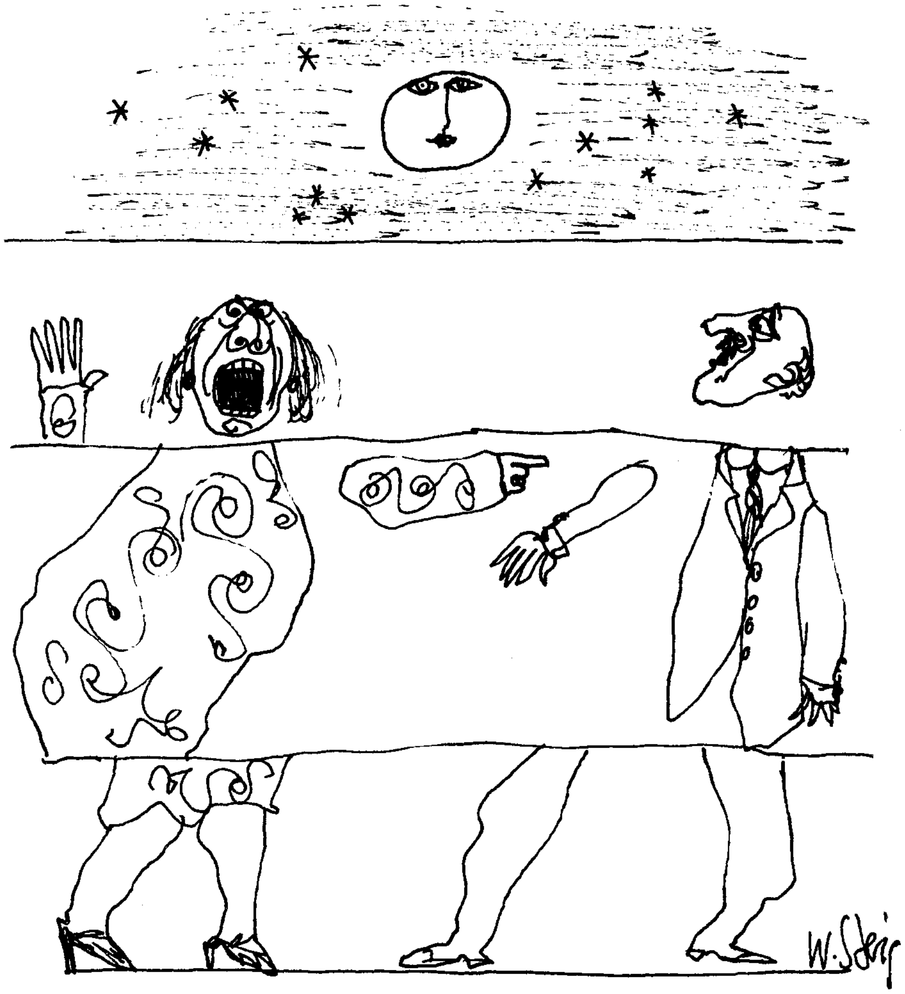
THE United States and the Soviet Union today signed a treaty governing peaceful underground nuclear explosions. Several disarmament experts oppose the treaty, because of the large-size explosions it permits, because they fear it will encourage such testing, and because, they argue, the provision for "on-site inspection" is not what it seems. Instead of permitting inspection by United States or Soviet inspectors at any time, anywhere, upon receipt of information suggesting that there has been nuclear testing, the treaty simply outlines a complex procedure whereby invited observers can come to a predetermined site to witness a prearranged explosion. This, like the other provisions of the treaty, and like other



recent "disarmament" agreements, is not what advocates of arms limitations had in mind.

June 2

Jimmy Carter lost the Rhode Island primary yesterday to "Uncommitted" (Jerry Brown, whose name was not on the ballot, had urged Rhode Island voters to vote that way), and Senator Frank Church ran a close third. Carter had been ahead in the polls in Rhode Island, and last weekend he cancelled some time off—as he has repeatedly done on recent weekends—and increased his campaigning in the state. Carter defeated Morris Udall yesterday in South Dakota, where Udall had hoped to at last have his first primary victory. Udall was supported there by the state's two (Democratic) senators, George McGovern and James Abourezk. I recall that when Carter was campaigning in Oregon reporters were informed that his wife had called from South Dakota and told him he had a chance of carrying that state, so he should come and campaign there during part of the weekend time he had planned to take off, and he did. Over this past weekend, McGovern fired two assistants who were involved in the "stop-Carter" movement, and Carter said he was "grateful." The aides charged, and McGovern denied, that Carter and his supporters had brought pressure on McGovern to fire them.

In the Republican race, Ford defeated Reagan in Rhode Island, and Reagan defeated Ford in South Dakota.

OLD

The turtles are out,
loners on the road listening for mud,
old people looking for money.
Father, too old for hope,
when trees are burned black with cold
what belongs to man, and what to nature?

A shell of your old self,
once you took a penknife,
scraped out the living flesh,
made an ashtray of a turtle,
mine to take home if I wanted it.
I want to whisper
the prayers and psalms you never taught me.
I never learned a healthy disrespect,
to render unto Caesar or to God.
On my table I keep a bronze turtle—
a handle torn from an African sword,
a symbol of destroyed power.

The turtles move under the snow
in the dead of winter, under the loam,
chewing and scratching into frozen sand,
deeper than hiding grubs or hunting moles,
far from the loneliness of sunlight and weather.
I offer my hand, a strange other element.

—Stanley Moss

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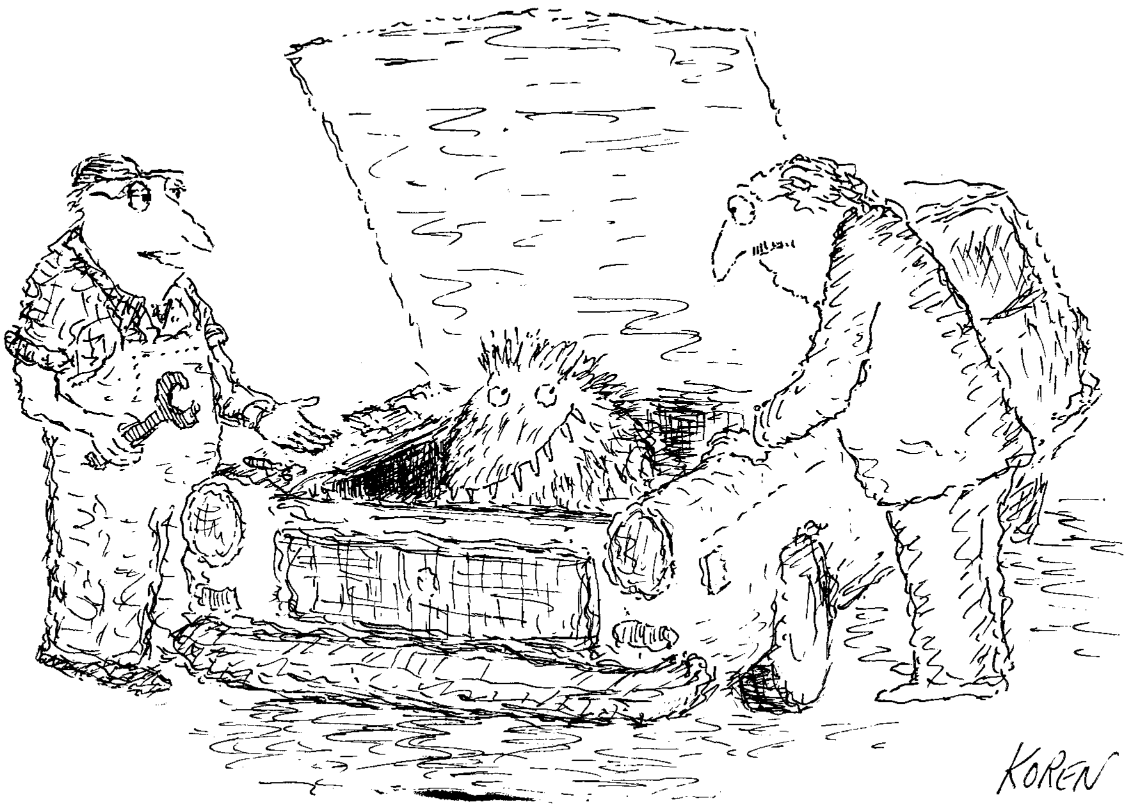
The conference between developing and developed nations which has been going on in Nairobi since the first week in May ended in disagreement last weekend—an indication of the difficulty of reconciling differences not only between the two blocs but among the developed nations, and even within the United States. The major interest of the developing nations is to find a way of protecting their principal export commodities from wild price fluctuations. Having observed the success of the OPEC nations in establishing a common front and raising the price of their product, the other developing nations have begun to try to present a unified position on a number of other commodities—and they have begun to succeed. The subject is of importance beyond matters of economics and prices, for the developing nations are becoming more restive, more nationalistic, more aware of their newfound commodity power, and better armed. Many experts within the United States have assumed that these countries were incapable of agreeing on a common position on commodities—just as they assumed that the OPEC nations were. In Nairobi, the developing nations were united, and the developed nations were not—neither among nor, in the case of the United States, within themselves. The major proposal made by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger in Nairobi, in early May, was for an International Resources Bank to serve as an intermediary between, on the one hand, suspicious private investors from industrialized nations and, on the other, suspicious developing nations. The idea was to smooth the way for investment, because potential investors had become increasingly wary as a result of political instability and expropriation in several developing nations. The trouble with this approach was that it was not what the developing nations wanted. Their proposal was for the establishment of a common fund available to finance buffer stocks, or stockpiles, of commodities such as bauxite, cocoa, coffee, copper, cotton, jute, rubber, sisal, sugar, tea, and tin, so as to maintain their price levels. The trouble with that proposal was that some—but not all—of the developed nations did not like the idea. Among the nations that did not was the United States. The objections were technical, economic, political, and philosophical, and in essence the position of the United States was that it would, with misgivings, consider arrangements for buffer stocks on a commodity-by-commodity basis. Many of the developing nations were not keen on the idea of greater investment, not only because they were mistrustful of the multinational corporations but also because such investment might increase supplies of products whose prices the countries were already trying to protect. Moreover, they saw Kissinger's bank as a detour around their proposal for a common fund for buffer stocks, which it was. In an attempt to assuage them, Kissinger suggested that the new bank could, if necessary, supply the funding for whatever buffer stocks were agreed upon. But even before Kissinger made that proposal it had been undercut by Gerald Parsky, an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, in testimony before Congress. The Treasury Department, run by ideologically militant free-enterprisers, is generally cool to the idea of



“Well, there’s your problem!”

commodity arrangements; Parsky also made a speech to that effect early this year, thereby putting the Treasury Department at odds with the State Department, undercutting the State Department’s negotiating position with the developing countries, and raising some question in the world as to what our position really is. “The policy difference is not all that great,” one man involved in our government’s deliberations said to me. “The question about these meetings with the developing nations is whether you go in waving the banner of free enterprise and self-righteousness or say that you have reservations and will discuss their proposals. The big question in these things is what your attitude is.” The Nairobi conference ended with neither the developing nor the developed nations accepting the others’ position and with the two groups agreeing simply to have another meeting in October to prepare for yet another meeting next March. Yesterday, Kissinger and Treasury Secretary William Simon issued a joint statement criticizing the conference for rejecting the United States position, and saying that the result “does not augur well for the future of the dialogue of the worldwide development effort.” Moreover, the Treasury Department emphasized that the United States had not committed itself to a common fund for buffer stocks. And Parsky, who has a habit of trying to make policy by making speeches (so does Kissinger, but Parsky is giving him some competition), said in a speech in Los Angeles that the United States “cannot support any trading system that requires a prior commitment to commodity agreements based on a system of government-administered prices.”

JUNE 4

CLEVELAND. Next Tuesday, both parties hold their final primaries, in California, New Jersey, and Ohio—all populous states, in which both for the Democrats and for the Republicans about one-third of the delegates whose votes are needed to win the nomination will be selected. The Republicans will hold eleven state-convention contests between then and the National Convention, but for the Democrats Tuesday is essentially the end of the pre-Convention contest. As it turns out, in a year that has seen both parties’ nominations alternately “sewn up” and unravelled, both parties’ last three primaries are critical. Should Jimmy Carter not win the Ohio and New Jersey primaries, which he is now expected to win—as he is expected to lose California to Jerry Brown—the Democratic contest could remain open. Hubert Humphrey, who travelled to New Jersey this week (he said the trip was to fulfill “long-standing commitments”), has once again said he might enter the race if Carter should stumble. He has been waiting quite a while now—as have a number of others—for Carter to stumble. There has been some question about whether the uncommitted slate in New Jersey is for Humphrey or for Brown; now, apparently, it is for both. The Carter camp has been worried that Brown might do very well against Carter in New Jersey. In Ohio, Carter faces Udall and Church, which from his standpoint is preferable to facing just one opponent. Both Carter and Ford have virtually conceded California to the obvious front-runners, Governor Brown and former Governor Reagan. (But both are conducting substantial media-advertising campaigns there, and Carter has set up thirty-two California field offices, covering all of the state’s forty-three congressional districts.) Reagan has conceded New Jersey to Ford. Therefore, for both parties the Ohio contest has become pivotal. If either Carter or Ford is defeated here, he will be in deep trouble. Reagan, confident of victory in California, has made a last-minute decision to come to Ohio for some campaigning this weekend. Ford will also be here. Carter has cancelled a projected trip to California in order to spend more time in both Ohio and New Jersey. Church and Udall arrive here today. The scheduling and counter-scheduling by the candidates is part of the strategic warfare they wage against one another; candidates try to command not only their own schedules but also those of their opponents. This is the sort of thing they think about as they run for the Presidency of the United States. The Carter camp, for example, has tried to keep Brown campaigning in California, where he is already ahead and the return on an increased investment of time would be marginal, rather than in New Jersey, where he could cause trouble. Therefore, there is reason to question whether Carter had planned to go to California on Monday or had just wanted Brown to think that he planned to do so. “We’re faking people out right and left,” a Carter aide said to me yesterday. Often the candidates’ headquarters don’t know what their own candidates’ plans are. One must be careful about assuming that the candidates and their staffs know what they are doing. They try one thing and another, never sure what will work. Only the front-runners seem to know what they are doing, and that is largely because they are the front-runners.

When histories of this year are written, there will undoubtedly be a temptation to see more of a pattern in events than there has been. Even contemporary accounts often tend to find more meaning in events than is there—to overconclude. That is happening in the case of this year's elections. It is said that they reflect a search for spirituality, for something to believe in again, a desire to be soothed. There is undoubtedly a certain amount of truth to that, since Americans have been disturbed by recent history and are also showing a greater interest in religion and life-guiding philosophies than in recent years. But there is the danger of overconcluding. The Democratic candidate who pitched his campaign toward the search for spirituality will probably win his party's nomination, but the very same campaign could have failed. His triumph, if it does come, will be fortuitous in many ways. It is altogether possible that if one or two fewer candidates had been in the New Hampshire primary, or, perhaps, if Henry Jackson had chosen to enter that primary, Jimmy Carter would not have won it. His picture would then not have been on the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*. He would not have received more attention than the other candidates. He would not have had so much "winnerness." Perhaps his relentlessness and his clear talents as a campaigner and his ability to meet public moods would still have won him the nomination, but a number of people look at the year without a Carter victory in New Hampshire and are not so sure. This is not to detract from Carter's achievement; it is to suggest that there may be less meaning and more accident in what has happened than many suppose. Politics, like the rest of life, contains a lot of happenstance.

Judith Shahn

Still, the year thus far does suggest a triumph of style over substance. There are important issues at stake, and, to some degree, even the successful candidates talk about them, but that does not seem to have much to do with their success. I have yet to come across a single person who says he is for Carter because of Carter's position on nuclear proliferation or health insurance. Ford tries to talk issues, in part because he does not have a style. He is, though President, in a neck-and-neck race with a style candidate who also talks issues of a sort. Reagan has capitalized on the issues of defense and the Panama Canal, but the response seems to be to his style—forceful, a take-charge guy. The President Ford Committee has found through its own polling that Reagan "projects" leadership and is seen as a stronger leader than Ford. A campaign aide to the President said to me a few days ago, "Reagan and Ford believe basically the same things, but they project different styles." He continued, "Issues were much more important than the candidate in 1960, 1964, 1968. But 1972 was more a year of the candidate—style. People are looking for certain things. If you can talk about what their desires are, their emotions, people start identifying with you." This man said that it was harder than ever to get across to the public on the issues, and he suggested that one reason was that the public was tired, battered by news. He also said that it was harder than ever to get the press interested in issues. The people around President Ford tried to develop a "thematic" campaign. It began with the evocations of Thomas Paine and "Common Sense" in the State of the Union Address. When that didn't work, they tried "We're at peace in the world," and "The economy has turned around," and "He has restored integrity to government," but the President failed to get much mileage out of those, either. I asked the Ford campaign aide why that was so. "I don't know," he replied, and then he added, "Maybe it's because he hasn't been able to develop a style."

Perhaps the attention to issues is diminishing because of television. One's reservation about ascribing this to television is that television gets blamed for just about everything. The explanation may simply be that the problems are very complex and that our national mind is tired. And the triumph of style over substance in our politics mirrors other things that go on in our culture, such as the way we bestow celebrity. But it is true that television plays a large part in what might be called the magnification process, and that it rewards style. If a politician has anything to say, it is rare for us to see him say it for more than sixty seconds, if at all. Television has little patience with complexity. If television had already become a force, Adlai Stevenson might never have been nominated for the Presidency. It is doubtful whether this year he would have made it out of New Hampshire. He might not even have run. A lot of thoughtful people do not. For the last year and a half, Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan have had nothing else very important to do.

While we tend to say that we want "the issues" discussed in a Presidential campaign, we don't have a very good way of defining "the issues." And the issues that do get discussed often have little relation to real questions, or become issues without having been given much careful thought. Some of them develop into litmus tests: they become symbolically important, carry emotional freight, and gain the backing of powerful constituencies, and it is very difficult for a candidate seeking the support of some of the most powerful constituencies within his party to take a negative stand on these issues, or even to be hesitant about them. They become ends in themselves. This seems to be true, within the Democratic Party, of three liberal issues in this year's election—the Humphrey-Hawkins jobs bill, national-health-insurance legislation, and proposals to require vertical divestiture by the oil companies.

The Humphrey-Hawkins bill is an elaborate plan for reducing adult unemployment to three per cent within four years. (The proposal has been modified several times.) It was sailing along, picking up sponsorship by Democrats in Congress and endorsements by Presidential candidates. (Jimmy Carter's endorsement came reluctantly, and only in the wake of the "ethnic purity" controversy.) And then Charles Schultze, an economist with the Brookings Institution, and other liberal economists began to point out that the scheme was highly inflationary and, with its emphasis on government employment, would not offer any real long-term solution to the unemployment problem. Moreover, current estimates are that it would cost from fifteen to twenty billion dollars. Some Democrats in Congress thereupon began to edge away from it, but they didn't dare say so out loud.

National-health-insurance proposals also present a number of problems. They assume that the goal of a national health system is not simply to provide health care for the poor or insurance for catastrophic illnesses for the poor

"To this, that, and the other thing."

and the middle class but to help everyone confront the rising costs of medical care. However, since no one really knows how to control the costs of medical care, national-health-insurance plans would be very expensive. (The Kennedy-Corman national-health-insurance bill makes a stab at the problem of costs, but no one is sure how it would work.) In addition, there is the problem of how to avoid having a health-insurance program pour money into a health system that distributes services inequitably and inefficiently. Some people have ideas about how to approach this problem, but no one knows how to get the medical profession to go along with the kind of reorganization that many think necessary or whether such a reorganization could be achieved without incurring staggering new government controls and regulations. (Some advocates of health-care reform would prefer to begin on a more modest basis, with partial programs, which would provide certain kinds of medical care, such as care for especially expensive illnesses or pre-natal care for mothers and preventive care for children.) And there is also some doubt, which advocates of national health insurance are loath to concede, whether the provision of substantially more medical care will lead to substantially more health. (In the United States, the life expectancy of white males at forty-five has improved by three and a half years since 1900.) It is argued that other factors—such as personal habits, the environment, accidents—are far more important in determining health. As in the case of the Humphrey-Hawkins bill, the climate of a political campaign is not conducive to discussion of these dilemmas and subtleties and trade-offs. Nor is it hospitable to consideration of the risk, for liberals, of enacting programs that might end up making all liberal ventures more vulnerable. And, just as providing jobs and providing medical care for everyone sound like worthy things to do, so does "breaking up the oil companies." The idea is that if each of the major oil companies were no longer permitted to refine, market, and transport oil as well as to produce it, the country would be better off. But there isn't convincing evidence that forcing the companies to divest would either lower prices or produce more oil. Moreover, independent companies have been entering the market, so there is not a classic monopoly problem. And such a move would not solve the real energy problem, which is to find ways of making us less dependent upon oil. Thus, the divestiture issue, too, is a diversion. But all good liberals are under pressure to say that they are for breaking up the oil companies. Again, this is an issue that some Democrats have misgivings about, but, in an election year, they are reluctant to say so.

Someone here whom I talked with about these issues suggested another reason—beyond emotional impact and backing by powerful constituencies—that proposals of this kind, needing more thought, move to the center of political debate: the growing complexity of governing. Some of the real questions are extremely complicated, and even to the extent that we understand them they do not lend themselves to political discussion. In the past ten or fifteen years, the government has become far more ambitious than ever before in what it has tried to do for our citizens. What it should be doing and whether it does those things well become less and less questions of ideology or of good guys versus bad guys. On matters like the environment, energy, even full employment, the difficulty comes, first, in getting general agreement on what the problem is and, second, in figuring out what the best approach is to solving it. The approaches more and more often involve technical answers. That makes it harder and harder to carry on political debate about the important issues. The alternatives to be considered and debated are not of the order or nature of William Jennings Bryan's free silver, or whether or not there should be a social-security system. The energy question does not really get down to a good public versus bad oil companies. The alternatives cannot be posed as simple choices.

The end of the primary season also invites questions about the primary system itself. It has become increasingly brutal, demanding of superhuman energy, and antipathetic to thought. It rewards doggedness and organization and "winnerness." It is filled with quirks. Even the sequence of the primaries has its impact. Voters in one primary are often reacting not just to the candidates and to the questions before them but to what happened in the previous primary. They are not so much making a rational decision as being swept along in a current. There are proposals for reforms, the most commonly approved one being for regional primaries. The idea is that these would cut back on the travel that candidates must endure, and put more coherence into the primary season. But there could be dangers in that system, too: a candidate with at least short-term "winnerness" might sweep a region and then sweep succeeding regions before we had a chance to find out much about him, to ask some questions. The possibility of a one-shot triumph is what makes a national primary, proposed by some, seem a singularly bad idea. It may be that there is no good solution. It may be that what has been opened up cannot be closed. Jimmy Carter read the books and decided that he would outdo George McGovern in starting early. The next candidates may decide that they will outdo Jimmy Carter.

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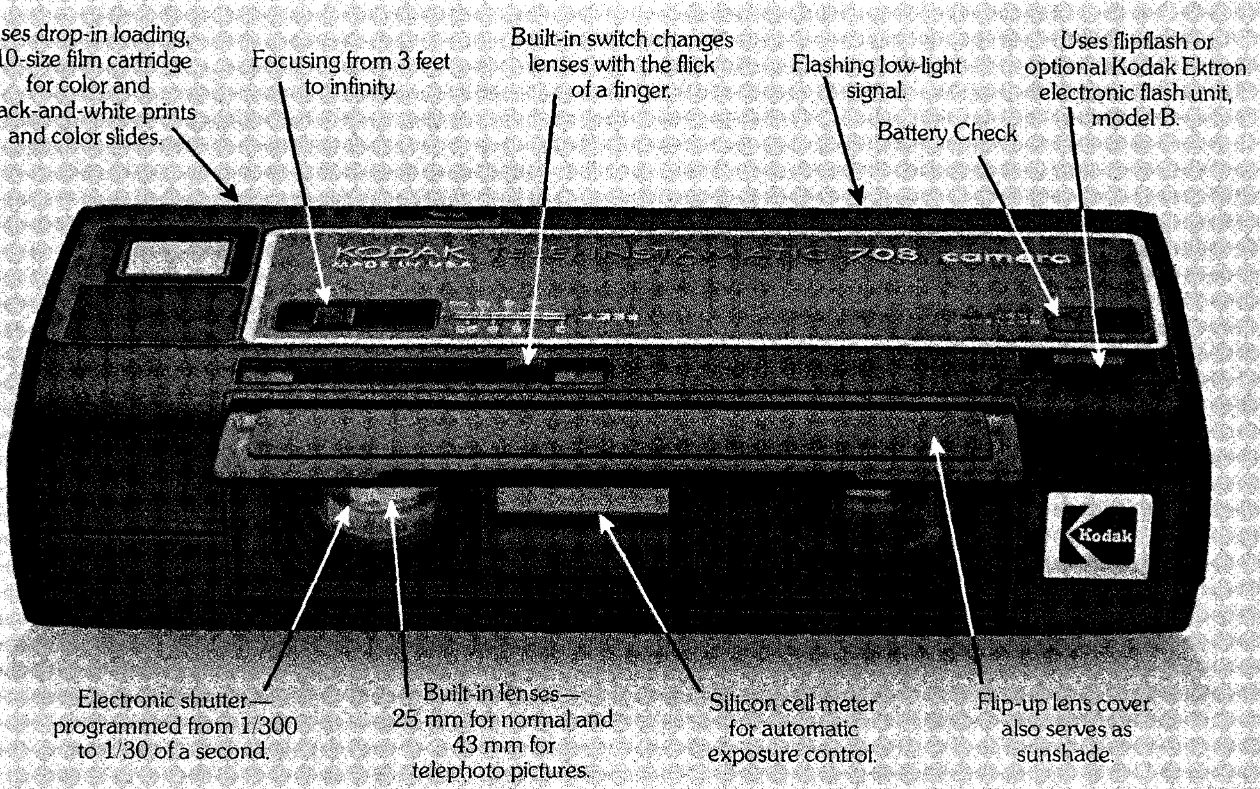
IT is somehow fitting that Ohio, a state that is average America, now becomes the focus of the primary contests. Ohio is neither Eastern nor Western—it borders on Pennsylvania, Michigan, Indiana, Kentucky, and West Virginia—and it is industrial, urban, and rural. Ohio is large—about eleven million people live here—and it has more cities of over a hundred thousand than any other state except California and Texas. Ohio is not as liberal as Michigan; it has no strong university-connected liberal community. In the north, from Cleveland west to Toledo—where about a third of the state's population lives—it has absorbed waves of Eastern and Southern European immigration. The south, centering on Cincinnati, is marked more by immigration from Germany and, later, from Appalachia.

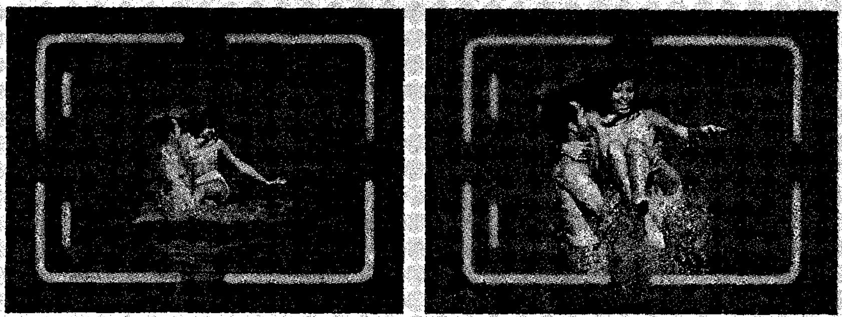
Udall and Church are concentrating their Ohio campaigns in the northern tier of the state, where about sixty-three per cent of the Democratic vote is concentrated—about forty per cent of it in the Cleveland media-market area. They have virtually conceded central and southern Ohio—the more conservative parts of the state—to Carter. The coalition of liberal labor groups which has formed in order to have influence at the Convention, if the race remains undecided, is supporting Udall in nine congressional districts in the north and Carter in ten central and southern districts. But this large state has eight media markets, so the candidates fly about it in search of exposure. When Udall's Ohio campaign got under way in earnest, he moved his campaign headquarters from Columbus to Cleveland, and he begins or ends each day with some event here. An attempt is made to show him doing something "visual" with an interesting group—at Slovenian parades, United Auto Workers rallies, Ukrainian social halls—in the hope that he will be the subject of the lead or the second story on the night's news programs in at least this part of the state. He had come to be identified as the candidate of the suburban liberals, so he is staying out of the suburbs this time. Udall, whose campaign organization has gone through more changes than a campaign organization should, has brought in a special campaign manager for Ohio. Udall's campaign staff is making one last effort to show that its candidate is warm and funny, not aloof—one last effort to get this candidate, who has failed to come across, to do so. What is happening, however, is that Udall is coming across as something he has not been earlier in his political career—negative, and even mean. Udall is not really mean, but his reaction to Carter makes him appear so. Upset by Carter's successful use of a sometimes evasive and contradictory approach to issues, tired, desperate, egged on by his staff, Udall has succumbed, at the end of his campaign for the Presidency, to being something he never was before. His near-success in Michigan (he lost by only two thousand votes out of seven hundred thousand), where he ran television commercials with cartoon faces suggesting that Carter was two-faced on issues, has encouraged his campaign aides to follow a similar formula here. The commercials for Ohio question Carter's positions on the Vietnam war, tax reform, health insurance, and the oil companies. In 1971, Carter called for a

WILDLIFE
STEVENSON

To England we owe
the Magna Carta,
the steam engine,
the plays of Shakespeare,
the melody of "My Country,
'Tis of Thee,"
the Law of Gravity,
and sundry other blessings.
IMPORTE
FROM ENGL
BEEFEATER
London
Produced & Bottled in England
LONDON DISTILLED
DRY GIN
JAMES BURROUGH LIMITED LONDON ENGLAND
94 PROOF
4/5 QUART
KOBRAND
Wines
Spirits
KOBRAND CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.
Sole United States Importers
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Introducing the Kodak Tele-Instamatic camera with automatic exposure control. And then some.


Uses drop-in loading, 110-size film cartridge for color and black-and-white prints and color slides.
Focusing from 3 feet to infinity.
Built-in switch changes lenses with the flick of a finger.
Flashing low-light signal.
Battery Check
Uses flipflash or optional Kodak Ektron electronic flash unit, model B.
KODAK TELE-INSTAMATIC 708 camera
Kodak
Electronic shutter—programmed from 1/300 to 1/30 of a second.
Built-in lenses—25 mm for normal and 43 mm for telephoto pictures.
Silicon cell meter for automatic exposure control.
Flip-up lens cover also serves as sunshade.



Dual magnification viewfinder shows change from normal to telephoto right in the viewfinder.

See the new Kodak Tele-Instamatic 708 camera at your photo dealer's. It's less than $96. Optional Ektron flash unit, model B, less than $48. Also available is the fixed-focus, fixed-aperture Tele-Instamatic 608 camera, less than $39.

Prices are subject to change without notice.

New Kodak Tele-Instamatic™ 708 camera.

Full three-year Warranty.

withdrawal of troops from Vietnam, on the ground that the United States government was not doing enough to win; in the same year he urged the Democratic governors not to make an issue of Vietnam in the 1972 Presidential election; in 1975 he supported last-minute military assistance to South Vietnam. Udall points out that he himself was against the war all along, and he concludes, "So who is Jimmy Carter? What does he really believe?" (An Associated Press story appearing in today's Cleveland *Plain Dealer* says that only twenty per cent of those who back Carter know where he stands on the issues.) The hope is not only to raise doubts about Carter—whose rating is now between forty and fifty per cent in the polls in Ohio—but to get under his skin, try to make him react irritably. This is not—frustrating as it may be to have Carter for an opponent—the noblest of goals.

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A FISH fry at the Martin de Porres Center, a community center supported by the Catholic Church, in a former church building, for blacks who live in the Glenville section of Cleveland. Udall is to appear here tonight. About three hundred people are gathered in a large basement room. By the time Udall arrives, they have had their dinner, of fried perch and cole slaw. As Udall enters, a small combo plays "Happy Days Are Here Again." The last time I heard that was in Wisconsin, in the ballroom where Udall claimed his victory that later the same night turned into a loss. Udall looks very tired tonight, but there is something about the entrance of a candidate, flooded with television lights, that seems to give snap and importance to any occasion. Today, Udall has been in Newark, Trenton, Dayton, and Akron. He is slightly late in his arrival here, because the sheriff in charge of his motorcade directed it to the wrong church. Therefore, a buildup that he was given by George Forbes, President of the Cleveland City Council and a fiery speaker, has been dissipated. Udall pumps more enthusiasm into his remarks than seems possible under the circumstances. His speech is part talk about how he has fought for equal rights and jobs, and part jabs at Carter. He says that "we were after him for a year and a half" to endorse the Humphrey-Hawkins bill, and "he finally came around last April after we had all this talk about 'ethnic purity.'" And, he goes on, "we haven't had a word from him since." Udall talks about his support of national health insurance and day-care centers. He is talking old-fashioned politics. If Carter were here, he would probably be preaching. Udall talks about the fact that black family income is only sixty per cent of what white family income is, and says, "They don't charge you sixty per cent at the grocery checkout counter." He quotes Robert Kennedy's saying "I would wish that my country would be a just country."

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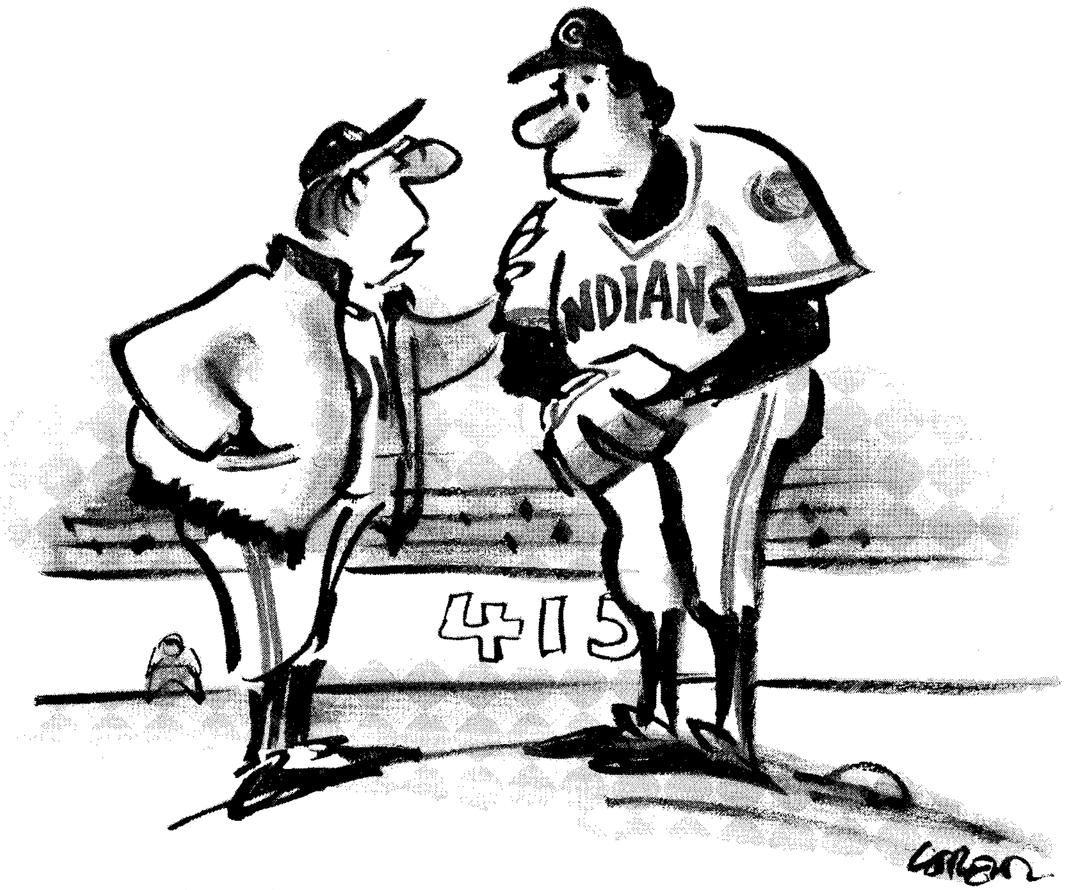
IN Udall's car on the way to a Holiday Inn at which he will stay tonight, I ask Udall how he feels. Mrs. Udall, who says she did fourteen radio interviews, is with us.

"Tired but surviving," he replies. "I'll be glad when this rat race is over. My spirits are good; I think I've kept my cool. It's been a long struggle, but I've had a stability and a philosophical approach to it: you go on and fight the fight. I went through a stage in South Dakota, and then here, where I had three nights of only five hours' sleep. And my legs get cramped riding in cars and airplanes." (Udall is six feet five.) He continues, "I got tough with the staff. They had two other events for me to appear at tonight, and I said no. When I'm this tired, I'm not sharp and I'm not good—and my legs hurt."

I ask Udall how he feels about turning his campaign into an outright anti-Carter campaign.

"Not comfortable," he replies. "I would strongly prefer to run my own kind of campaign. I have traditionally run my own campaign and left the others alone. I confronted this in Michigan. He was running off with the blacks and the anti-blacks, the pro-abortion people and the anti-abortion people, the pro-guns and the anti-guns. So the question was whether you folded your tent or you fought back. I decided I had been lucky in my previous campaigns—I've never had to run against an incumbent. You don't beat an incumbent or a front-runner by saying, 'Ladies and gentlemen, he's a good man.' Jimmy Carter *is* fuzzy on the issues. He's not for things that leaders of the Democratic Party should be for. I don't have any misgivings about what I'm doing. He's not going to get beaten unless people understand what he's up to: that he's not for what working people are for—Humphrey-Hawkins, breaking up the oil companies. At first,



"Just relax and throw the ball, kid. Everyone's watching the Jets anyway."

I was uncomfortable—it's not my style. I'm generally understanding of other people. But it's worked out well. It was burned into my mind after Pennsylvania, when Jackson pulled out and Humphrey decided he didn't want to go, that it would have been all over if I had got out. I felt responsible in two ways: one, I represented millions of people who were for Sargent Shriver and Fred Harris and Birch Bayh and were for the kinds of things Carter wasn't for; two, I remember 1972, when Humphrey cut up McGovern and so weakened him that he couldn't win. I determined that I would proceed with restraint, so people wouldn't look back and say, 'Mo Udall cut up Carter.' "

I ask him if the race for the Presidential nomination turned out to be much more difficult than he had expected.

"I knew it was going to be hard, I knew it was going to be tough," Udall replies. "I've adapted pretty well. God, I get tired of riding in cars and airplanes. It's not like running for Congress, where the next stop is ten minutes away. I got up this morning at seven and will quit at eleven. Of those sixteen hours, eight or nine were in a car or a plane." But it isn't just the discomfort and the fatigue; Udall talks about something else that happens to even the most thoughtful of candidates. "I thought there would be more of an opportunity to deliver thoughtful speeches on a range of subjects," he says. "These last few hectic weeks, you end up mostly just shouting slogans. You work out a three- or four-point hardboiled message. As the pressure grows, all you think about is how to work up a group or get your message across. The last six weeks are really brutal. Every Tuesday, you have new primaries to face and new equations to solve. You don't have time to think about your Administration or how to organize your Cabinet."

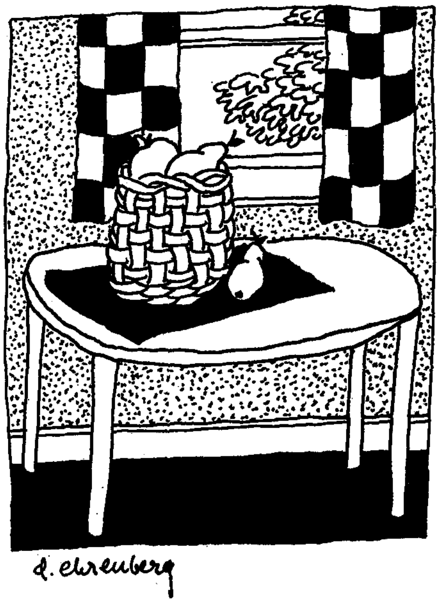
Mrs. Udall interpolates that she thinks her husband looks and is especially tired now.

"We've had a running feud with the staff," Udall says, echoing things that survivors of previous campaigns have told me. "I really had to fight to get two good nights of sleep in succession. The schedulers and the managers see that they have four more days, and they don't see that if I go to all the things they want me to I'm going to look haggard. Nobody is going to write a story saying my staff is tired and haggard, but they'll write one saying I am. I had five straight days without a decent night's sleep, and some guy doing an interview with me asked me a question and I just drew a blank."

He continues, "After Pennsylvania, people were going over to Carter. I held the line. I held the line. I came in third in Pennsylvania, and people said, 'Get out.' I held on for Connecticut and Michigan. I gave Church and Brown a chance. I really think my firmness stopped a stampede. I don't get credit for that." And then Udall talks about members of Congress who have endorsed Carter, and his pain and disappointment are clear. It is late at night now, and Udall is extremely tired, but before he goes to bed his Ohio chairman wants some time with him, and so do several staff members. His staff has planned that tomorrow he will go about the state with a map of the United States, a pointer, and an easel, and make a statement charging that Jimmy Carter took varying positions on issues in different parts of the country. Tonight, the staff wants him to clear a statement he will release tomorrow, and it wants him to get up a half hour earlier than he had planned, so that he can rehearse his performance with the map and the pointer. He will perform this act in the morning in Cleveland, and then in Columbus and Cincinnati, hitting three major media markets.

JUNE 5

SATURDAY EVENING. The Bicentennial Wagon Train, in Aurora, Ohio, about twenty miles southeast of Cleveland. Frank Church, for reasons that are not clear, is here this evening for an appearance. In California this week, he came down with a strep throat, so he had to cancel his appearances there on Thursday; yesterday he flew to Ohio, but this afternoon he was still feeling ill, so he cancelled an appearance at something called the World's Greatest Garage Sale, in Berea. The appearances he will make this evening are too late to be shown on the television news. There is really some question about why they were scheduled at all—these events cannot make very much difference. Of course, there is a candidate's own inclination to keep going, and the pressures from the staff, and there is the possibility that if a candidate chooses to spend an evening doing nothing, the press will think that that is very strange, raise questions about his lack of industry. But the big question is what Church is doing in Ohio at all. No one believes he can win here. The simplest explanation is that Church, like other candidates, is propelled by his own ambitions and the ambitions of those around him. By that reasoning, he is in Ohio because he has been winning primaries in the West and he thinks Ohio offers him a chance to show that he can do well in an industrial state. Church's television commercials here stress his investigations of the multinationals and his concern that they move jobs overseas. There are suspicions, however, that since Church's presence in Ohio is likely to hurt Udall more than Carter (the assumption is that Church and Udall compete for the same voters), Church may have more complex reasons for being here. It is a fact, at least, that members of Carter's staff encouraged members of Church's staff to encourage Church to go into Ohio, and told Church's staff that Church had some potential there. Fortunately for Carter, Church stayed out of California, where the Carter people felt that Church could hurt Carter, perhaps forcing him into third place.



This is a rather strange scene. In the warm setting sun, covered wagons are drawn up in a circle around the parking lot of a shopping center. People in pioneer costumes mingle with people in sports clothes on the pavement and on surrounding grassy slopes while behind them some fairly fatigued-looking horses munch their dinner. A man in Indian dress who says his name is Walking Fox signs autographs. The Bicentennial Wagon Train—a project of the Pennsylvania Bicentennial Commission, supported by the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration, Gulf Oil, Holiday Inns, and the Aero Mayflower Transit Company, among others—is making its way across the country from Blaine, Washington, in the extreme northwest corner of the United States, to Valley

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Forge, Pennsylvania, which it hopes to reach on July 3rd. The wagon train covers about twenty miles a day—followed by horse trailers, and campers carrying some members of the Penn State Show Troupe—and each night the troupe puts on a show of singing and dancing.

This evening, after the show ends, Frank Church makes a speech. His wife, Bethine, an intelligent and strong woman, who campaigns with him constantly, stands beside him, smiling. "I've been hoping to catch up with the Wagon Train," he says to the crowd. He talks about the importance of wagon trains and says that "the nineteenth century was a great period of expansion, of manifest destiny that stretched this country of ours from sea to sea." The audience does not pay much attention. Church says that the wagons symbolize the family farm, which "has proved to be the most efficient producer of food and fibre that has ever been created anywhere in the world." The children in the audience are restless and noisy, and Church, still suffering the effects of the strep throat and taking antibiotics, is standing there, characteristically waving his arms, making a classic stump speech in the manner of a trained orator, his voice rising and falling within sentences. His wife keeps smiling. Church has a slim body topped by a large head. The face is still youthful, but the hair is graying. He does not look well; there are bulges under his eyes. He has probably assessed the situation tonight correctly: if there is to be any speech at all to these people who have come out on a late-spring evening to see a wagon train, it should be an old-fashioned stump speech about American virtues. When Church mentions that we have "a society in which the people are still free," the audience applauds. It cares about that. He gets back to basics, tying in what he has been working on in the Senate and what he has been talking about in his campaign with the spirit of the Bicentennial Wagon Train. He does not mention Watergate. The Democratic candidates talk about Watergate, but only in a gingerly and fleeting and largely indirect way. It seems that it is considered something we shouldn't talk about—that it is bad manners to bring up such unpleasantness. We are treating our country as if it were a person who has some sort of disease or disfigurement, which it is not polite to mention. Similarly, we set about forgetting Joseph McCarthy, and then in fairly short order we ended up with something even more dangerous, led by a man whose career began with McCarthyism. Church says, "The men and women of 1776 knew that you didn't fight crime with crime, or evil with evil, or delinquency by becoming delinquent. They knew that the only way they could successfully avoid the terrors of a police state was to design a government that would remain subordinate to the law, and that the only way they could escape a closed society was to have the nerve to live in an open one."

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SHORTLY after we board the bus for the next event, we are asked to get off again. Senator Church has an announcement. "I've just received

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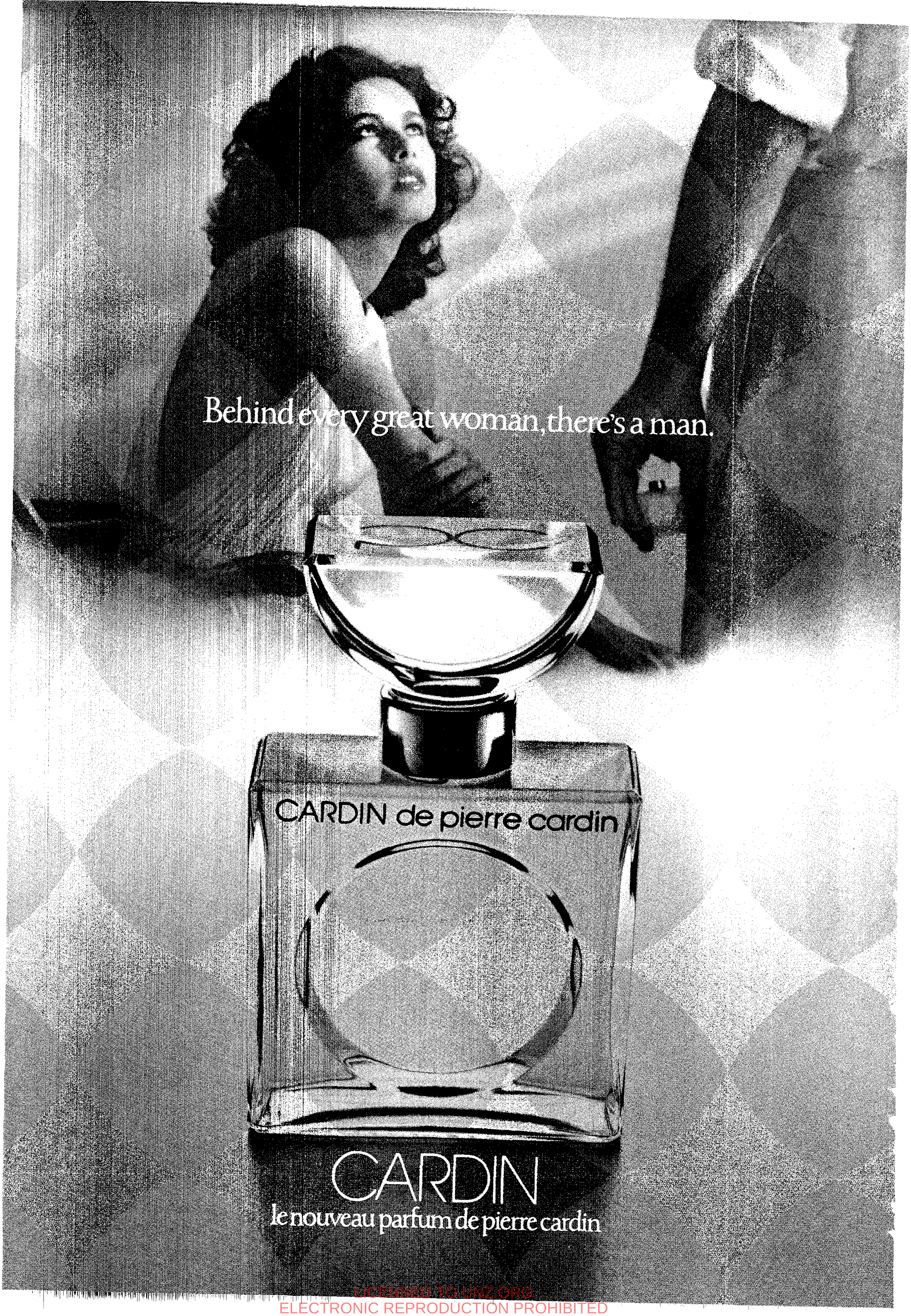

Behind every great woman, there's a man.
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word that a terrible disaster has struck my home state of Idaho," he says quietly. His hands trembling, he says that the Teton Dam, on the Teton River, has broken, producing "a devastating flood," and that "a wall of water fifteen feet high is headed toward Idaho Falls." Fate, in the form of a frightening natural disaster, has thrown itself across the path of Frank Church's Presidential ambitions. He says that he will break off his Ohio campaign to return to his native state. He has no choice, of course. There may not be much he can do in Idaho, but his constituents would never understand it if he were too busy campaigning for the Presidency to come home. Besides, he backed the dam, which was the subject of some controversy.

While Church's staff works out the logistics of a flight to Idaho later in the evening, Church proceeds to the next event—a dinner dance celebrating the ninetieth anniversary of the Carpenters Local 171, at the Mahoning Country Club, in Girard, Ohio, some forty miles southeast of Aurora. He is about an hour behind schedule now, and must fly to Idaho tonight, but he feels he cannot—or he cannot bring himself to—cancel his next appearance. I talk with Church on the bus on the way to the dinner dance. I begin by asking him if there have been any surprises in his campaign. His answer indicates that he has acquired several of the attributes of *Homo candidatus*.

"It's pretty much what I expected," he replies. "I knew the problem would be legitimizing my candidacy, and I anticipated a news blackout—which occurred in the first couple of months. I knew I had to pull off a miracle in Nebraska. I've won four out of five primaries, and I nearly won the fifth, in Rhode Island." He was actually entered in six primaries, but when he talks about how many primaries he has won, he leaves out Nevada, just as when Carter says that he ran in all the states, he leaves out West Virginia. "It's worked out as I had hoped it would," Church continues. "But there have been some complicating factors I didn't foresee. The late, late start was such a high flyer that I thought I'd have it to myself. But then Brown came in. Otherwise, the concluding scenario would have fallen into place. I would have won California. And I've campaigned on a shoestring. My Rhode Island campaign was underfunded. I can't match Udall or Carter in spending on media here, and now I have to return to Idaho. But that's Kismet. It all worked out better than I could have hoped, until"—he breaks into a dry laugh—"we got to the end. And then it all came apart."

I ask Church, a serious man, and more an issue candidate than a style candidate, whether he has found it hard to get people interested in issues.

"That was not a problem in Nebraska and Oregon and the smaller states, where you feel you can reach people personally," he says. "In those situations, I would make a short statement and then have questions and answers. I found out people were very responsive. I was able to address myself to questions that interested people in that locality. I found that people were really hungry to hear the issues discussed, despite what people say. I think that that was part of the reason for the success that I have had." And then he returns to how he has done in his campaign, and how he might have done better—like other candidates, he has become preoccupied with this. "I think if I had been able to get into it earlier the outcome might have been different," Church says. "If Mo had won anywhere along the way, it would have broken the momentum of Carter's campaign. Carter was on the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek* the week of the Nebraska primary. People don't take to a secret police and government agencies pushing people around. People don't like government. The government has earned people's contempt. The very fact that I have been conducting this investigation and exposing these abuses and investigating the multinationals means that I am not seen as part of that establishment—also because I have a reputation for opposing the war. At the same time, I think people think the job is so important that it takes some experience. So there are two moods in the land. There's the anti-Washington mood, which is understandable, because people feel betrayed, and, on the other hand, there is understanding that the Presidency has such potential for good or for ill that there is real doubt that it ought to be entrusted to someone who has had very little experience. So people are groping. I have a feeling that if it had been possible to get in earlier I might well be in Carter's position now. There is one good feature about the late, late strategy—it gives you more time to think. When you're campaigning, you don't have time to think about much besides what you're going to do next and say next, and how to deal with day-to-day crises. But when I was in the Senate I had time to think about what I would do. You can't do that in the course of

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"Can't I even have one unimportant section toward the back?"

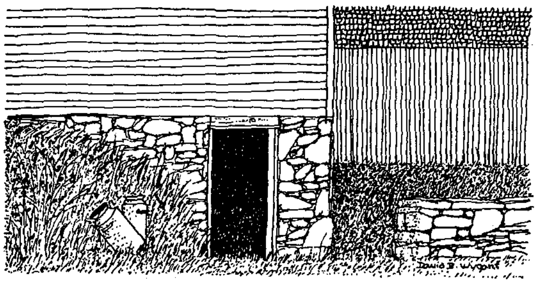
frantic campaigning. Bethine and I have had one day of rest since the nineteenth of March. But I've no regrets. I've conducted a good campaign. I've won primaries nobody thought I could win. I've come out stronger. I achieved a measure of national recognition that wouldn't have come to me any other way. This will help me in the Senate. When I won in Nebraska, there was hardly a senator who did not come up to me and congratulate me. It was not simply out of courtesy, and it didn't have to do with ideology. There was an institutional pride—you know, one of the boys did well."

As we talk, Church fiddles with a piece of paper bearing statistics he may use at his next appearance. After a while, he decides not to try to learn them. He talks about the press. "The point I found hardest in dealing with the press was the constant dealing in political, technical questions," he says. "You have to deal with the constant put-down questions: 'If you don't win this race, does that mean you have no further chance?' 'How much of the vote do you expect, and if you don't get it is that a failure?' "

JUNE 6

CINCINNATI. Sunday afternoon. Oddly, this city, where I grew up, has become a political traffic center at the end of the Presidential primaries. Ronald Reagan is coming here this afternoon, and President Ford will arrive tonight. Tomorrow, Jimmy Carter will show up. Reagan made a last-minute decision to try to get delegates in Ohio. Since the central and southern parts of the state were virtually surrendered to Jimmy Carter by his opponents, his margin here is being counted on to help offset whatever strength his opponents have in the north. Cincinnati is one of the most conservative large cities in America. When I was growing up here, people who backed a Democratic candidate for President were considered a little strange, and perhaps even suspect. Cincinnati is a lovely city—especially as Midwestern cities go—built on hills along the Ohio River. Its conservatism, unusual for such a large city, seems to stem from the original settlement here, of German immigrants, in the early eighteen-hundreds. They were the conservative Germans—Bavarians, Rhinelanders. The Socialist Germans, in a subsequent wave, went to Milwaukee. Cincinnati lies on the borders of Kentucky and Indiana. The city has enjoyed (if that is the term) a kind of stability—at least, compared with other Northern industrial cities. It has fewer Southern and Eastern European immigrants than the industrial cities of the northern part of the state. The blacks in their northward migration tended to skip over Cincinnati, and its population is only twenty-seven per cent black, whereas blacks make up almost forty per cent of Cleveland's population. The political base of the Tafts—who for a long time owned the city's afternoon paper, and still own a radio station and a television station—Cincinnati has probably been governed by Republicans more of the time than any other large city in the country. Republicans now control all the offices in Hamilton County—Cincinnati's county—except sheriff. Some of the city's black leaders are conservative, and so are its blue-collar workers. The city's Jewish population, while influential, is small, and even the Jews are heavily Republican. The city refers to itself, burgher style, as "solid Cincinnati;" and "solid Cincinnati" is behind only Dallas and San Diego in the degree to which it votes Republican. The German culture brought with it strong support for the arts. One grew up on Tafts, baseball (we were excused from school on opening day), the smell of soap emanating from "Ivorydale" (the area in which Procter & Gamble has several plants), pride in the thought that because of its machine-tool plants Cincinnati was important enough that the Luftwaffe might bomb it, and, in the summer, Metropolitan Opera stars performing at the Zoo. The High Victorian fountain of Fountain Square—a dreary bus terminal when I was a child—has been moved down the street and is now surrounded by a European-style plaza. The river has been cleaned up and the riverfront beautified. But some things remain the same. The city is still insane about its baseball team—Cincinnati may be the only city whose airport shops sell not only T-shirts advertising its baseball team but also reproductions of a painting that features a baseball mitt and the team's cap. And Cincinnati remains conservative. It is no accident that Ronald Reagan and Jerry Ford and Jimmy Carter are all giving the city their attention in the next couple of days.

That the race between the President and Ronald Reagan has got to this point is astonishing—yet it really shouldn't be. Gerald Ford may be President, but he was a dim figure, a Republican spear-carrier, in the House of Representatives before Richard Nixon, engulfed by crisis, reached for him. After that, Ford was subjected to the imputation process—the process by which we impute to public figures, especially Presidents, authority and qualities we simply want them to have. Moreover, while incumbency carries with it a certain aura and also access to helpful levers, it is not all that it is thought to be. John Kennedy was believed to be facing some reëlection difficulty when he made his fateful trip to Dallas. All of Lyndon Johnson's and Richard Nixon's efforts to manipulate incumbency could not save them. Ford has come across as a nice and decent man—even though his politics often fail to convey compassion—but not *Presidential*, the imputation process notwithstanding. His Presidency has been confused: within months, Administration positions have changed on tax policy and labor policy and antitrust policy; high officials, including his Vice-President, his Secretary of Defense, and his Secretary of State, have been embraced and then literally or figuratively dumped; he said that the word "détente" would be dropped but the policy would not. His Administration has been, to paraphrase Winston Churchill, a pudding without a theme. People have a way of sensing such uncertainty. Ford is conservative, but not conservative enough for the Party's conservative wing, which has had a strong, and possibly dominant, role in the Presidential-nominating process since 1964. A Reagan manager said to me earlier this year, "We are a majority of a minority." Ford ignited neither the conservative nor the moderate wing of his party. While Reagan was igniting a grass-roots movement in his campaign for the Presidency, Ford relied on his Presidentialness, which he had largely squandered, and his base in Congress. Such has been the despair within his own party that a House Republican who supports him said recently, "Ford is so inept that we'd have been better off if Nixon had burned the tapes on the back lawn." Even Ford's apotheosis by the media, which went on as if the Nixon experience had taught us nothing, did not do him enough good. (There was the week in which



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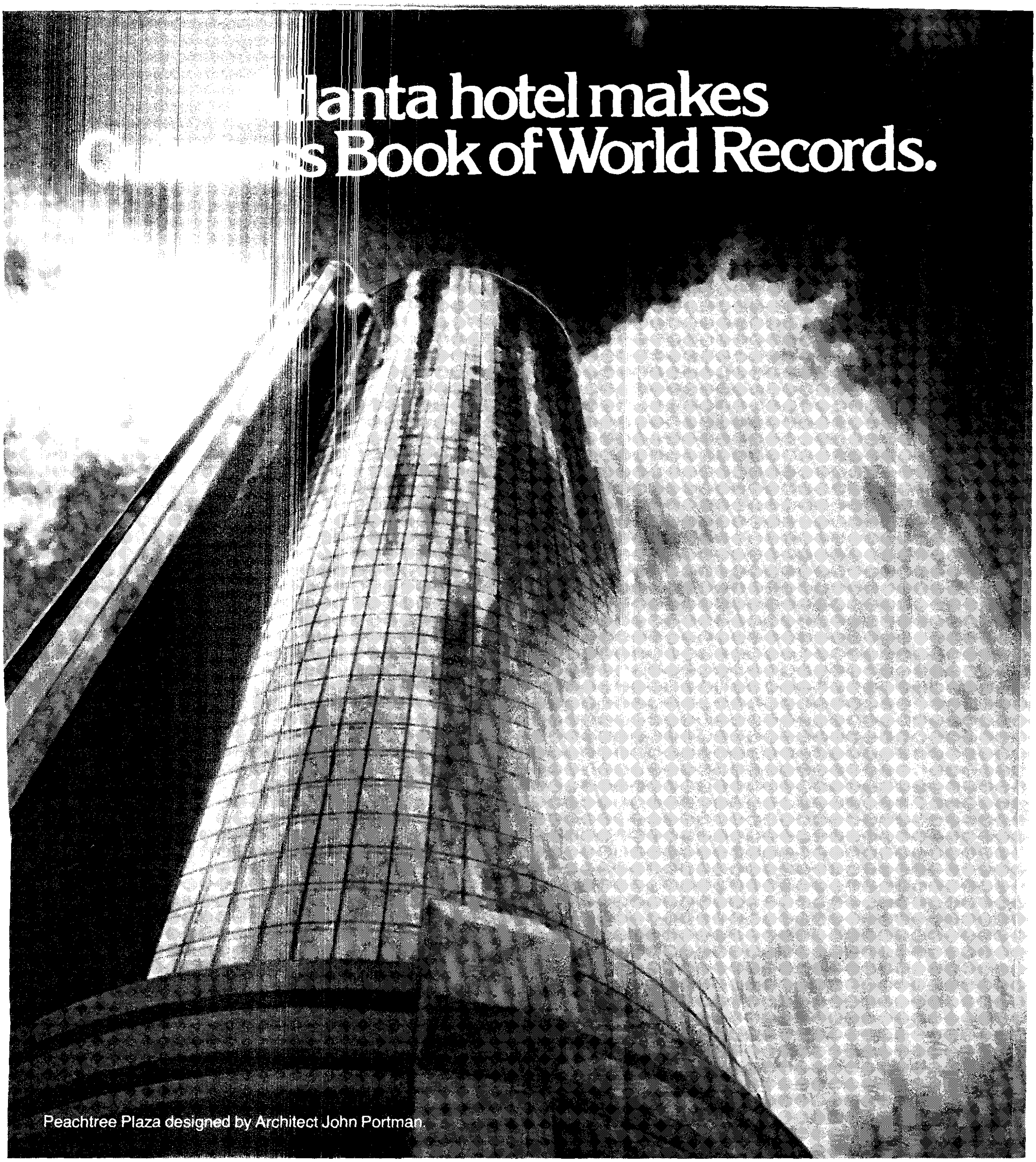

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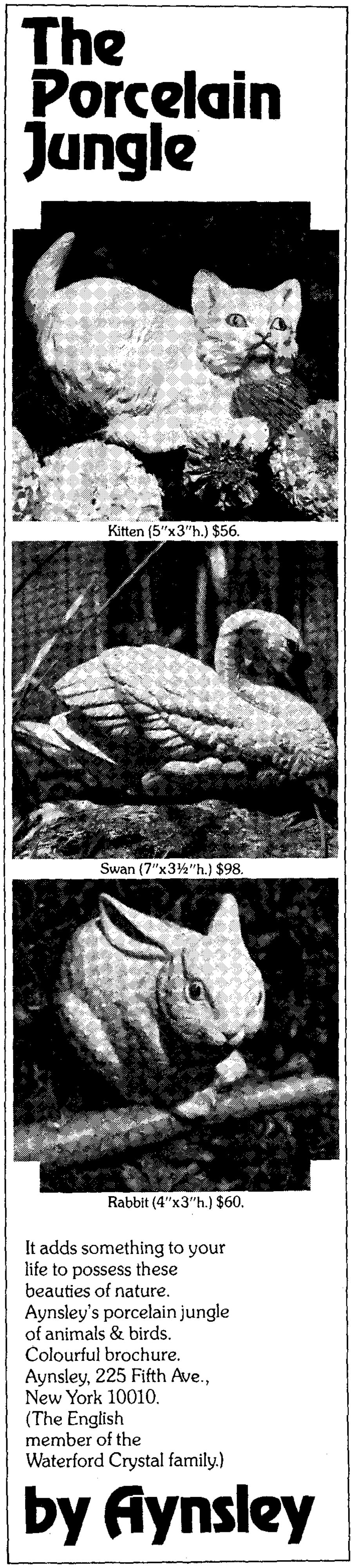

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we were permitted to see pictures of our leader toasting an English muffin.) His first two notable acts once he was in office were the sudden Sunday-morning pardon of Richard Nixon and the WIN program. The pardon, coming without any preparation of the public, made him seem impulsive and also insensitive to a widespread public feeling that Nixon should be brought to at least some kind of justice. Ford thought the outrage would blow over, but such outrage seldom does; it just quiets and goes underground. The WIN program, with its vacant ideas for dealing with the economy, and with its hyperbolic P.R., made the President seem ludicrous. Public figures do not often recover from seeming ludicrous. He has been spared the consequences of some of his own policies. The economy appears to be improving, but more as a result of the Democratic Congress's balking at some of his approaches and the innate rhythms of the business cycle than as a result of anything his Administration did. The economy is still not good, but the direction is, and that may be what matters politically. Ford was thwarted in his efforts to send additional military assistance to a collapsing South Vietnam. As for the Mayagüez incident, he was fortunate that it did not last longer—that the Cambodians were not in a position to fight back. Then, he does not seem to understand the spread of deadly weapons. Also, he has let nuclear-arms-agreement efforts be overtaken by election-year politics, but then perhaps almost any President in his situation would; elections always take their toll of policy. While some praise Ford for the Eisenhower-like domestic tranquillity, he is toying with the sore busing issue, and, as Carl Holman, the president of the Urban Coalition, pointed out earlier this year, a generation of black youths—who cannot find jobs and for whom there are no unemployment benefits—despairs.

The seesaw nature of the Ford-Reagan struggle suggests that nominating battles, like military ones, do have periods in which one side or the other has momentum (that overused word), morale, strategic advantage. They do not provide clear-cut tests. They are not clinical, or even rational. They are not simply contests in which the candidates present who they are and what they propose to do, and ask the voters to choose. They are more like a large-scale land war, with the contesting sides employing a variety of stratagems, some of which work, some of which do not, and all of which can be second-guessed. They often take place in a psychological atmosphere of what has gone before. Ford's eyelash victory in New Hampshire, followed by victories in Florida and Illinois, suggested that Reagan could not mount a serious challenge. A Ford strategist said to me recently, "We had the initiative until North Carolina. Reagan had the initiative after North Carolina. Texas we wrote off as an aberration—they're conservative beyond belief in Texas. Then Reagan began to score on two issues—the Panama Canal and defense, which includes Kissinger. Kissinger is not all that unpopular in the nation, but when you talk about Texas, Nebraska, Indiana, he is. Then we made a comeback in Tennessee and Kentucky. People are getting tired of Reagan's issues." There are several members of the Ford staff who say they have argued that the President should take the "offensive" on the defense issue, whatever that means. He did stand in front of the Alamo and say we're No. 1, but to no avail. There are also some who have argued that he should use his Presidentialness more. One says, "After we got through with the State of the Union, which we milked until April, we ran out of anything to be Presidential about." They have argued that he, rather than unknown bureaucrats, should have been announcing the monthly improvement in unemployment statistics. "He's not a showboat President," says one. But there is a question as to whether that would have worked. Previous Presidents have made more imaginative use of the trappings of office and it didn't work. President Ford may not have seized every opportunity for Presidential theatre, but he hasn't missed many. He has flown about in Air Force One, and bands have played "Hail to the Chief," and he has summoned local broadcasters and given away boodle in important primary states. The problem lies in the particular personalities of Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan.

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THIS afternoon, Reagan is holding a rally in the auditorium of the Sycamore High School, on the outskirts of Cincinnati. (Actually, the Reagan forces have failed to qualify a slate of delegates in one of Cincinnati's two congressional districts.) This is one of the more conservative sections of the conservative city, and Reagan has drawn an impressive crowd for a warm, sunny Sunday afternoon. As usual with Reagan events, the auditorium is draped in red, white, and blue. He is the candidate who has appropriated the national colors; Ford's

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décor usually consists of blue-and-white President Ford banners. A man in the audience, wearing a Reagan button, tells me that he supports Reagan because "I think he's a much more capable administrator—he's more of a leader of the people than Ford." This man says, "I understand that it isn't Ford who is holding defense spending down, it's Congress, but Reagan would do something about it." Reagan, as usual, gets an ovation when he enters—it is the emotional response of fervid followers. The only other candidate I have seen get such responses this year was George Wallace. These days, Reagan travels with a supporting cast. Ken Curtis, a man with a wizened face, who played Festus in "Gunsmoke," tells the crowd that he is here "speaking up for Governor Reagan because I am a concerned American." Then Jimmy Stewart—a retired brigadier general in the Air Force Reserve, he is introduced as "General Jimmy Stewart"—speaks for Reagan. Jimmy Stewart looks old now, and his hair is longish and white. He is wearing a conservative navy-blue pin-stripe suit and a maroon-and-navy tie. He looks like a banker. But the voice is unmistakably Jimmy Stewart. People listen quietly while Jimmy Stewart explains why he is for Ronald Reagan, and how Reagan is able to talk to all sorts of people. Stewart says, "I know in the acting racket this is one of the first things you're supposed to be able to do. . . . There are all sorts of tricks." He stumbles just the way Jimmy Stewart is supposed to as he tells the crowd that Reagan has "great respect and admiration and concern for the welfare and the security of the United States of America."

Reagan looks good. His cheeks are rosier than when I saw him earlier in the year. He is successful now, and it shows in his looks and his demeanor. It is the sort of success that feeds on itself. Two things happened to Reagan in mid-campaign: he got more confident, and he got angry. Mike Deaver, Reagan's chief of staff, tells me that he can pinpoint the day when Reagan, whose determination had seemed uncertain, changed. Deaver says, "The real turning point in his mind was the day the Ford people had the mayors calling him to get out, the governors calling him to get out, and then the President suggested he should get out. That was it for him." That was a week before the March 23rd North Carolina primary. Deaver continues, "He became much more aggressive, more confident." Since Presidential-selection con-

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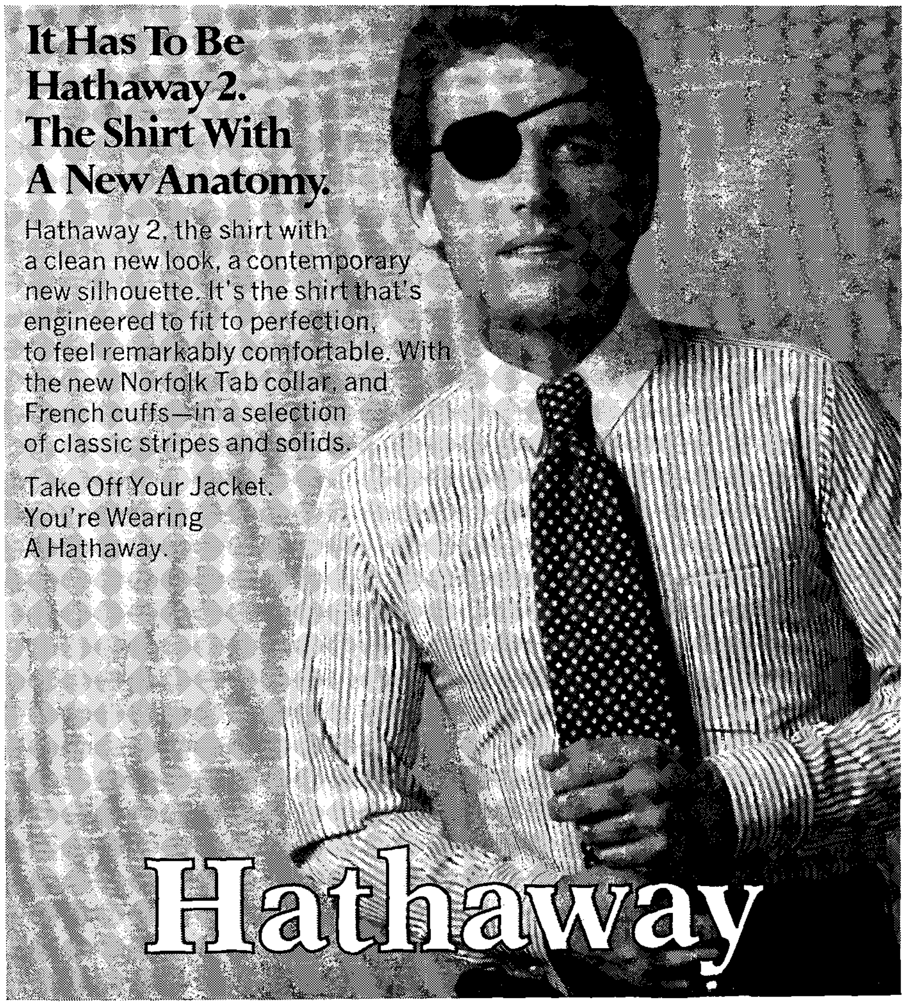
tests are not rational tests, such things matter. Reagan's wife, Nancy, a slim, attractive woman who is clearly her husband's political partner and who has perfected the adoring gaze, is with him this afternoon. Reagan does not tell the same pointless jokes he did earlier this year, but he has a new one—supposed to illustrate a point about communicating—which has to do with changing a baby's diaper. And his speech, formerly a grab bag of anecdotes and random points, has been pulled together into something fairly coherent. He still uses four-by-six cards, but the speech is different. He begins by saying, "I think it is time to point out that there are differences" between him and President Ford. Earlier in the year, he referred to Ford only indirectly. Now he says, "Mr. Ford has spent most of his adult life as a member of the Washington establishment." He objects to a Ford commercial now running in California which says that "Governor Ronald Reagan couldn't start a war, President Ronald Reagan could." The reference is to Reagan's recent suggestion that the United States might have to send troops to Rhodesia to be used as a peacekeeping force—a suggestion the President and his associates pounced on happily. Reagan later said that he had been answering a hypothetical question, and not advocating that American troops be sent to Rhodesia. These days, Reagan talks more about his experience as governor of California than he did in his speeches earlier in the year. His aides say that they learned through polls taken after the New Hampshire and Florida primaries that his strongest point was his record as governor of California. Actually, he was not a bad governor, though he sometimes seemed not very interested in his work. His tenure was less conservative than his rhetoric—perhaps because of his own lack of energy, the countervailing powers in California, and the inertial character of government. But it also seems to be a possibility that Reagan is less conservative than his rhetoric. It is hard to know what he really thinks, or how much he thinks about these things. But now he is trying to portray himself as a man sincerely interested in governing—a point on which, with reason, he has not been taken very seriously. So he talks about how much he did—for education, for medical care—and he sounds almost like a disciple of the Great Society.

Today, as he often does, he talks of his proposal, when he was governor, to turn back a budget surplus to the peo-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IBM Reports

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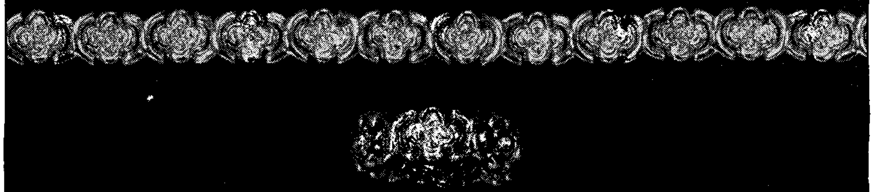

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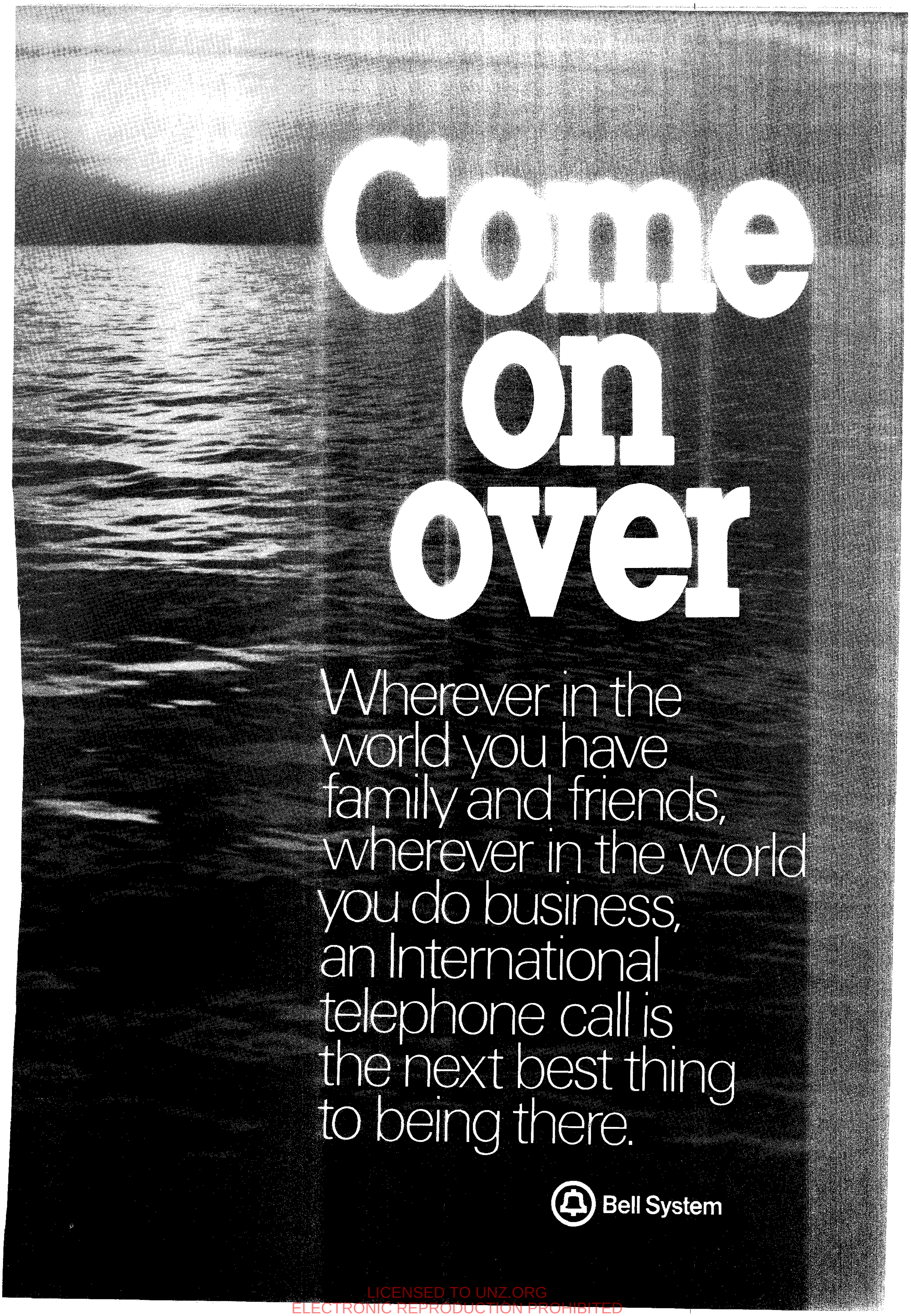
ple. He quotes one government official as saying, "It's never been done," and he continues, "And I said, 'Well, they've never had an actor up here before.' " The line works with his audience; his aides say that it always does. As he did when I saw him earlier in the year, he gives an example of a ridiculous federal project—this one about a government-financed study of "the demography of happiness." He says the government spent two hundred and forty-nine thousand dollars "to find out it's better to be young, rich, and healthy than old, poor, and sick." He always delivers his lines smoothly, as well he might. He talks about the increasing reliance on foreign sources of energy since Congress passed, and the President signed, the energy bill, and he concludes that the government "does its best for us when it does nothing." The audience applauds and cheers enthusiastically. Up to this point, the audience has been responsive but not very enthusiastic. Now, as he makes his way toward foreign policy and defense, it begins to get worked up. His aides say that their poll also showed that defense was the President's weakest issue, and so a decision was made to emphasize it. "The Canal Zone is sovereign United States territory every bit as much as is the State of Alaska," Reagan says. I remember when he was just beginning to try out the issue in Florida, and he and his aides noticed that it won big applause. Since then, as politicians do, he has worked on it and polished it and made it a staple. Now, strange as it may seem, the Panama Canal is one of the major issues of current American politics. "I don't believe the United States can afford to give up something that belongs to us because we've been threatened with trouble from a dictator," he says. Then he says, "The Soviet Union's Navy now outnumbers our own better than two to one in submarines and surface vessels." And then he says, "Détente has become a one-way street." As he strikes each chord, the audience responds. Referring to Ford's statement that the word "détente" would no longer be used, Reagan says, "He said the policy would remain the same. Well, it never was the word that disturbed us, it was the policy." He still makes the curious point that "housewives are told that they can't go to the market and buy breakfast food without being cheated unless there's a government agency to protect them." The style of his speech is still that of the nice guy, but he has dropped the nice-guy wording in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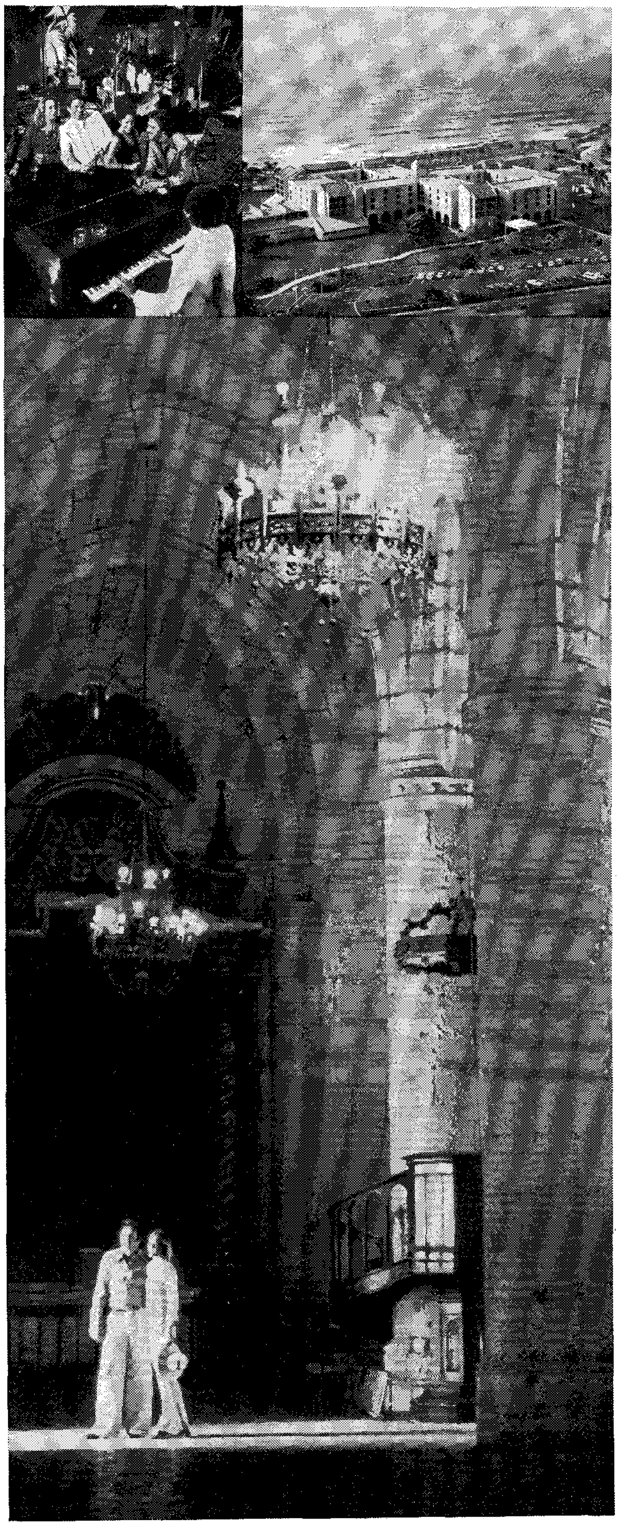

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favor of more ringing political rhetoric. "Let's put up a banner," he says, "and let's put some things on it that we believe in, and let's promise that we won't compromise our principles for political expediency." An aide says that if Reagan had made this speech in New Hampshire he would have won there, and he adds that if Reagan had won New Hampshire giving the old speech he would not be a candidate today, because he would not have become more aggressive. This speech was developed about two months ago. Reagan continues down the keyboard of conservative chords. "It's time to give the schools back to the states and to the local school districts, where they belong," he says. And then comes his biggest applause of the afternoon—an aide tells me to get ready, that it always comes at this point—when he says, "And who knows? If we can get Washington out of the classroom, maybe we can get God back in." He manages to strike a nerve about Vietnam. "We committed a great immorality in the last decade," he says. To Reagan, the immorality is not what it is to some people. He says we must vow "that never again will we ask young men to fight and die for their country unless it is for a cause this country intends to win." The line gets the second-biggest applause of the afternoon. Now the Reagan race for the nomination has changed from a sport, from something he almost had to do to maintain his credentials—and livelihood—as the conservative spokesman, to a real challenge to the President. He is not a very serious or a very well-informed man, and he does not seem to be interested in informing himself, nor does his particular following care whether he is well informed. His new speech notwithstanding, his appeal has to do not with competence at governing but with the emotion he evokes. Reagan lets people get out their anger and frustration, their feeling of being misunderstood and mishandled by those who have run our government, their impatience with taxes and with the poor and the weak, their impulse to deal with the world's troublemakers by employing the stratagem of a punch in the nose. Reagan, whether his subject is welfare mothers or the Russians, appeals to the basic human desire to feel superior. This year has taught us not to underestimate him.

JUNE 7

MONDAY MORNING. The Convention Center in downtown Cincinnati. About fourteen hundred

Hamilton County Republicans have gathered for a breakfast of juice, hard scrambled eggs, sausage links, bland rolls, and coffee with the President. A minister giving the invocation thanks God for this Bicentennial Year and asks God to "bless our great Republican Party" and grant victory in November. A combo off to one side plays "Sweet Sue" and "Down by the O-Hi-O." It seems a bit early in the morning for that. The President, dressed in a navy-blue suit and vest and a blue shirt, sits on the dais under a blue-and-white banner that says "President Ford '76." Yesterday, he was in New Jersey and then in Cleveland, and he arrived here last night just as the late-evening news was coming on the air. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* endorsed him yesterday for the second time. He is flanked by local and state Party officials, including Governor James Rhodes, Senator Robert Taft, Jr., and local congressmen. Earl Barnes, the county chairman, says that Hamilton County Republicans are "united enthusiastically behind President Ford." This sort of official backing by Party leaders, working from the top down, is what the President has been relying on all year, rather than on popular sentiment rising up to the leaders. In Ohio, he is in pretty good hands, because its Party is one of the few state Republican Parties with machinery in good working order. The officials may well prefer Gerald Ford to Ronald Reagan—they probably do, since he is more their type—but there is also the fact that Reagan's ascension could cost the elected officials their seats and the unelected officials their jobs. Fifteen of the twenty-three members of the House from Ohio are Republicans. The backyard principle—according to which politicians look after local concerns first—is at work. Barnes sent out a newsletter last month reminding Hamilton County Republicans of the "disastrous" results of the 1964 election and asserting that, even though some people say there are distinctions between 1964 and 1976, "I am firmly convinced that the Republican Party cannot afford the luxury of taking such an awesome risk." Governor Rhodes, in his remarks this morning, says, "This is a meeting of the SOS Club—save our seats." No man for subtlety, Governor Rhodes reminds the audience that President Ford has recently promised the construction in Portsmouth, Ohio, of a plant to provide enriched uranium for nuclear fuel. Ohioans are to see this as a gift. My home area is supposed to be

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pleased that the President is providing it with a plant that can help blow up the world. The construction of the plant alone, Governor Rhodes says, will provide five thousand jobs. The Governor also points to the construction of the Appalachian Highway—actually a network of highways connecting southern Ohio and various parts of the Appalachian region—and says that when it is finished "they will pour into Cincinnati to spend their money." President Ford, he says, "has given us more money and more latitude in the highway fund than any other President." President Ford likes the highway program, and, even in the midst of trying to hold down spending last year, released money for it. Senator Taft, who is up for re-election this year, and who lost a race for the Senate in 1964, says that to him President Ford's nomination is "a matter of saving our country."

When Ford leaves here, he will travel by motorcade to Toledo, at the northwest end of the state—a trip of about two hundred and thirty miles, counting side trips, which is scheduled to take ten and a half hours. No one drives from Cincinnati to Toledo if he doesn't have to ("Are you joining up for our death march?" a White House aide asked me last night), but some campaign aides say the President could not afford another whistle-stop train, and his strategists and some congressmen from the area thought it important that he shore up his support in the western part of the state. So the President of the United States will spend a day driving from Cincinnati to Toledo.

In his remarks to the breakfast group, the President commends "the finest Republican organization in any part of the country." He says that, being from Michigan, "I'm very, very much in favor of a strong and prosperous automobile industry," and that "in 1976 I don't want to see a reliable Ford turned in for a flashier model." The President seems far more relaxed than when he first began to campaign. He looks tired, but he speaks more forcefully than before. He praises his Administration's record on the economy. He says that public trust and public confidence in the White House have been restored, "because of the candor and frankness and forthrightness of the Ford Administration." He says that his vetoes have saved the taxpayers thirteen billion dollars. He says that "we have the military capability to maintain the peace." He says that "not a single American boy is fighting and dying on foreign soil under this Administration," and he adds, for good measure, that "the Ford Administration is not going to send any troops to southern Africa or to Rhodesia." He is striking the notes that are supposed to work for an incumbent President: peace and prosperity. Also safety. We are safe with him, he tells us. But his grip has been unsteady. He speaks his familiar line about what is happening in the economy: "Everything that is supposed to be going up is going up and everything that is supposed to go down is going down." He refers to "the tragedy of 1964," and says that Senator Taft, like him, remembers the tragedy of 1964. The President says that if he is nominated "we can have a total Republican victory from the White House down to the courthouse." He is pleading, selling himself, telling these people that their fate is wrapped up with his. As a politician, he knows what matters to other politicians. "There is no question in my mind whatsoever that I can be elected," the President says. After he finishes, the combo plays "When You're Smiling."

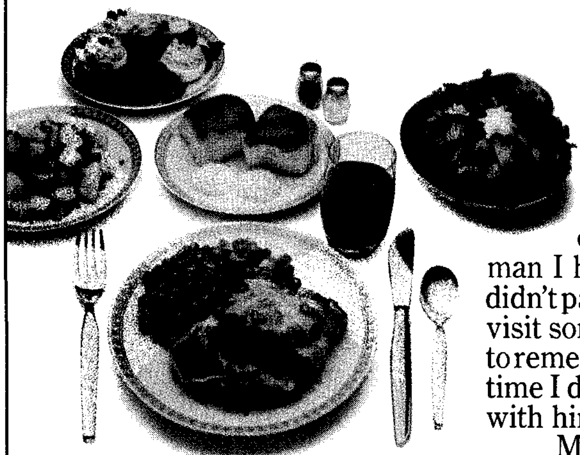
•

BEFORE the President leaves on the motorcade, he has some meetings with small groups and grants some television interviews. Over the weekend, he invited Ohio radio broadcasters to the White House to interview him (they applauded him at the end of the interview), and yesterday he appeared on "Face the Nation" (on which he talked about his Administration's current efforts to draw up legislation to limit the scope of court orders on busing, and upheld for private schools that do not receive federal funds the right to discriminate: a position contrary to one that his Justice Department is taking in court, but a position that Carter has also taken).

In a small room at the Cincinnati Convention Center, the President meets with about thirty labor leaders, most of them from the construction unions. They all sit in a circle on metal folding chairs. It is a very democratic scene. The President gives a little talk about his economic policies and says he thinks that unemployment is still too high, particularly in the construction trades. He points out that he has proposed two hundred nuclear power plants, and that it takes "a lot of jobs not only to build them but to operate them." (Actually, his energy program envisions the building of these plants by private companies.) He says that he submitted to Congress a request for one

"The best thing about my last trip to the Orient was the flight."

by Joe Frazier
Businessman



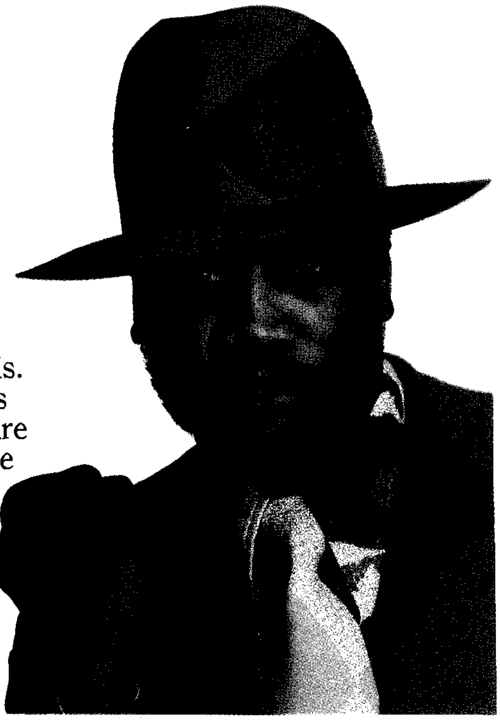
"I'd recommend this food to anybody. 'Cept you know who."

"It comes down something like this. You see, I had this business to take care of in Manila. And the man I had to meet with didn't particularly make my visit something wonderful to remember. However, the time I didn't have to spend with him was fantastic.

Man, the people, the country and the flight were not to be believed.

I remember that big Philippine Airlines DC-10 jet. I settled right down and turned on the music. They had every kind except for my favorite singer (which is me). It was nice tho'. I had my whole gang with me, and from the nose of the plane all the way to the back, those beautiful flight attendants never stopped movin' and being helpful. They really worked their hearts out. On the flight back home, even tho' my business didn't quite work out the way I expected, the people on Philippine Airlines really got me to relax and have some fun. And I needed that, if you know what I mean.

So naturally, I think the best way to go to Manila, or for that matter, Singapore, Taipei, Hong Kong or Bangkok, is with Philippine Airlines. They'll treat you like a champ. Whether you are or not."



"I am one tough businessman."

"The only thing wrong with my flight was that it got me to Manila on time."

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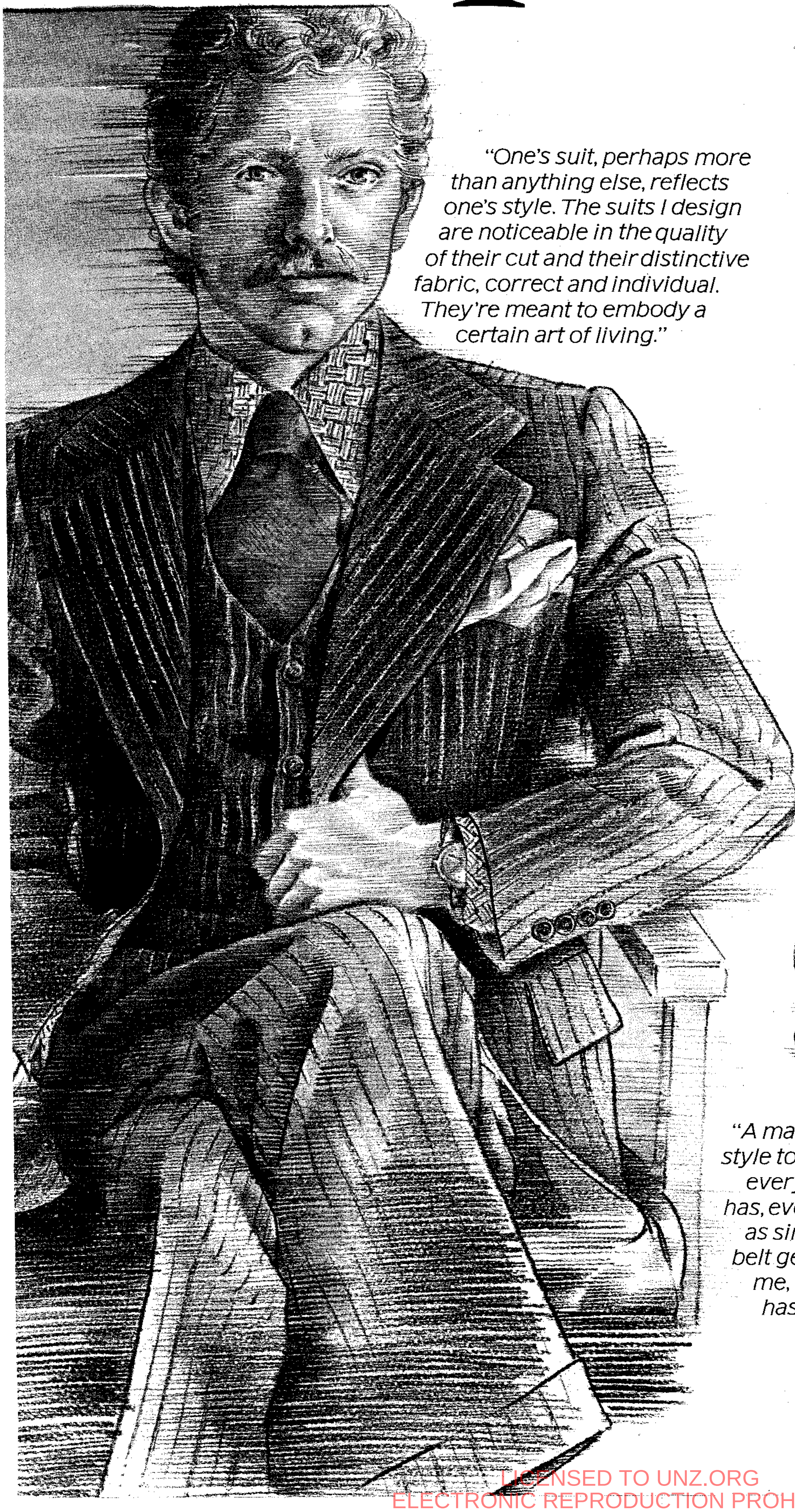
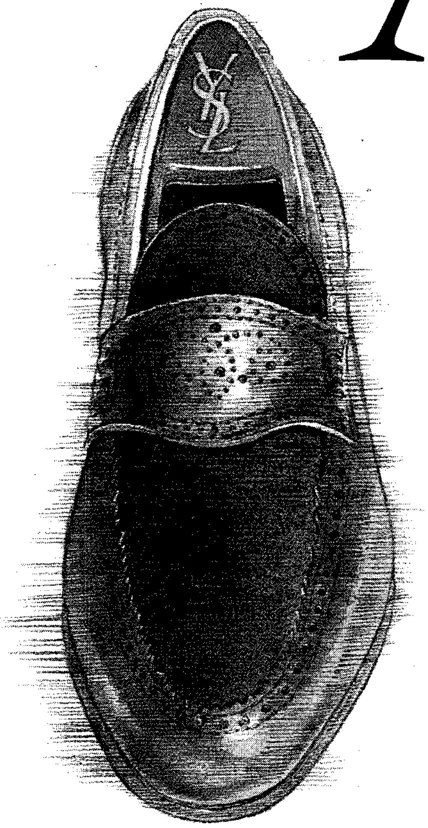
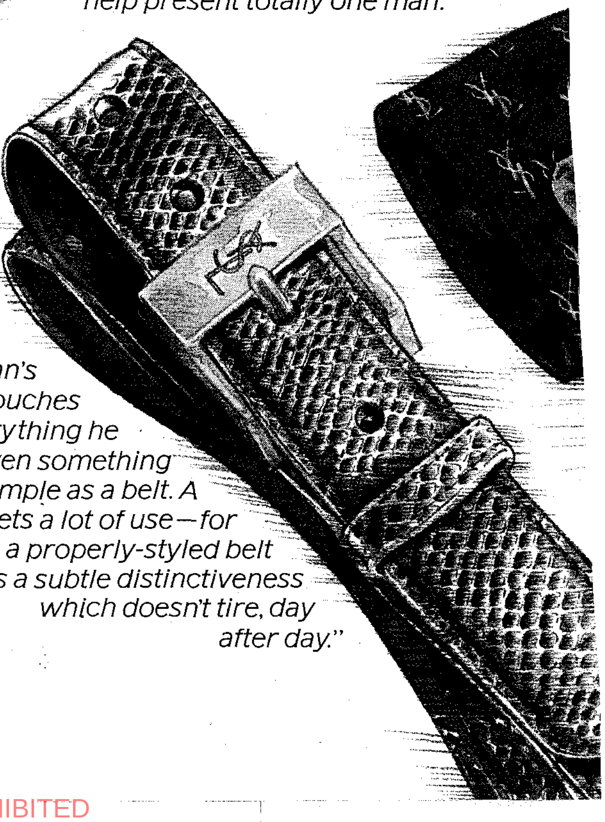
"Style: my



"One's suit, perhaps more than anything else, reflects one's style. The suits I design are noticeable in the quality of their cut and their distinctive fabric, correct and individual. They're meant to embody a certain art of living."



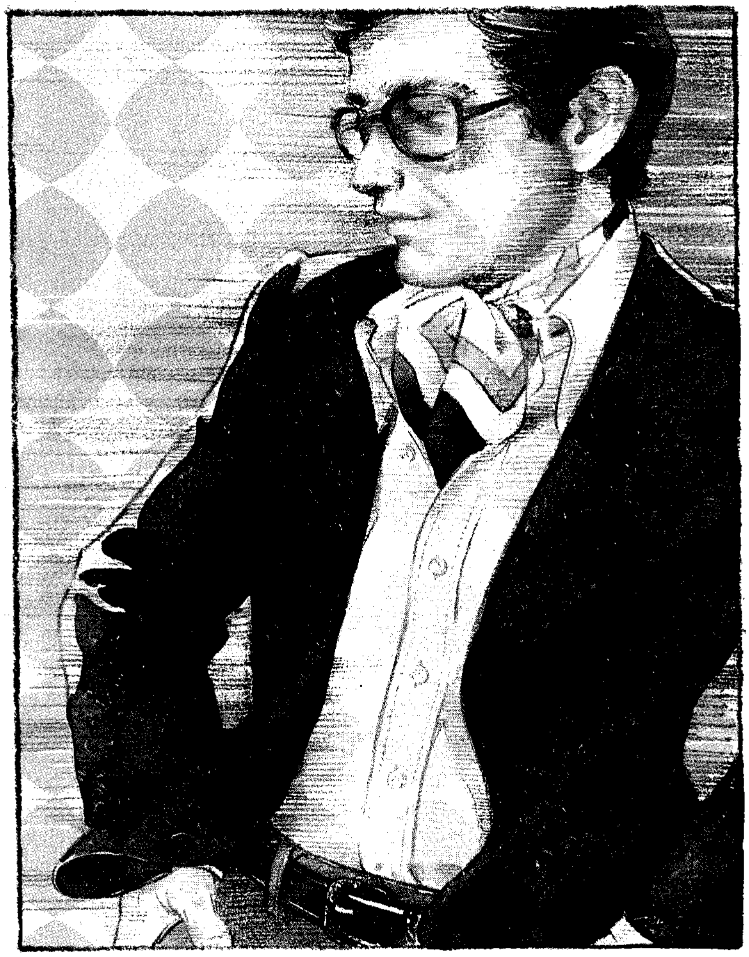
"There are many subtle touches in designing a shoe that, together, achieve a look both elegant and distinctive—and always tasteful. My shoes have been designed to coordinate with my clothing, to help present totally one man."



"A man's style touches everything he has, even something as simple as a belt. A belt gets a lot of use—for me, a properly-styled belt has a subtle distinctiveness which doesn't tire, day after day."

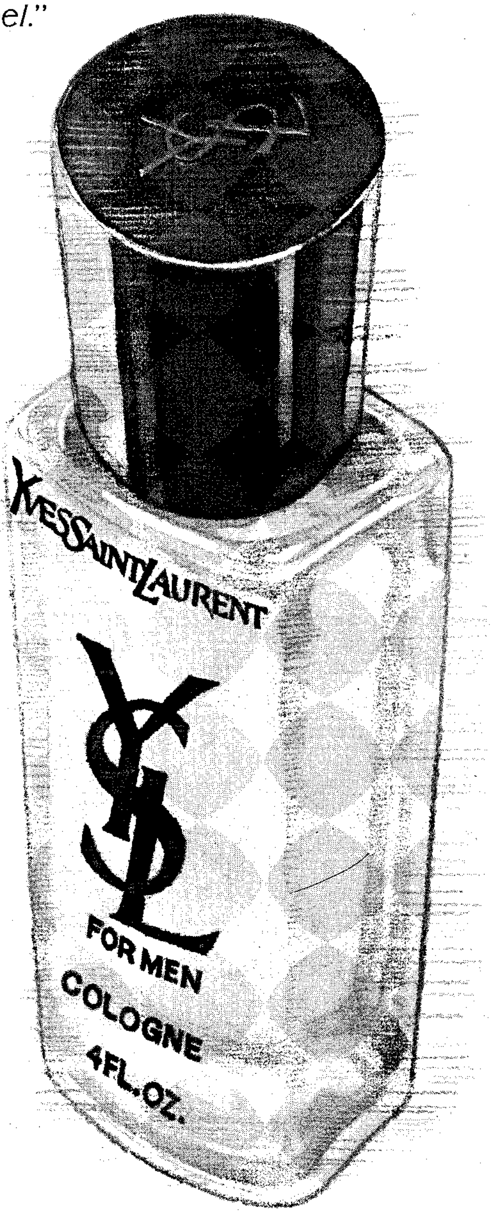
thoughts."

Yves Saint Laurent

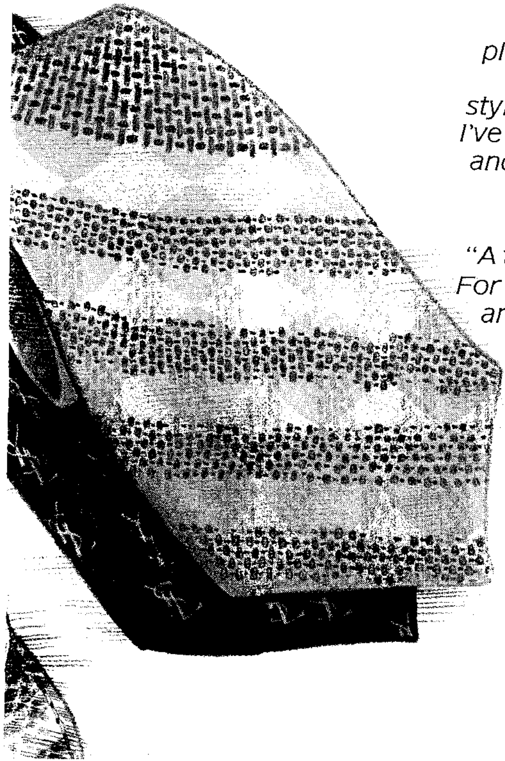


"As a Paris designer, I've been credited with changing the look and sense of fashion many times. But I like to believe that my true strength is my continuing style—a constant interest I've had in being both forceful and graceful.

"My style is not intended to fit everybody. If it did, I'd no longer have a style, all I'd have would be a label."



"Using a cologne is a decision to please yourself as well as the people near you. Few things remind people of your style as vividly as your cologne. With 'YSL' I've sought a healthy presence, a freshness and something else—a bit of indulgence."



"A tie is a challenge to a designer. For though it must work as part of an overall look, so, too, must it have its own bit of personality. The tie you put on inevitably says something particular about you."

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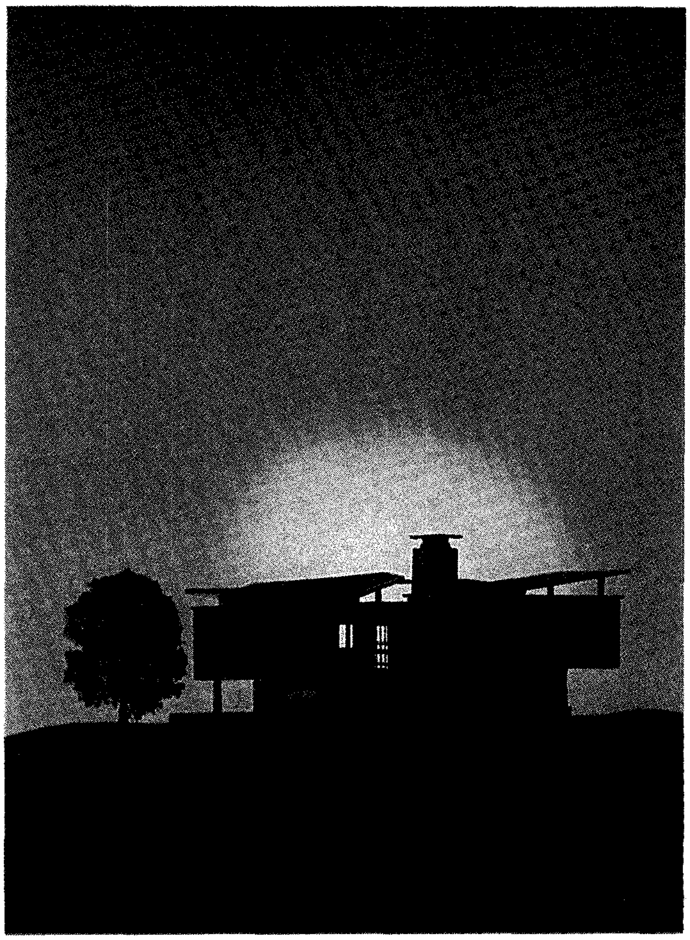
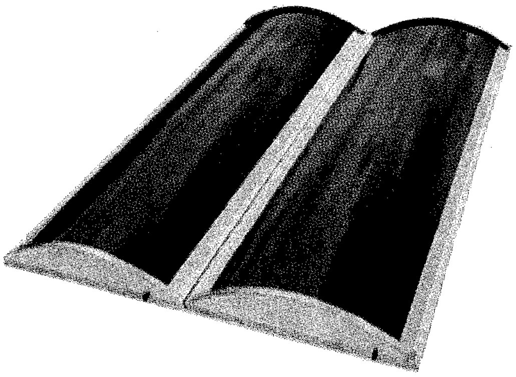
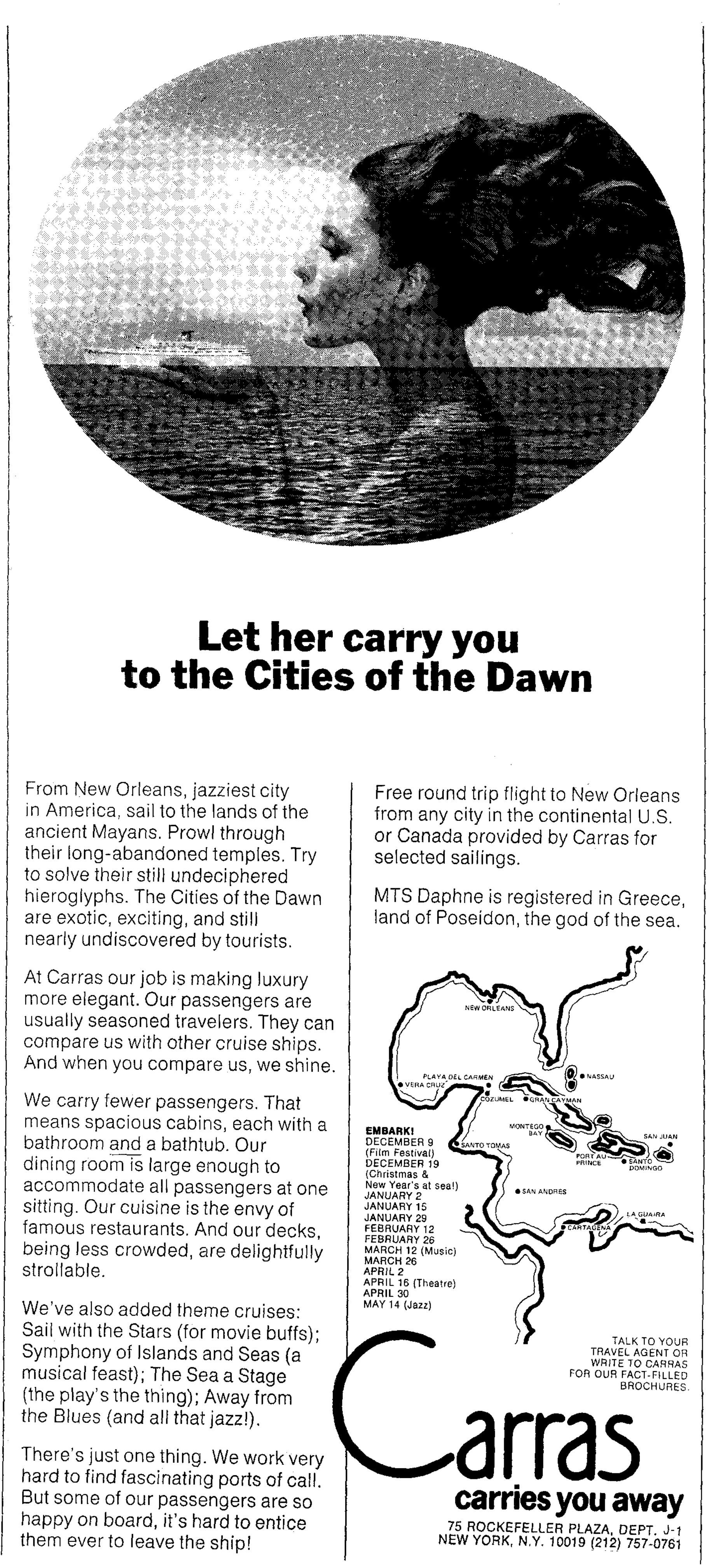




hundred and seventy-eight million dollars for the Portsmouth uranium-enrichment plant. The union leaders complain that the building of nuclear power plants is being held up by bureaucratic red tape, and the President agrees. They tell him they want national health insurance, and he disagrees, telling them that it would end up costing just as much as their private insurance. But the President is successful in talking with these people, because he is a truly unaffected man, and he listens. He agrees that minority hiring should be required of unorganized as well as organized labor—something that would seem to be rather difficult—and asks an aide to make a note of that.

As we go down the hall to the next meeting—the President surrounded by Secret Service agents, advance men, his physician, carrying a black case, and his military aide, also carrying a black case—we come upon a man standing at a microphone holding up a card. As the President reaches the man, the man says into the microphone, reading from the card, getting it just right—and it is piped into the next room—"Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States." I had always wondered how that was done. As the man makes his announcement, a band in the room strikes up. Standing around in the room are elected officials, ward chairmen, Party officials, and some business leaders, such as the chairman of the board of Procter & Gamble. There was a certain amount of fuss over who would be invited to this event: people do want to meet the President—any President. Governor Rhodes says to the President, "When these people say yes, they deliver." A local politician tells me that this is true—that there is still a lot of courthouse patronage in Hamilton County. The President reminds them, in some brief remarks, of "the clobbering in 1964," and says, "We can win. I can be elected."

Next, the President tapes three television interviews of about eight minutes each. He used to give a half-hour interview to three interviewers at once, from different stations, but then his advisers noticed that each interviewer would broadcast only a minute or two—when he was asking the President a question. So now the interviews are granted separately for a shorter period, and are considered very successful. "The local stations play hell out of them," says Robert Mead, the President's television adviser, who was formerly a producer for CBS. A mock studio has been set up at the Conven-



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tion Center, with the usual sofa, coffee table, and two end tables with matching lamps. The President asks his first interviewer, Robert Braun, if he should call him Bob. They make small talk about Hank Aaron. Then the interview begins.

"Mr. President, welcome back to Ohio," Braun begins.

"It's good to see you, Bob," the President replies.

Bob recalls that the President once autographed a baseball for him at the Cincinnati stadium.

The President observes that last year's World Series was a "humdinger," and he praises the Cincinnati Reds for "their competence and their leadership and their ability to come through when the chips were down."

Bob expresses pleasure over the uranium-enrichment plant, and he asks, "How about the Appalachian Highway, Mr. President?"

The President says that he recently signed a bill authorizing two hundred million dollars for highway construction.

The President is then asked what he thinks of those who say that the issues are not important, and he replies, "I have a lot of confidence in the American people, Bob. They know what's right and what is wrong in a legislative way."

Bob observes that the President seems to be "more committed to permanent employment as opposed to stopgap measures or jobs for six months."

The President replies, "Bob, you put it better than I can." The President looks Bob in the eye, as if he were really interested in talking to him. He must be getting tired of these interviews.

Invited to make his own closing, the President says, "I've entered every primary," which sounds startlingly like Jimmy Carter, and then, "We've restored trust and confidence," and then, "We've been able to achieve the peace."

Having learned that he should call the next interviewer Tom, the President calls him Bob. It is understandable that he can't keep all these names straight.

Tom, after observing that "Cincinnati has a vested interest," asks, "Are we going to get the B-1?" The General Electric plant near Cincinnati would make the engines for the B-1.

The President replies, "I certainly hope so. . . . We have to have the B-1." The President of the United States comes to my home town bearing

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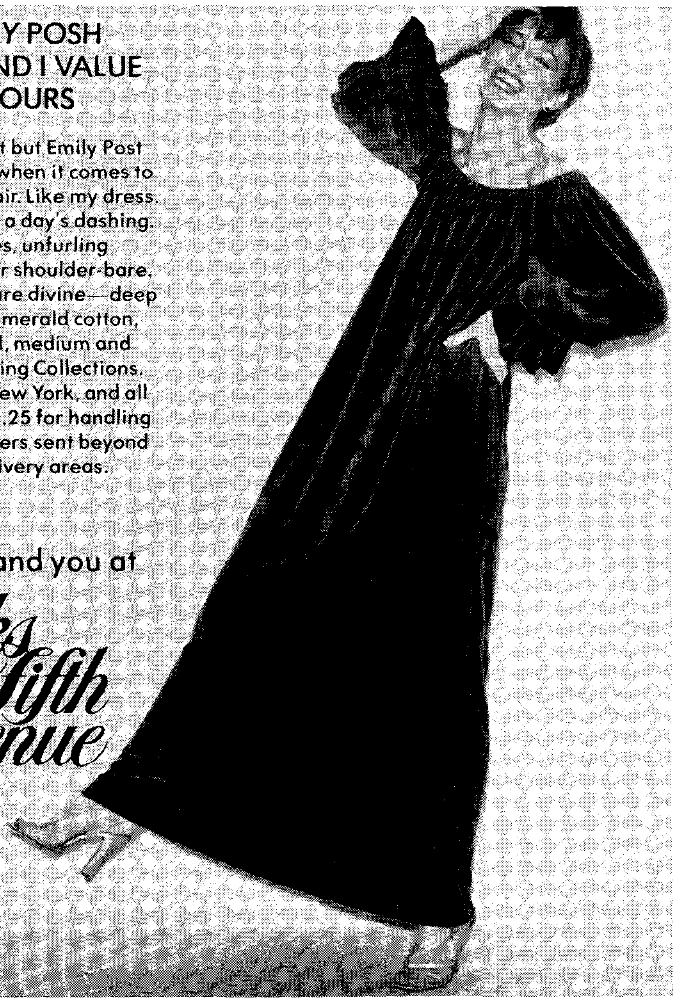

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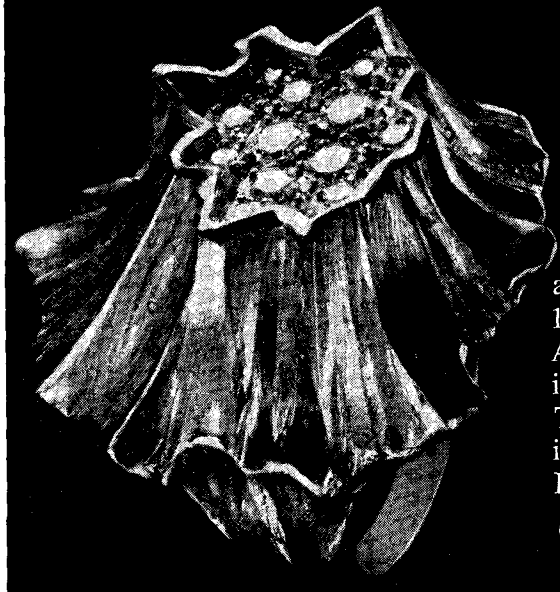

a uranium-enrichment plant, a highway, and the B-1 bomber.

The third interviewer, whom he remembers to call Al (he also has to remember to make his main point in each interview, which is that he is going to win in Ohio and can win in November), asks if it isn't "the sort of doubletalk which has made a lot of people cynical about politics" that he is cutting up Reagan and also saying that Reagan might be his Vice-Presidential choice.

"Not at all, Al," the President responds, and he explains that the Vice-President doesn't make policy decisions, and suggests that "a little experience in Washington might moderate" Reagan's views.

The President tells Al that he enjoyed the interview, which is what interviewees are supposed to say. And then he returns to his hotel room to prepare for his ten-and-a-half-hour motorcade to Toledo.

•

IT is a lovely day—good for a motorcade, if one has the misfortune to have to go on one. Shortly before noon, people are out in Fountain Square, reading and lazing in the sun. A couple from Americus, Georgia, are passing out leaflets for Jimmy Carter. The Carter campaign in Ohio is being directed by Timothy Kraft, who also directed the Carter campaigns in Iowa, Pennsylvania, and Michigan. Kraft, a soft-spoken young man with a Pancho Villa mustache and a crinkly-eyed smile, worked in the 1974 campaign of Governor Jerry Apodaca, of New Mexico, and was among the people Carter made contact with during his travels that year on behalf of Democratic candidates. He is one of the skilled political technicians who have been helping Carter pile up his victories. He arrived in Ohio three weeks ago and called in twenty-five workers. They were to move in quietly and politely on local chairmen who might not be inclined to be very active. He tells me that the Carter campaign has been blessed with middle-level workers—some of them students, who "intern" at a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, others people who work for anywhere from fifty to a hundred dollars a week. These workers fan out into the congressional districts. They work with local organizations, obtain lists of Democratic households, operate phone banks to canvass and get out the vote; they get volunteers active in spreading literature about Jimmy Carter. The Carter campaign is canvassing

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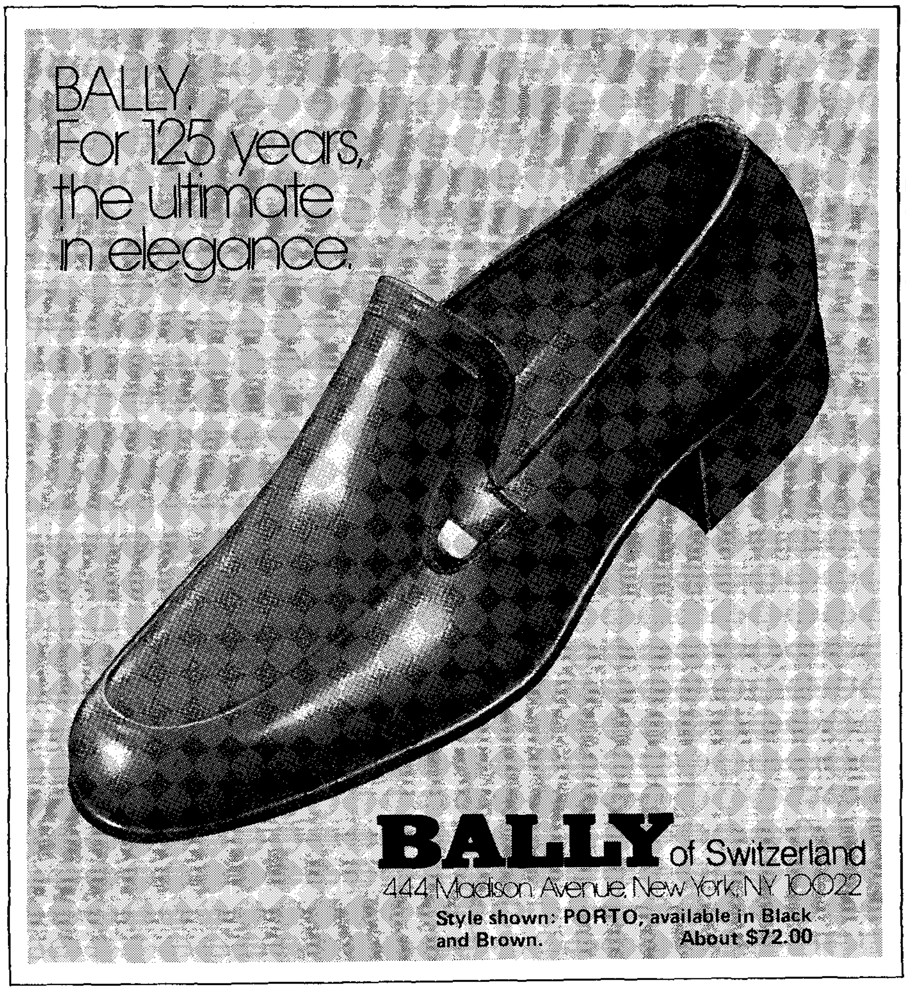
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voters in Ohio to ascertain their preferences and the degree of their fervor, and getting supporters of their candidate to the polls—a technique that used to be employed just for smaller states—but the Udall organization is not doing that here. The Udall campaign's emphasis is on winning people away from Carter. The purpose of the local Carter organization is not only to influence voters directly but to create an appearance of activity and enthusiasm for the Carter campaign. The theory is that people are impressed by signs of activity and enthusiasm. One hundred Georgians have also come into the state—as they came into other primary states—spreading the word about Jimmy Carter.

Jimmy Carter has been in good spirits today. He is human, and tomorrow marks the end of the gruelling primary season. This morning, he said to a worker at a plant gate in Cleveland, "Only one more day, God love you." But he was also sufficiently tired to confuse Ohio with New Jersey at one point. Actually, it is a wonder he knows where he is as much as he does. It has been a long way from New Hampshire to this warm afternoon in Cincinnati. Next, he will attend a rally in Akron and then make some stops in New Jersey, and tomorrow he will fly to Atlanta to await the returns from the final primaries. If he does well enough tomorrow—and it appears that he will—he will have a good chance of being nominated on the first ballot. If he does not win on the first ballot, there are many people who doubt whether he will win at all, on the theory that his reservoir of good will is small within the Party and that recent primary results raise the question of how well he stands up under close scrutiny. His campaign staff has been concerned enough about his image so that it bought five minutes of time last night on all three networks. One reason was that a nationwide telecast proved to be not much more expensive than statewide broadcasts in New Jersey, Ohio, and California. But it was also said that Carter's aides felt he was coming across as too mechanistic, counting up his victories and his delegates, and talking about the mechanics of his campaign instead of about what he stood for, and they blamed television for this. In part, they are right; television has tended to cover the horse-race aspect of the campaign, and, even when the candidate talks about other things, to excerpt the section where, in response to a question, he is telling how he thinks he is doing. In part, however, television shows Carter as having a mechanistic approach to the campaign because Carter has a mechanistic approach to the campaign. He chose to approach it that way, relentlessly moving from state to state, and telling us how well he is doing, and avoiding issues, and giving essentially the same speech over and over. Television won't repeat the same speech—won't even show it once at any length. Carter has moved through the nomination contest making an unusual kind of speech in a distinctive way, and yet people I know, frequent television watchers, have never seen or heard this speech.

When Carter arrived at the Cincinnati airport today, he predicted that he would win on the first ballot. He said the same thing in New Hampshire, but now he has more reason. For all we know, he was just as confident then. When he was asked a joking question about peanuts, he replied, "I think a lot of people have become more aware of the presence of peanuts in this country this year. I think that the image of a peanut, which is a crop that I grow, being kind of small and insignificant but cumulatively being very important to the American people is one that fairly accurately mirrors the kind of campaign that we've run."

The close of Carter's campaign for the nomination leaves us with the same sorts of questions we have had all along. The main question, of course, has to do with how he would be at governing—what he would do with the power he has worked so doggedly to win. The causes for concern are fairly familiar now: the doggedness itself, the humorlessness, the almost unnatural self-assurance. We still do not know whether he has the requisite flexibility to govern. Governing a complicated nation amid a variety of interests that are determined to get their way, are working at cross-purposes, and are willing to play very rough—which is what trying to govern America is like—requires doggedness and self-assurance. The question is how much is enough, and no one can even guess what a man will do until he has been put to a number of tests. Try as we may, we cannot, as we have learned, anticipate a would-be leader's behavior in important situations. We still do not know how he would react to difficult challenges. We have seen that Jimmy Carter does not like challenges, does not take to them very well. He has made it clear that he seeks power and intends to use it. That can be good and that can be bad. On the one hand, if we want change, gov-

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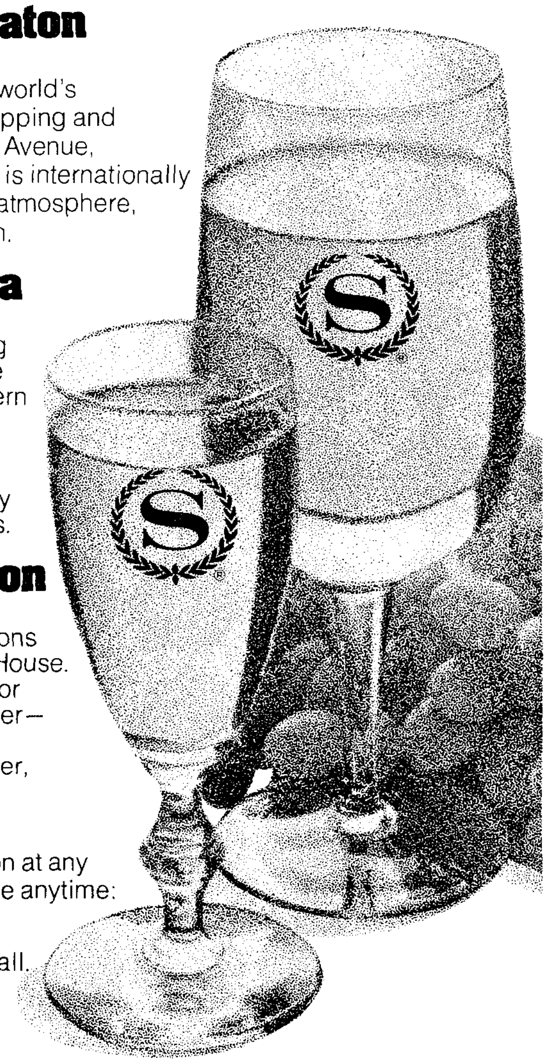

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erning this country requires the tough use of power. On the other hand, the mistakes of an activist President can be greater than the mistakes of a passive President. The manner in which Carter has negotiated his way toward the nomination could be good and it could be bad: it could mean that the support of different groups he has gathered up behind him will be used *to get things done; it could mean* that he does not stand for anything except winning. It is my own impression, from watching him, that when he talks about the blacks and the poor deserving more justice he means it. It is something that seems not to be lately acquired but to come from deep in his roots. And there is no reason to think that the same determination he brought to winning the nomination would not be applied to the next stages of his political career: to winning the election and to governing. This is not to venture into the "grow-in-office" school, which has proved so disastrously wrong. It is not to suggest that Carter will change. On the contrary, it is to suggest that his ambition will continue to propel him. The question is, toward what? One cannot rule out the possibility that he will want as desperately to be a good and effective President as he wanted to be President. He seems to have an absorbent and agile, if somewhat superficial, mind, more technical than creative. His instincts on the war in Vietnam raise questions. He has not been on the cutting edge of anything except his own ambition. But then there is room in our public life for consolidators, especially when there is so much to consolidate. Perhaps he will use his relative independence from interest groups to move some of the furniture around, or perhaps he will surrender that independence. Perhaps he will squander his time and energy and political support on his misguided idea of combining nineteen hundred government agencies, or however many there are, into two hundred. Some reorganization is in order, but it will solve fewer problems than he thinks and will raise new problems. Carter is cold, and he can be mean, and even vindictive, but so have other people been to whom we have comfortably entrusted power. We have seen that he does not wear particularly well—or, at least, that he hasn't up to now. He has said that he wants to curb nuclear proliferation and to provide more social justice and jobs and health care and to reform the tax code and to revise our relationships with the developing nations and to bring

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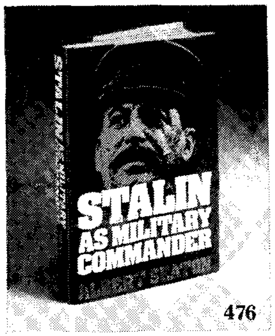
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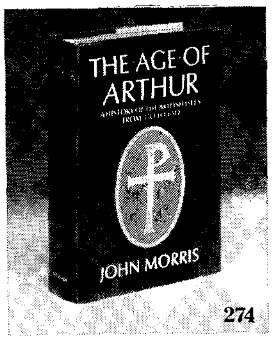
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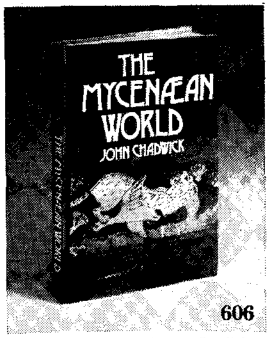
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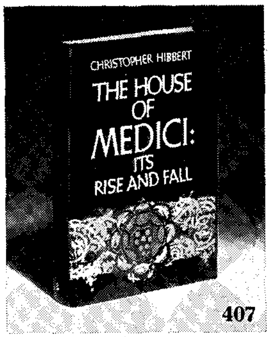
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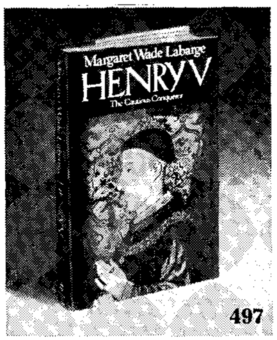
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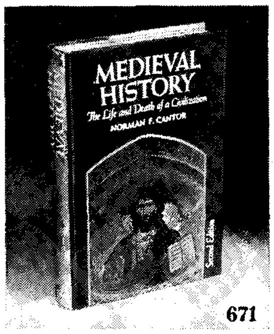
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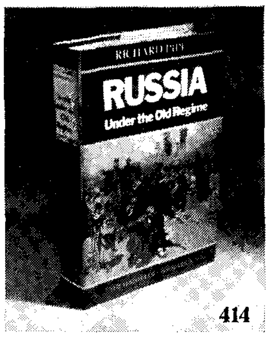
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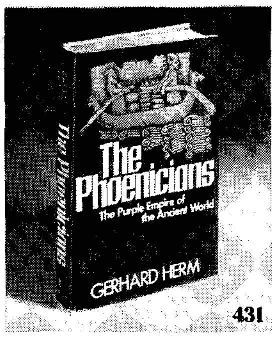
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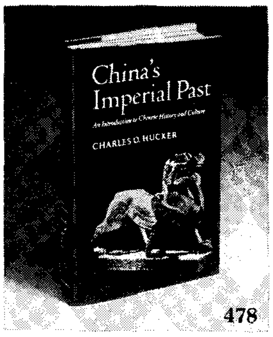
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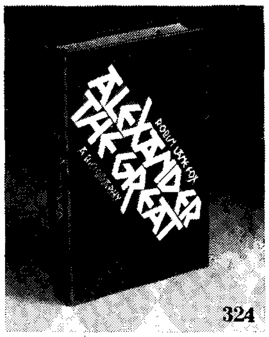
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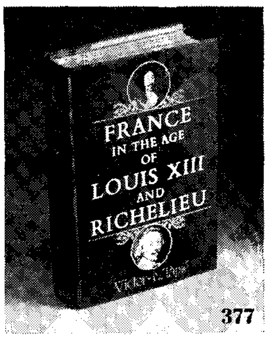
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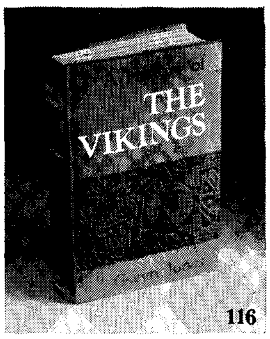
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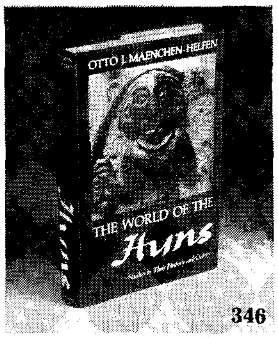
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about more open government. It is not out of the question that he means to at least try to do these things. Perhaps he is as serious about them as he was when he said, long ago, that he intended to be President.

•

THIS afternoon, Carter is to appear at the Vernon Manor, a residential hotel where, when I was growing up, our family went for dinner once in a while, and where my friends occasionally held little parties. Some proper young things were sent to the Vernon Manor to learn ballroom dancing from Mme. (Fifi) Federova. Now the Vernon Manor looks a bit shabby—genteel shabby—but perhaps it always did and I just didn't notice. In the bar, the television set is tuned to the station at which Jimmy Carter is to be interviewed before he comes here. His interviewer, it turns out, is Bob—the Bob who questioned the President this morning. After Bob holds up a box of Pampers and extols their virtues, he introduces "the front-runner" for the Democratic nomination. Bob invites Carter to tell about how his family campaigned for him, and observes that "it must take a supportive family" to do that. Carter agrees. He does not call him Bob. Bob says that he does not think Carter has been fuzzy on the issues, and invites Carter to speak about that. Carter alludes to Udall, whom he does not name, as running a "negative campaign," and says that people don't take well to that—and he may be correct—and then he uses the opportunity to make some of his points: that he is for zero-based budgeting; that he would never get involved in the internal affairs of another country unless our security was at stake; that he would never give up control of the Panama Canal, though he would renegotiate the treaty. He says that members of his Cabinet would go before joint sessions of Congress to answer questions and that if they ever made a misleading statement he would get rid of them. He has his points down, and he is good at this. Invited to make closing remarks, he says—just as he said way back in New Hampshire—that he "will never tell a lie, never betray a trust."

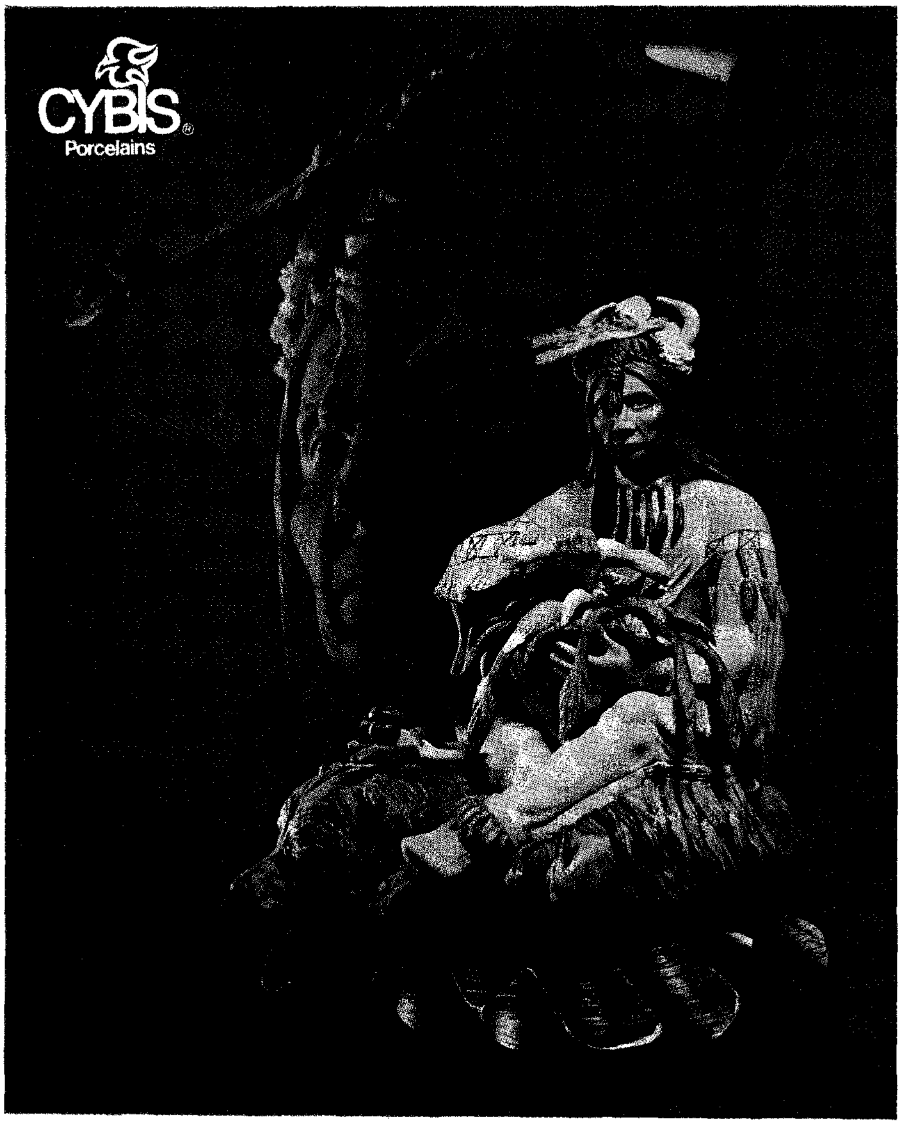
•

IN the Garden Room of the Vernon Manor, Carter addresses a group of black leaders. Standing behind a low lectern, he tells them, "I could not have chosen a better way to spend the last day of a campaign than to come here and meet with you and other people in Ohio." And he talks, as he has talked so many times before, about his long campaign, which he says began sixteen and a half months ago. Once more, he makes virtues of his necessities: he campaigned almost everywhere, but that was because he had to; he did not plan his campaign "on endorsements of powerful political people," but then he was not in a position to get them. He talks here, as he talked in Los Angeles to campaign contributors, about the advantages that the wealthy and the powerful have. He goes through many of the litanies he went through there, and has gone through countless times, including the litany about the C.I.A. and Watergate and the other things that went wrong, and the "my government and your government" litany. He tells the black leaders, as he has told countless audiences of different kinds across the country, "Most of us feel that there's a kind of wall built around Washington that we can't quite get through." Again, he does not make a speech—he weaves a spell. His gray suit is a bit frayed, and one is struck again by how slight he is. As he has done other times, he rearranges his speech for the audience before him—today invoking the name of John Kennedy, and stressing the support he himself has had from such black leaders as Andrew Young and Martin Luther King, Sr. He says, "I would rather lose the election, I would almost rather lose my life, than to let down someone like Dr. Martin Luther King, Sr." And he is applauded. But he does not preach, as I saw him do earlier this year in a black church in Chicago. This is a sophisticated group, interested in questions of programs and power. When he finishes speaking, and before he takes questions, he draws a deep breath. These would have to be long, hard days even if they did not come on top of hundreds of days like them. And only a phase is drawing to an end. Next, there is the Convention, and, if he is successful, there will be the Presidential campaign. His answers to questions are similar to the answers he gave to questions when I first saw him, before the Urban Coalition in Washington in January. He talks with assurance and apparent knowledge about federal programs. He was, after all, a governor. He talks about the way he improved the delivery of health services to poor people in Georgia. (He no longer talks about a government program under which people might call in and complain about watery chickens.) And he manages to sound knowledgeable even when it is not clear that he knows what he is talking about; his version of the history of Angola—that the Russians and the Cubans had been there for ten years, that they sent doctors and nurses—seems questionable. He comes out against making Shirley Temple Black an ambassador to a country in Africa. Laughter and applause. He says that he will clear sensitive appointments "with strong spokesmen for the disadvantaged groups," and he tells the audience that tomorrow "you will decide to let other people make the decision for you or whether you will shape your own country, your own nation, your own government, and your own life." He says that he wants to "give us a government"—he pauses, as if deciding whether to go through his most familiar litany and then deciding not to (perhaps he is getting tired of it)—"as good as you are."

JUNE 8

TONIGHT'S returns present a mixed picture. Carter is winning Ohio by a substantial margin, but he is losing New Jersey to the uncommitted slate, which is either Hubert Humphrey or Jerry Brown—probably heavily Brown, since Brown campaigned there yesterday and drew large and enthusiastic crowds. This invites further consideration of what might have been if Brown had entered the race earlier. There are many what-ifs, but it is too late. Carter, as expected, is losing to Brown in California. Carter had spent some time there last week and had invested two hundred and eighty thousand dollars in advertising in the state, and even so Brown's margin over Carter may be three to one. Carter, on television late tonight, appears unperturbed—as he must—but subdued. He smiles from time to time (that automatic public smile), but still he seems subdued. On being asked what he thinks Senator Humphrey will do—Humphrey said three days ago that he was still considering entering the race and would decide within ten days after the final primaries—he says, "It's hard to predict what Senator Humphrey will do. He's made this announcement every week." Then he says, "I feel good about the prospective results of the first ballot." He says that he spoke with the other candidates today, and he says, "I don't think it will go all the way up to the Convention." He starts to list the number of uncommitted delegates in Hawaii, in Alaska . . .

Udall, who on the last day of the



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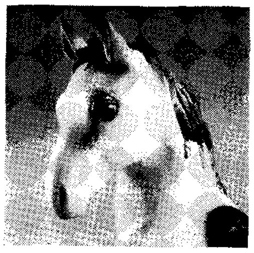

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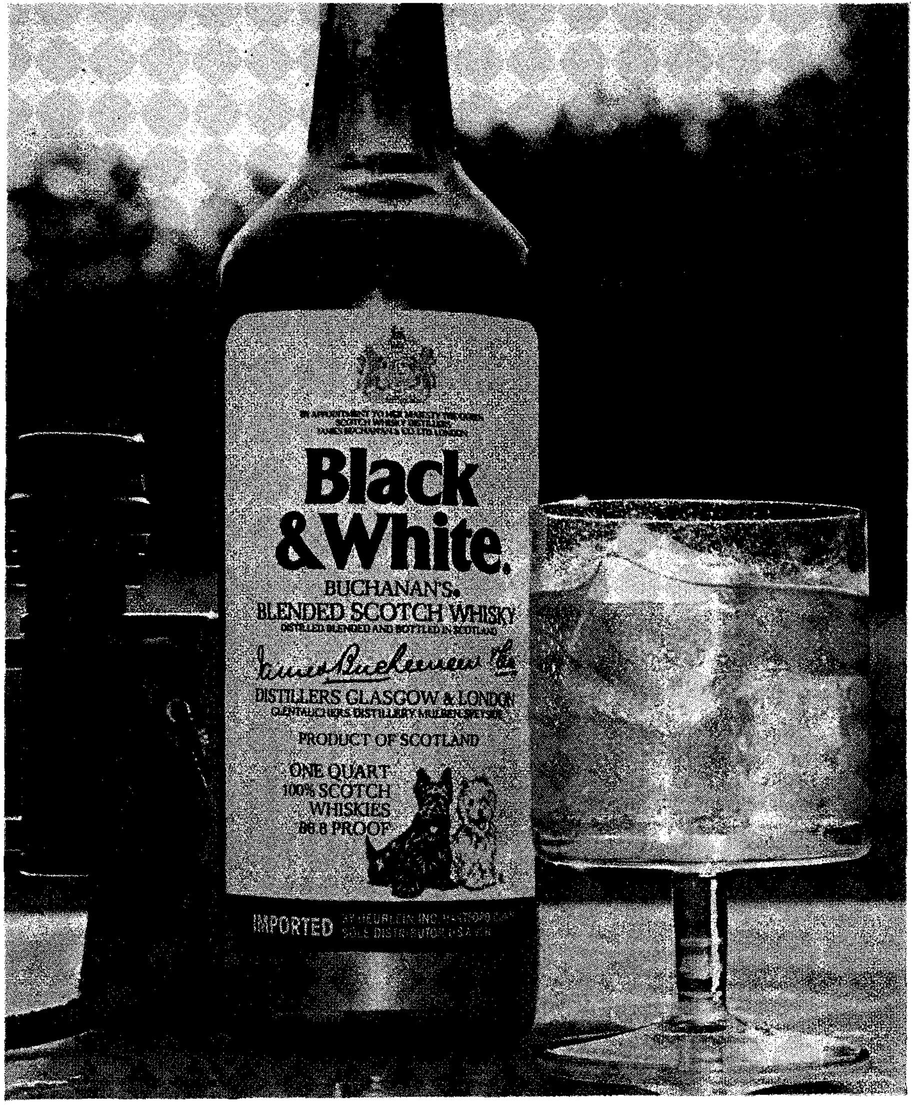

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campaign stopped attacking Carter, says on television tonight, "I want to finish up the process with honor and dignity and a sense of humor." He seems to be trying to make a recovery from the damage of a bruising Presidential campaign. And yet, perhaps naturally, he still sees himself as a force, cannot let go. "I want to influence the platform," he says. "I want to influence where my country's going." He also remarks that "the political commentators have a scoreboard mentality." He says that the Carter people are "shrewd" and probably have "some prominent bandwagon jumpers ready to jump tomorrow."

Today, in an exquisite piece of timing, Mayor Daley said that if Carter won Ohio he would be the nominee. The Mayor's statement was issued not so soon that it would antagonize voters—Carter having made such a point of running without the support of the "bosses"—but soon enough for Daley to at least have a hand in anointing Carter. Daley, of course, is tending to his own back yard. He wants the Democrats to carry Illinois so that, among other things, his candidate for governor will win. Of Carter, Daley said, "He started out months ago and entered into every contest in every state and he won 'em and he lost 'em and, by God, you have to admire a guy like that." He also said that he admired Carter for injecting "a religious tone" into the campaign. And he sounded the death knell for Hubert Humphrey's ambitions. (Many of us had forgotten that Daley has nursed a grievance against Humphrey ever since Humphrey criticized him for the handling of the 1968 Democratic Convention.) Today, Daley said of Humphrey, "Who says he . . . should be a man on a white horse? Our Party isn't in bad enough shape to have to go to someone and demand him and draft him."

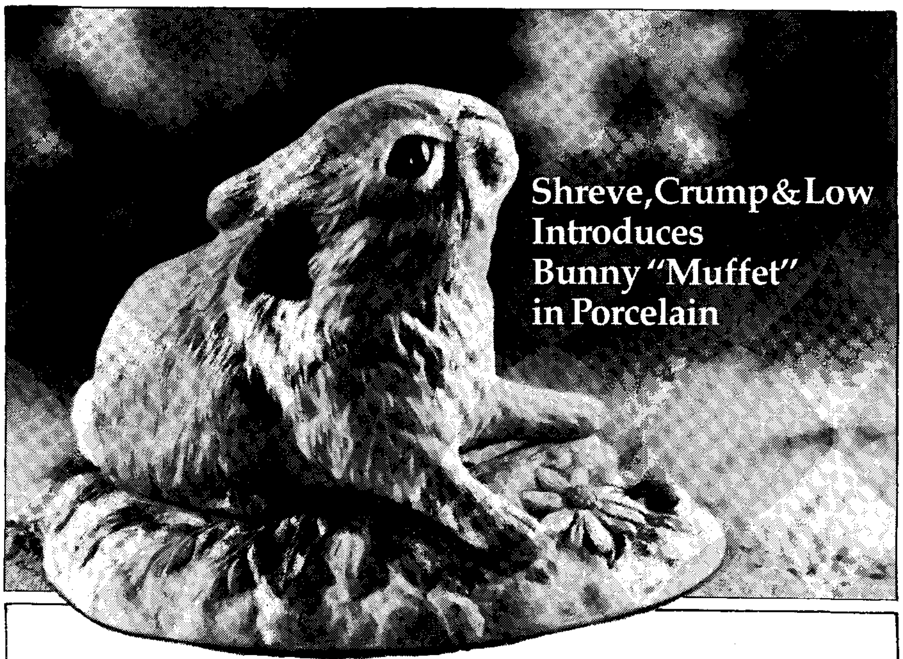
On television tonight, Frank Church looks exhausted. Ordinarily an articulate man, he talks hesitantly and confuses some of his words. He says he told Carter today that "he had established an entitlement that it would be hard for the Convention to deny." Asked about the Vice-Presidency, Church says, "Yes, I've thought about it," and adds, "It's presumptuous to think about the Vice-Presidency." He says he is not conceding. Neither he nor Udall is quite ready to give up. Nor, clearly, is Jerry Brown. Exhilarated, Brown says, "Every state I've gone into, Jimmy Carter's lost. So I will go forward. . . . The Democratic contest is still on." He says he will go to Louisiana, where there are still nineteen uncommitted delegates (whom Carter has been wooing). He is worked up tonight, and seems very young. He talks excitedly. "The American people have begun to question what Carter is saying, if he's saying anything at all," Brown says. "I recognize it's an uphill battle, it's a long shot." Then he challenges Carter to a debate, and says, "I'm not trying to smile away the profound and difficult economic and ecological problems this country faces."

•

THE Republican returns left everything uncertain. As had been expected, the President carried Ohio and New Jersey, and Reagan carried California, but Reagan didn't do very well in Ohio after all. He didn't get any delegates in Cincinnati, and got only nine delegates in the state. Now the President of the United States will fight it out, delegate by delegate, in the remaining state conventions and among the uncommitted delegates. This may be a nice time for an uncommitted delegate, but it's not such a nice time for the President of the United States.

JUNE 9

TODAY, the walls came tumbling down. Politicians fell over each other rushing to Jimmy Carter's side. They may not love him any more than they did earlier in the year, but they scrambled to line up with him before it was too late—if it wasn't already. The reaction was a psychological one, which didn't have much to do with the figures in last night's results—couldn't have, since Carter didn't do so well. He lost to an uncommitted slate in New Jersey, and Brown beat him in California by more than a million votes. But there was no one else who could get the nomination. Mayor Daley had lowered the boom on Hubert Humphrey's hopes, and today Humphrey made a terse statement taking himself out of the race once and for all. "The primaries now are over, and Governor Carter has a commanding lead," said Humphrey, giving recognition to something he had hoped he would never have to recognize. "He is virtually certain to be our party's nominee." And so Humphrey—one would assume, once and for all—put his Presidential ambitions away. Now he can turn, without distraction, to trying to become Majority Leader of the Senate. George Wallace, of all people, led the rush to Carter last night, when he telephoned him to offer his sup-



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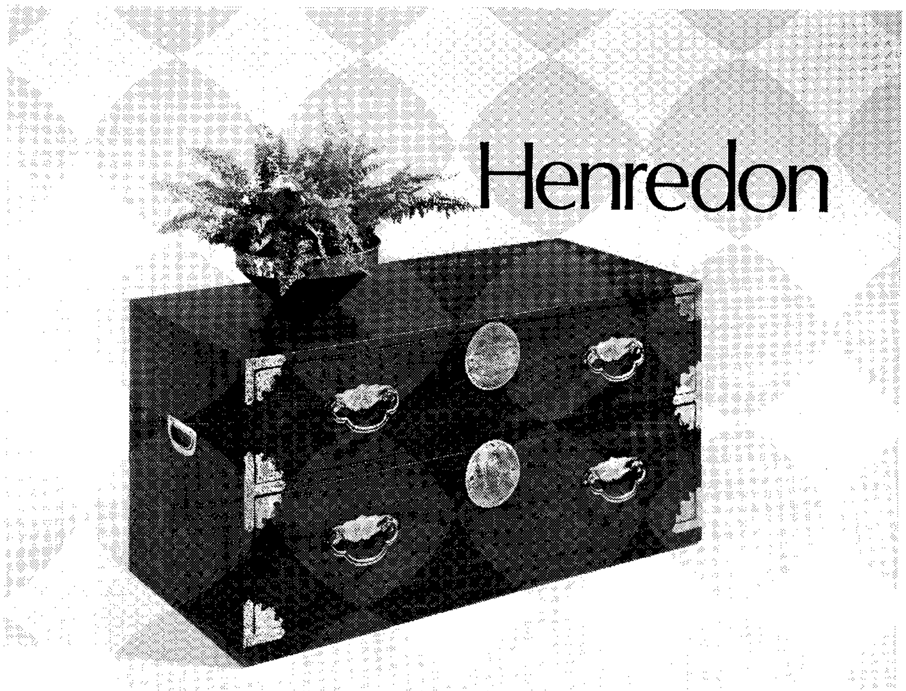

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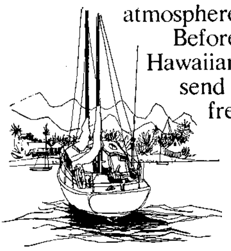

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port. Today, in Montgomery, Alabama, Wallace said to the press, "The people want Carter, and he's entitled to the nomination." Wallace, over whose crippled body Carter almost literally strode in his struggle to be nominated, who was embittered by this man who he felt had used and then humiliated him, was clever enough or magnanimous enough, or whatever, to acknowledge the inevitable. Today, Wallace recalled that "in the heat of the campaign" he had called Carter "a liar," but now he said, "We've got to overlook many things. He'll make a fine candidate." Henry Jackson, with whom Carter has recently held several conversations, agreed today to throw his support to Carter. Mayor Daley said, "The ballgame is over." Senator Adlai Stevenson III, in whose name Daley held eighty-six delegates, released them. Edward Kennedy said, "I expect the nominee will be Mr. Carter." Carter, dressed in denims at a press conference in Plains, said that his nomination was "as certain as it can be under the particular circumstances."

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PRESIDENT FORD met with advisers and then went to the White House Rose Garden and told reporters that he is "electable." This Friday, he will fly to Springfield, Missouri, a thousand miles away, where nineteen at-large delegates are to be chosen at a state convention.

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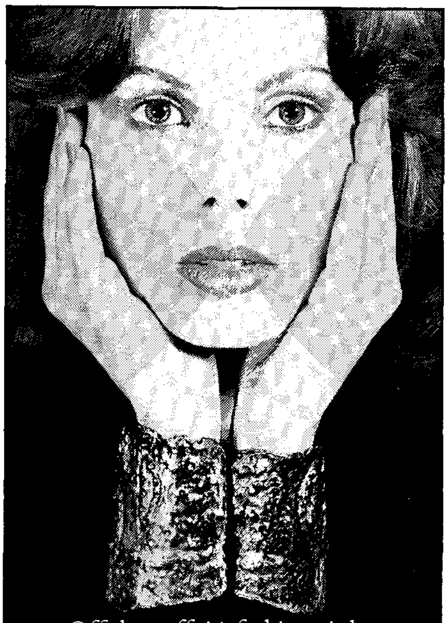
PROPOSITION 15, the item on the California ballot which would have sharply limited the development of nuclear energy in the state, was defeated by about two to one. The proposition was opposed by utility companies in California and other states, and also by the Atomic Industrial Forum, an international association of corporations, labor unions, engineers, and researchers in the nuclear-energy field, and by some separate labor groups. Around four million dollars was spent on advertising about the issue, three million of it by opponents. Moreover, the bills recently signed into law by Brown which set less severe restrictions on nuclear-energy development eased the way for the defeat of Proposition 15. But both sides conceded that the fight over the development of nuclear energy in this country would be carried on in the future in a number of other states. The Energy Research and Development Administration, which includes the part of the former Atomic Energy Commission that was to pro-



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mote the development of nuclear energy, has prepared a pamphlet (it was distributed in California) answering the "myths" that are used as arguments against the development of nuclear power.

JUNE 11

UTTERING magnanimous-sounding statements, Democratic politicians continued to race toward the winner. Senator Robert Byrd released thirty-one delegates he had held as West Virginia's favorite son—at one time he apparently pictured himself as a "broker"—saying he did it "in the interest of Party unity." Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo, Carter's Pennsylvania foil, said that to deprive Carter of the nomination "would make a mockery of the Presidential-primary system" and that "I am pleased to be on the Carter team." Senator Lloyd Bentsen, who had already released his six Texas delegates, and who was long ago a Presidential contender, said that Carter offers the Party "its best hope of regaining the White House and giving the nation the type of leadership it deserves." And the Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association announced its support of Carter and released a letter, written a couple of weeks ago, in which Carter promised to develop "a maritime program which will return us to the seapower status we deserve and need." In Louisiana, however, Governor Edwin Edwards gave Jerry Brown the support of eighteen of the state's nineteen uncommitted delegates.

It is odd how our view of things changes. For example, George Wallace's endorsement of Jimmy Carter was not considered the kiss of death. The sting has gone out of the old demagogue, and in his collapse as a national force he has won a kind of respectability. There was a time last year when people were constructing plots in which Wallace might capture the Democratic nomination. As for the Republican race, there is a view that there is something bad about the fact that the President of the United States has to fight for the nomination. But I wonder whether so many people would hold that view if more people were sympathetic to Reagan. We used to despair at the idea that incumbent Presidents were beyond challenge.

Jimmy Carter has shown that there may be no such thing as a Democratic Party. Whatever there was that called itself a party was opposed to his nomination but was powerless before his assault. The week saw the old titans of the Party capitulating in profusion and

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rushing to his side. First Eugene McCarthy and then George McGovern had led the way in showing the vulnerability of the Party. Their followers had opened up the Party rules. The resistance of the traditional Party powers—political leaders and old-line labor leaders—to the changes in the rules was, from their point of view, well founded. Then the campaign-finance-reform laws turned money into a far less important factor. And so the self-appointed candidate whom no important members of the Party wanted—not elected officials, not Party officials, none of the old Party powers—captured the prize while they looked on helplessly.

June 13

IN the Missouri Republican state convention yesterday, Reagan won eighteen of the nineteen at-large delegates. The one Ford delegate was the governor, Christopher Bond—for whom the Reagan forces arranged a place at the Convention, which will be held in his state. Both Ford and Reagan had spoken to the delegates in Springfield.

And yesterday afternoon Jimmy Carter went to Montgomery, Alabama, to pay a call on George Wallace. Carter, in answer to a reporter's question, said, "I don't think there's any doubt" that Wallace gave Southern politicians national acceptability. Wallace, asked if he was bitter, said that he was not. "We have to realize that we can't win all the time," he said. "I lost. The people voted for Carter. . . . That was it."

June 16

THE platform that the Democratic Party's Platform Committee finished drafting last night at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington—a day sooner than had been expected—reflects the politics of this year. Like earlier party platforms, it contains a long list of new things to be done, programs to be enacted, and concessions to the party's interest groups, but the tone is cautious and "sensible." Interest groups fight for representation of their purposes in a party's platform because they see the platform as a legitimizer of issues, as moving issues forward on the public agenda. Platforms can be "realistic" or they can be "visionary," and this year's Democratic platform is, relatively speaking, "realistic." It is, on the whole, Jimmy Carter's platform. Carter had asked the Party not to enact a "wish box or Christmas tree" for a platform, and to some extent the Party acceded. But that was mainly because Carter had the votes in the Platform Committee. In line with Carter's coalition politics, compromises were struck with other forces to keep them happy. Still, the platform also reflected the fact that while much of this year's political rhetoric is negative about big federal government and federal programs, as a practical matter programs—more programs—continue to be favored. And so this platform advocates a number of new initiatives, and bows to various interest groups, without, as some had urged, indicating what the priorities are or what the costs will be. It has no focus, offers no sense of some overriding public purpose. Just about everyone could come away saying he had won something. Potential schisms were papered over by the Carter forces through a combination of exercising influence and compromising; and the sweet smell of success—the idea that the Democrats, if they behaved, might actually inhabit the White House once again—mellowed the usually fractious Party.

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A REPORT by the staff of the United Nations World Food Council, which is meeting in Rome this week, predicted that there will be a world food disaster by 1985 unless many nations change their policies and more international coöperation is obtained. It said that "food imports of the developing countries have risen alarmingly, their nutritional problems have grown, and their production performance has not improved." The Washington *Post* quotes a United Nations official as saying, "The world food problem is enormously political. Almost everything that governments do in the agricultural area has domestic political repercussions. The result is that the situation is getting worse and there are no political leaders anywhere with a high level of concern."

June 17

EARLIER this year, it was considered quite an achievement that Congress, in its annual bill to provide military assistance to foreign nations, had included provisions to limit the amount of that assistance and to give Congress more of a voice in nongovernmental commercial arms transactions. Mild as these provisions were, the President vetoed the bill, and now Congress is working on a new bill, which accedes to his demands. Among the provisions that have been dropped were one that limited to a total of nine billion dollars the amount of military assistance and services that could be transferred by the government or through commercial transactions in one year and one that allowed Congress to veto certain of these transactions. The new bill does include an amendment that represents Congress's first attempt to slow down nuclear proliferation. The amendment, sponsored by Senator Stuart Symington, Democrat of Missouri, would cut off military and economic assistance to any country that delivers nuclear-enrichment or reprocessing equipment to or receives it from any other country. This equipment enables a country to produce a nuclear bomb by enriching uranium or by extracting plutonium from the spent fuel that results from the operations of nuclear reactors. Because the Administration has objected to the provision, Congress, typically, is adding a section that permits the President to waive it under certain conditions. The amendment is aimed at Pakistan, which is buying a reprocessing plant from France, and at Brazil, which is buying one from West Germany. South Korea, yielding to pressure from the United States, earlier this year dropped plans to buy a nuclear-reprocessing plant from France. Partly as a result of protests voiced by members of Congress to General Electric's proposed sale of two nuclear reactors to South Africa, South Africa will purchase reactors from France instead. Yesterday, Albert Wohlstetter, a professor of political science at the University of Chicago who recently did a study for the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, told a House committee that by 1985 about forty countries will have nuclear-energy programs yielding enough spent fuel to provide them with nuclear bombs. He pointed out that without any violation of international controls any country's spent fuel could in a few days be developed into a bomb.

The military-assistance bill authorizes economic assistance for Zaire and Zambia amounting to about twenty-seven million dollars apiece, and additional funds for other African nations that have been harmed by participating in the economic boycott of Rhodesia. The *Times* reported a few days ago that the United States has agreed to discuss plans for military-aid programs for Kenya and Zaire in order to offset what our government sees as a growing Soviet influence in Africa.

JUNE 20

YESTERDAY, in Iowa, President Ford won nineteen delegates and Ronald Reagan won seventeen. The

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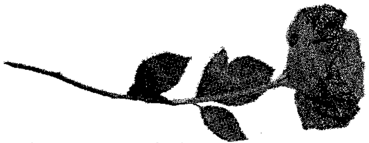

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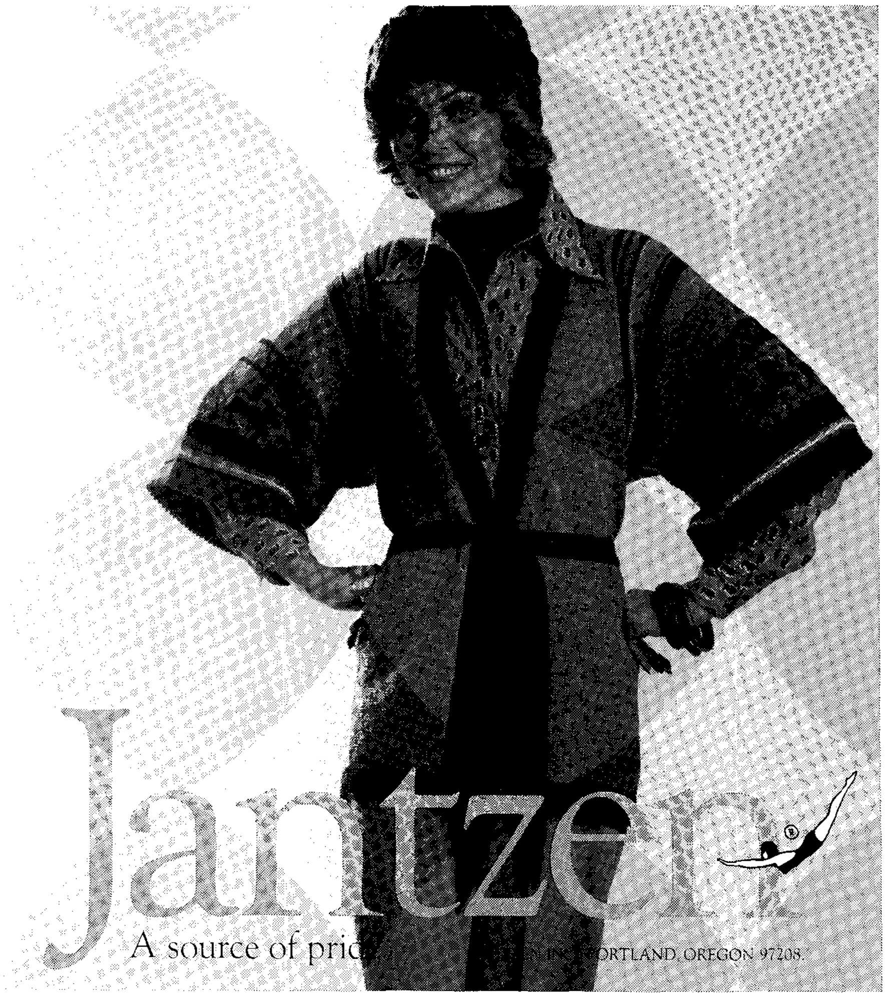
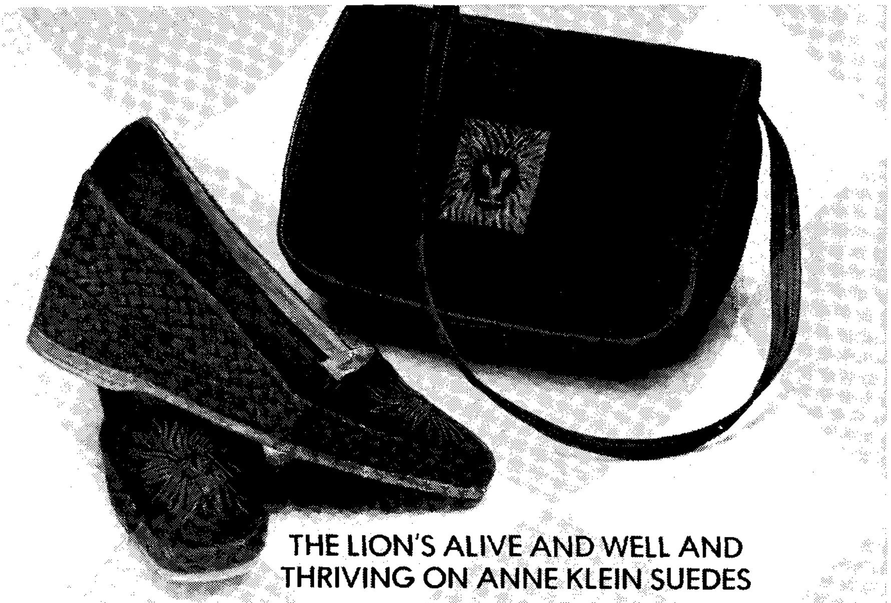
President's aides indicated that they considered this an achievement, given the President's near wipeout in Missouri a week ago, but they conceded that they had hoped the President would do better. Yesterday, too, Reagan won thirty-one of thirty-eight delegates selected in Washington, all three delegates selected in Colorado's Second Congressional District, and all four of the at-large delegates in Texas. The President won thirteen of seventeen delegates selected in Delaware. Delegate counts now show the President leading Reagan by less than a hundred votes, with several states still to select their delegates. The President cancelled a weekend trip he had planned to make to Iowa, where he would have confronted Reagan for the first time, so as to stay at the White House during a military evacuation of American civilians from Lebanon, which had been decided upon Friday after the American Ambassador to Lebanon and an economic adviser were murdered by unidentified gunmen. The whole exercise, of course, raised the suspicion that the President was putting on an election-year show—playing Commander-in-Chief—which is a suspicion that has dogged other Presidents. The problem is that it is so difficult to know when a crisis is real that in a real one we may be too suspicious. The White House released photographs over the weekend showing the President and his top aides poring over maps. In all, slightly more than a hundred Americans elected to leave Lebanon, and about fifteen hundred elected to stay.

JUNE 22

TUESDAY. On the House of Representatives' side of the Capitol, just before noon, House Democratic leaders, looking very solemn, are coming from a meeting with some other House Democrats to decide what to do about a recent embarrassment. The embarrassment stemmed from the publication of allegations by Elizabeth Ray, a former employee of Representative Wayne Hays, of Ohio, the powerful, feared, and disliked chairman of the House Administration Committee, that she had been hired, and paid fourteen thousand dollars a year, for the sole purpose of being his mistress. Sex on Capitol Hill had hardly been a secret in Washington, and the situation perhaps differed only in degree from other situations in which men of power were in a position to exploit impressionable or ambitious women. Congress is said to be in this respect a pale imitation of state legislatures. In any event, there are many men in Congress—rather ordinary men—whose families do not live in Washington and who suddenly find themselves considered glamorous by young women impressed by their power. Moreover, members of Congress, with their special elevators, their special perquisites, become accustomed to being paid deference. Capitol Hill has a kind of plantation aura. There is no job protection for the staffs, and most staff members are expected to pay homage; the House dining room is run by underpaid and unprotected workers from whom obsequiousness is expected. Hays was a well-known bully, but he took care of his colleagues, and so most of them shrugged. There are, of course, a great many serious, responsible people in Congress—more than is generally recognized. But the plantation aura is there, and Wayne Hays was one of the masters. Hays' particular power was handed him—heaped upon him—by the House, which is now proceeding to take it away. Under pressure, he has already resigned as chairman of the House Administration Committee, and of the House Democratic National Congressional Committee, which distributes campaign funds. No Democrat now wants Hays' signature on a campaign-fund check. And today the Democrats, working fast, are about to remove from the Administration Committee power that they happily gave it in recent years—power to set House members' perquisites, such as stationery allowances and government-paid trips home, so that the members would not be subject to charges of taking too good care of themselves by voting for these things on the House floor. The proposals for change aren't very important, and have almost nothing to do with the real problems in making Congress an effective institution—problems of leadership and of outmoded committee jurisdictions and of conflicts of interest and of indebtedness to the large contributors.

Nevertheless, embarrassment and worry are powerful motivating forces, and a House of Representatives that has been unable to bring itself to do very much this year about anything that matters is working fast on these "reforms." For some members, the Ray-Hays problem caused extreme cases of there-but-for-the-grace nerves. There was no telling how many other current or former employees would be emboldened to speak out. But guilt or innocence was almost immaterial; in an election year in which so many signs were pointing to voters' annoyance

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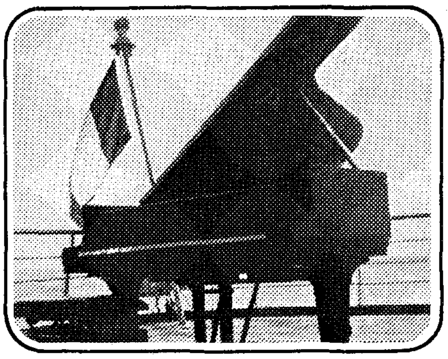
with, or even antipathy to, Washington, the Hays-Ray affair seemed a disaster. Not long after the story broke, a House Democrat said to me, "The tension around the House is not to be believed." Members gathered in the cloakrooms in silence to watch the evening news programs.

Perhaps inevitably, the questions of what and whose reforms to institute have become caught in the intramural struggles for leadership in the House next year. In fact, both the House and the Senate will be choosing new leaders; House Speaker Carl Albert and Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield have both announced their retirement, setting off leadership struggles down the line in both chambers. These intramural struggles have received little national attention, but a lot may be at stake, no matter who is President. A President's capacity for governing is linked with the impediments to governing that are thrown up by Congress's current methods of operating. This is not to say that whatever a President wants he should get; the events of recent years should have made that clear. On the contrary, one of the questions that will arise during the leadership fights—particularly in the Senate—is whether Congress will be led by people who will be all too willing to do a Democratic President's bidding, no matter how wrongheaded his ideas. We have learned that there are benefits—even safety—in a balky Congress. The question is, what is the reason for the balkiness. It is one thing for Congress to want to give slow and careful consideration to a President's proposals—to act, as it is supposed to, as a check on his powers. It is another for Congress simply to be unable to function, because it is paralyzed by competing jurisdictions and special-interest access.

"If you were to list the ten worst problems facing the country," said Abner Mikva, a Democratic Representative from Illinois and one of the most thoughtful and respected members of the House, as we talked this noon, "you would find that Congress hasn't done much about any of them, because it hasn't got its act together." Mikva continued, "The problem is both leadership and followership. The leadership is weak, but it isn't standing in the way of action. In tax reform, health care, transportation, welfare reform, there has been a failure to initiate and a failure to follow through. We haven't quite the self-confidence and the belief that the institution is capable of doing these things. There is a history to that.



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There was forty years of disintegration of the initiative of the institution. Franklin Roosevelt came in with the idea that Congress was in the way: the thing to do was to figure out how to get around it on foreign affairs; the test of a good congressman was whether he voted blindly for whatever Roosevelt wanted. All this went on for forty years—with some exceptions during the Eisenhower years. Then, in the nineteen-seventies, people began to ask whether the pendulum had swung too far. Lately, we've been doing a little better in foreign affairs, but that has been largely by vetoing Presidential actions. In domestic affairs, the President doesn't do anything, so there's nothing to block. We did a little better job on the economy, because the President sent up proposals, in his tax bill, and we modified them. Now we are overreacting to the Hays affair, but most people don't really care about such matters. What the people really want is for us to solve the problems of inflation and energy and education and housing and health. And if we aren't doing that, and we aren't, what these things—peccadilloes—do is confirm suspicions that we are callous and insensitive. Our approval rating is at nine per cent in the polls. It wouldn't go from nine per cent to ninety if we castrated every member of the House."

◆

AS Mikva and I spoke, the House Ways and Means Committee, meeting just off the House floor, was marking up a bill that embodies the President's proposal—made in his State of the Union Address and reiterated shortly before the Illinois primary—to ease the estate and gift taxes for farms and small businesses. From the number of lobbyists who were gathered outside the committee room, one would have thought that the committee was giving away Fort Knox, which in a sense it is. Efforts by some committee members to get certain reforms to tighten taxes on estates were being beaten by trust officers of banks. And the Senate is working on a bill to extend the income-tax cuts for another year as an anti-recession measure, to which have been added all sorts of tax preferences for special interests. The bill—more than fifteen hundred pages long—is ostensibly a tax-reform measure, but the provisions added would lose the Treasury about four billion dollars a year after a few years. It repeals three tax preferences, restricts some, and adds or expands thirty-odd more. Among the special interests to be aided under the bill are

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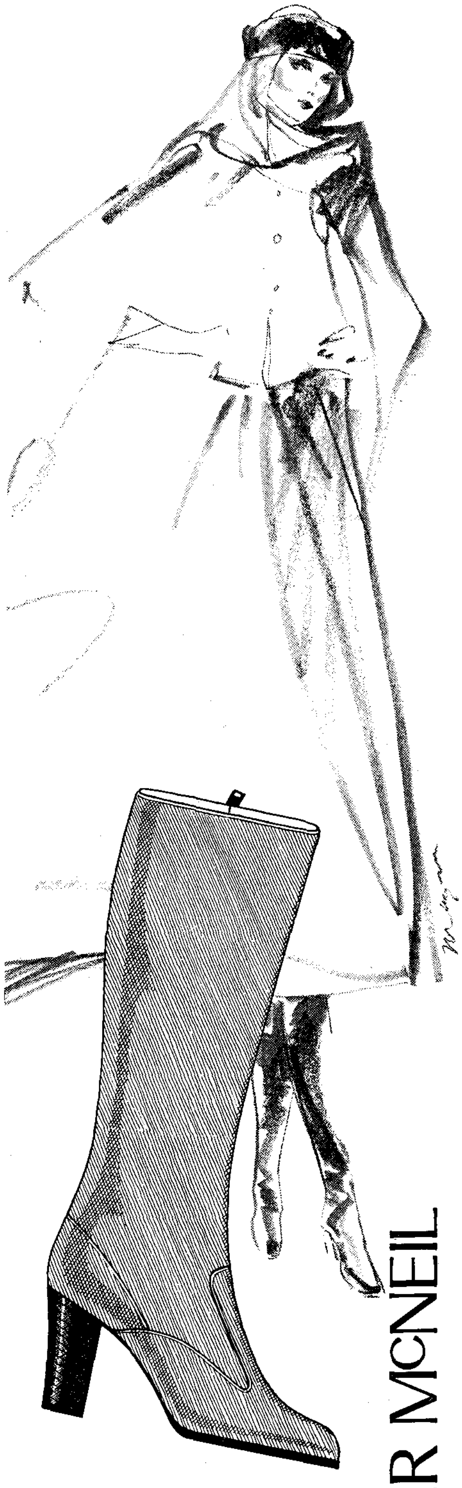

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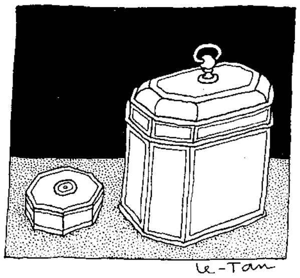
oil companies, railroads, shipping companies, and numerous individual firms. The problem is that, while many people are for tax reform in the abstract, a few people care intensely about their own tax-relief provisions and the public is not mobilized to counter them. Moreover, even now that there are limits on the amounts that can be contributed to the campaigns of members of Congress—one thousand dollars by individuals and five thousand by organizations—representatives of the special interests are able to contribute enough to give them a critical mass that gets attention from members of Congress. Access can still be purchased.

Included in the tax bill that is before the Senate are the remains of what was to be a great legislative initiative to deal with what was once recognized as an energy crisis. Since the generally recognized crisis, the nation's dependence on imported oil has risen. Yet efforts to reduce consumption by raising taxes on gasoline have been beaten. All that is left in the energy part of the bill is about fifteen tax preferences—for people who insulate their homes, for the coal industry—which will do almost nothing about the energy shortage, and which will cost the Treasury (us) about five hundred million dollars.



Representative Les Aspin, a thirty-seven-year-old Democrat from Wisconsin, who was formerly a Pentagon economist and is now a member of the House Armed Services Committee, said in a conversation we had one day that there are several reasons Congress has made only minor reductions in the military budget this year. He listed the unemployment rate, the Reagan campaign, and the fact that the general attack on "big government" has undercut moves for "new priorities"—that is, social programs in lieu of military spending. As a result, the President's military budget is being approved virtually in its entirety, which represents a fifteen-per-cent increase in defense spending over last year (a seven-per-cent increase when allowance is made for inflation). While attention was focussed on the B-1 bomber, because it was a new and expensive and arguably unnecessary new weapon, other weapons systems and military expenditures went through virtually unexamined. In the kind of climate Aspin described, such expenditures do not get examined carefully. Yet Congress has never rejected a major weapons system. (It managed only to scale down the antiballistic missile system in 1970. One ABM site was built, and has been abandoned—leaving a kind of twentieth-century Stonehenge near Grand Forks, North Dakota.) Aspin, who knows, says that three or four per cent of any military budget represents what is known as "cut insurance"—on the assumption that Congress will cut it by at least that amount. But Congress hardly touched this year's budget, so now the Pentagon is getting things it did not really want. Aspin says the Pentagon will be coming back to Congress next year with "reprogramming" requests, to adjust for Congress's unanticipated generosity.

I asked one senator how he viewed this year's session of Congress, and he replied, "Long, interminable—and when we get all done we're about where we started." In part, this has to do with the fact that Congress is always distracted in an election year, and particularly in a Presidential-election year. In part, it has to do with the structural and leadership problems. In part, it has to do with the government's being divided between a heavily Democratic Congress and a Republican President. And in part it has to do with the fact that Congress does not seem to know quite what to do. While many members see a mandate for new social programs—at least, health-insurance and job programs—others are not so sure. They have doubts about the proposals that are before them, and are not convinced that the country has spoken.

Moreover, members of Congress this year seem uncommonly fearful of the voters. "The job is no fun," said another senator, who does not even have to stand for reëlection this year. I asked him why. He replied, "Because the people are so angry. They don't say all that much, but their silence is very expressive."

Congress hasn't worked out sensible ways of dividing up its jurisdiction or—and these two things are partly related—handling its work load. Many members are constantly rushing from meeting to meeting, carrying cards with long lists of appointments, but they don't get much done as a result. Members of Congress chronically look harried and feel unappreciated. They are not a very cheerful lot. There are some fine people in Congress, but the system usually keeps them buried (remember our surprise at the quality of so many members of the House Judiciary Committee), and the pressures tend to wear them down. An uncommon number have decided not to seek re-election—about fifty as of now. If Democrats feel frustrated at not getting an agenda enacted, many Republicans are even more depressed. Earlier this year, I talked with a House Republican over breakfast in the cafeteria of the Longworth House Office Building. I asked him about the unusually large number of members of Congress who were voluntarily retiring.

He replied, "The unusually large number is going to get larger. I'm telling you that as one who thought about getting out himself. I have no real reëlection problems, but I had second thoughts about continuing. I feel we're just milling around—not moving up or down, forward or backward, right or left. Just circular. And enough circular motion and you get dizzy after a while. The debate is so sterile. It all seems so aimless. We're just trading punches. There is no clearly defined sense of direction—of moving from A to B to C. We are still essentially a reactive body. The collapse of the man Nixon hasn't reduced the whole institution of the Presidency to shards." There are other reasons for the large number of retirements. Incumbency is no longer the comfortable perch it used to be. Many politicians are unhappy about the new laws that are designed to curb the way they raise campaign funds and that tighten the requirements on disclosure of contributions. Many are annoyed by the degree to which they must now account for these things and by the skepticism that now surrounds politics. That skepticism itself makes incumbency a less safe perch; incumbents are no longer as unlikely to be challenged as they once were. Many of them are unaccustomed, and uninterested in becoming accustomed, to the annoyance of a challenge. And even some of the good ones have decided that private life is preferable.

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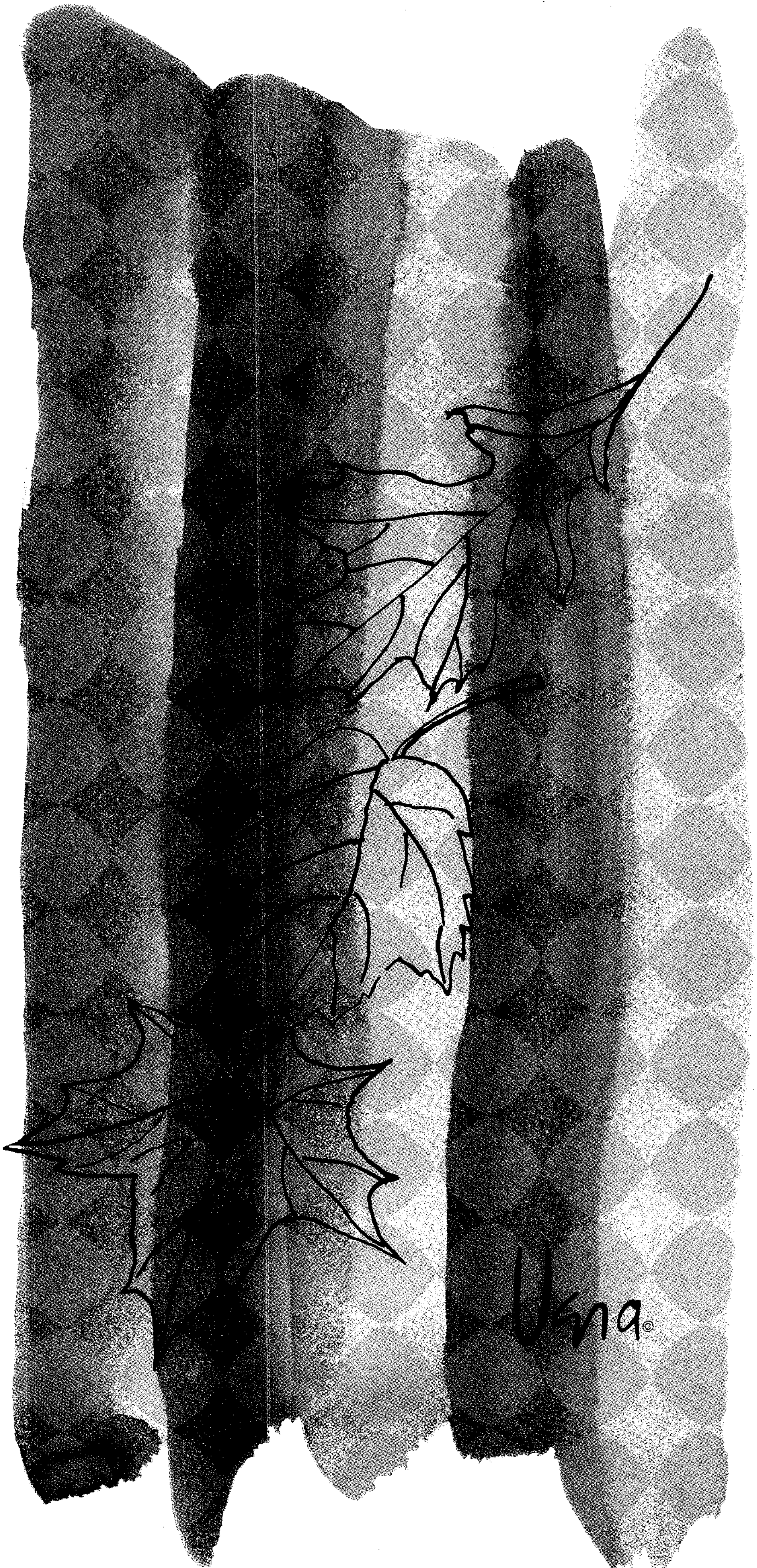
YESTERDAY, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, the federal agency that grants export licenses for nuclear facilities and materials, defeated a move by one of its members, Victor Gilinsky, to place tighter controls over the uses of a nuclear reactor that was being sold to Spain by Westinghouse. Gilinsky, a physicist, said in a press conference that the agreement to

The essence of Autumn.



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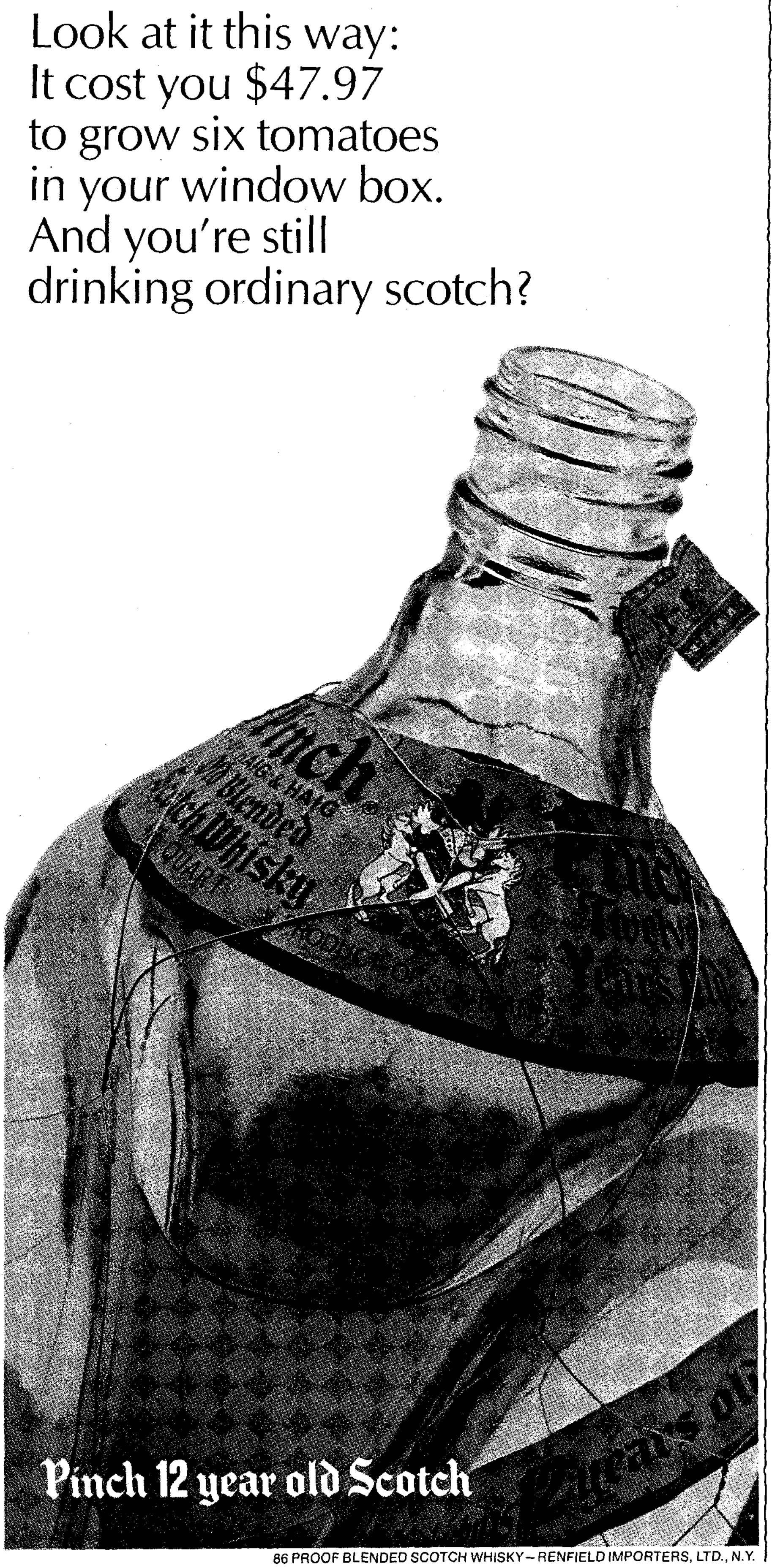

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sell the reactor "contains a vital flaw involving the controls over the plutonium—a nuclear explosive—which will be produced in the operation of the reactor." He had sought a provision to require that the reactor operate with fuel supplied by the United States only, thus giving the United States control over the plutonium that was then produced. He was outvoted three to one. The other commissioners argued that even if Spain purchased fuel from sources other than the United States the plutonium produced would be subject to supervision by the International Atomic Energy Agency, but Gilinsky said its inspection systems were inadequate. The chairman of the N.R.C., Marcus Rowden, said in a separate press conference that the provision Gilinsky sought would offer "only the illusion" of a safeguard, because the United States had already agreed to supply Spain with equipment for eight nuclear reactors that were not subject to such a condition. Gilinsky, at his press conference, quoted a letter in which the State Department said that efforts to obtain assurances from Spain that it would use only United States fuel "would result in protracted negotiations, the outcome of which cannot be predicted."

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YESTERDAY, the Senate approved a new agreement for American bases in Spain.

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YESTERDAY, in the elections in Italy, the Communists made substantial gains; the Christian Democrats won enough votes to remain in power, but whether enough to govern effectively no one was sure. The United States position had been, as set forth by Henry Kissinger, that if the Communists gained seats in the Cabinet, Washington would have to reassess its relations with Italy.

JUNE 24

THURSDAY MORNING. The Sheraton Carlton Hotel. Jimmy Carter is here for breakfast with "the Sperling group"—reporters invited by Godfrey Sperling, Jr., the Washington bureau chief of the *Christian Science Monitor*, to have breakfast with various politicians. There are sometimes several of these breakfasts in a week. They offer an opportunity for the journalists to get a story and for the source to make some news or to get known by the reporters. Not being much of a "morning person" (I managed to get through the primaries without ever accompanying a candidate on a dawn visit to a plant gate), I don't make it to a breakfast very often, but I thought it would be interesting to see Jimmy Carter at this point in his effort to become President of the United States.

In the view of the Carter campaign staff, the current phase is next in importance to the one in which he won the nomination—and more important, perhaps, than the traditional election campaign in the fall. One of his aides says, "The theory is that because he's the nominee way ahead of the time of the Convention and because he's way ahead of Ford and Reagan in the polls, he will be more and more seen as a possible President. That will happen very rapidly. A lot depends on how he conducts himself in the next couple of months—before the Convention, at the Convention, in his choice of a Vice-Presidential running mate. People will be thinking now about Jimmy as President and seeing if it fits. Most of them will have made up their minds by Labor Day. So now we put him in situations where he can be seen as Presidential. We want him to be seen as a man who knows foreign policy and has good advisers, and also as a man of the farm and small town to whom family means a lot." And so Carter is engaged in several concurrent efforts: he is travelling around the country raising money to pay off his million-dollar campaign debt; in the course of these trips he is making a series of speeches on issues, in part to keep the press attention from the fact that he is going about raising money, and in part to establish himself as "Presidential;" he is making calls to people around the country soliciting opinions about his Vice-Presidential choice; he is planning for his fall campaign; and he is even taking a few steps toward getting ready to govern. But mainly he is busy raising money and getting himself seen as "Presidential." Yesterday, in New York, he gave a speech on foreign policy. Generally, it met what have become the conventional standards of the foreign-policy experts out of government, and, given Henry Kissinger's recent changes in direction, was not very far off from current policy. Carter espoused closer consultation with allies, and more attention to developing nations. He was critical of what he termed, without specifically referring to Kissinger, a "Lone Ranger" style of conducting foreign policy—almost everyone is by now. The determined candidate and his staff, meanwhile, are

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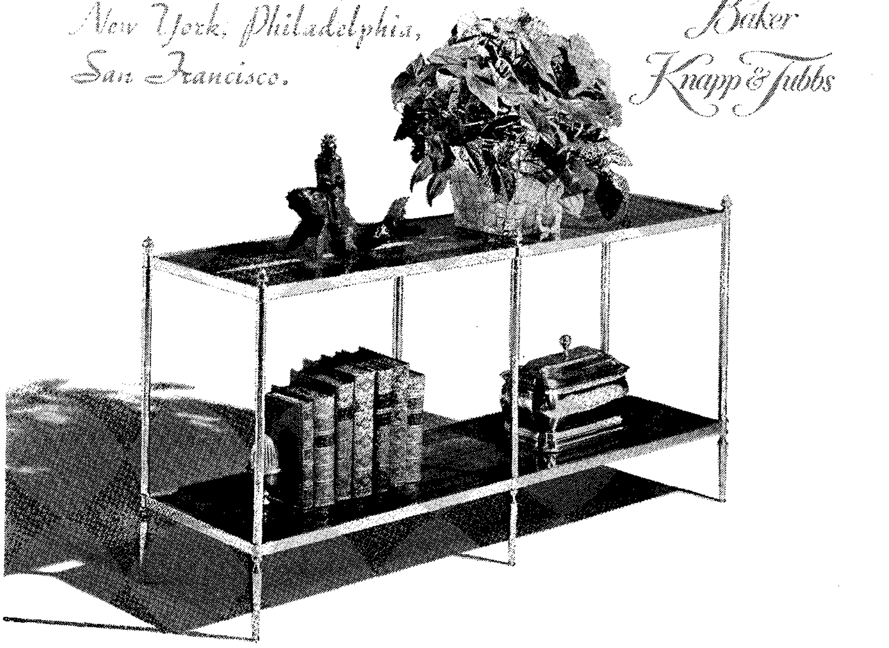

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drawing up the organizational plans for the campaign. "What we do best is organize," Hamilton Jordan, his campaign manager, said to me recently, "and we'll have a well-organized campaign." Jordan, who in 1972 drew up the plan for Carter's nomination campaign, has now drawn up a plan for the fall campaign. Each state's importance has been assessed, along with Carter's assets and liabilities in that state. Carter's travel schedule is to be drawn up by the end of July. Plans are being made for an ambitious voter-registration drive by the Democratic Party, and for setting up training schools for gubernatorial, senatorial, and congressional candidates. "To the extent that they have well-managed campaigns, it will benefit us," Jordan said. With federal funding of the Presidential campaign, Carter will not have to raise money, and, moreover, he will be in a position to help local candidates raise money. That will both strengthen the Democratic Party in the election contests and put those candidates in Carter's debt.

In part, the emphasis on Carter's "image" in these next weeks grows out of a desire to correct for what his organization thinks went wrong toward the end of the campaign for the nomination. Carter did, after all, lose nine of the last sixteen primaries. A pattern had developed in which after he had been in a state for a while he went down in the polls. His campaign staff worried about the problem and concluded that he had become "overexposed." Jordan said, "In six months, Jimmy went from nobody knowing him, and then all people knew was that they saw him every Tuesday night winning another primary. So our appeal wasn't very deep. And his theme was non-ideological—'Trust in me,' 'Hope'—though his answers to questions were specific. And there were things that came along that added to the non-ideological idea and diverted people's minds from issues—'ethnic purity,' the attention to religion. People got tired of him. Then we got to the point where all these politicians were flocking to us, so the anti-establishment candidate wasn't anti-establishment anymore. And he wasn't a fresh face anymore. That's why we continued to do well against Udall and the others but not against Church and Brown. It worried me a little bit and scared me a little bit, but when you got back to the numbers it was there."

At first, some of Carter's staff worried that his emphasis on religion might

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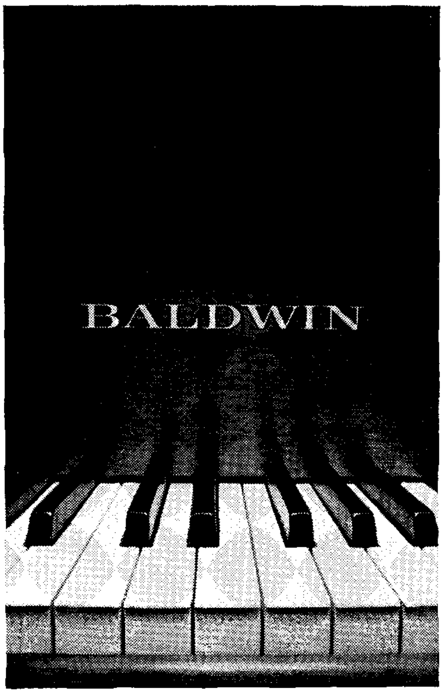

Leonard Bernstein's Accompanist

be a problem, but then they decided that it might be an asset. "It may not go over well in the suburbs of Washington or in Manhattan or in Beverly Hills," said one of Carter's aides, "but it goes over well with the rest of the country." (Actually, Carter planned to write two books—a campaign biography and a book about his religious beliefs—but then decided to write just one, which combines the two.)

In retrospect, one can get a little more of a picture of what went on in Carter's final weeks of sewing up the nomination. There were several conversations with Thomas Eagleton, to work out a way for Eagleton to deliver the uncommitted Missouri delegates. There were only a few states where delegates were considered very much subject to influence by their political leaders: Missouri, Illinois, and New York. Birch Bayh made some calls to uncommitted labor delegates on Carter's behalf. Massachusetts delegates committed to Shriver were pursued by the Carter organization. Wallace's delegates were not pursued, so as not to give offense to Carter's principal adversary—a strategy that may have helped bring Wallace around in the end. There were calls to individual delegates even after the nomination was seemingly safe, to make sure that nothing went awry. There were weekly calls from Carter to Daley, which were usually followed by some public statement from Daley. The Carter organization was eager for various political figures—Wallace, Daley, Jackson—to see that the others were seeming to get ready to come around to him. These politicians would not want to be last aboard the train. And, as the cascade of endorsements just after the Ohio primary showed, this psychological strategy worked.

Someone here remarked the other day, "After Ohio, Carter seemed to grow four inches, and when he calls, the telephone rings a little louder." That mysterious mantle has fallen on him. And people want to get closer to him. Carter's effective nomination (and what many assume to be his inevitable election) has set off a scramble among Democrats—never quite accustomed to being out of power—to become part of his entourage. Some people had the foresight to join up this spring, not so much because they were enamored of Carter as because they assessed the situations of the other candidates and decided that Carter was, as several put it, "the only game in town." A rather unseemly competition for Secretary of State in the Carter

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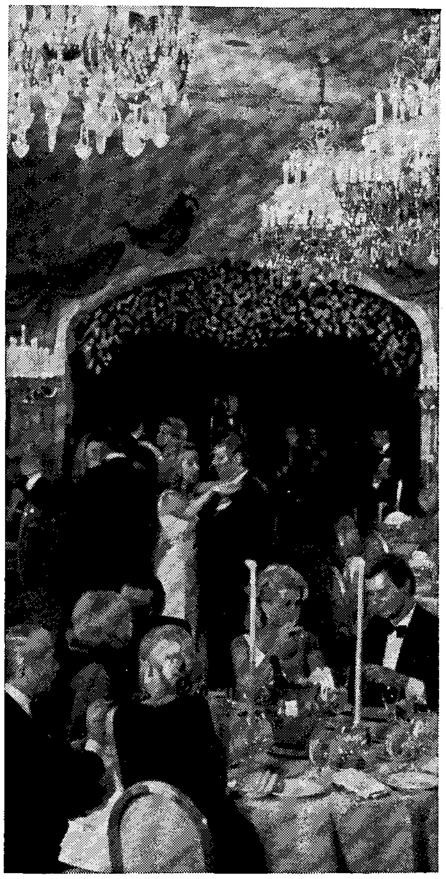

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Administration has been going on for months. The other evening at a cocktail party, a Washington lawyer and veteran of the New Frontier introduced himself to Peter Bourne, a Carter aide stationed in Washington, and said he would be calling him. "I've been in the woodwork," he remarked, smiling. People are getting in touch with people who they *think* have access to the inner circle. Most of this city's investors in power had failed to bet on Jimmy Carter, and now they are scurrying to make up for their lack of foresight. There is a feeling among some people here that those young men from Georgia may have had the political knowledge to get Carter nominated but now it is time for the pros—themselves—to move in to help him run the country. And the young men from Georgia are inclined to make disparaging remarks about "the Washington crowd," and to say that Carter doesn't want an Administration that will seem a "warmed-over New Frontier or Great Society." They are inevitably wary of letting outsiders in, inevitably protective of their own positions. One remarked recently, only half joking, "We have to make sure that when there is a transition we don't get transitioned out." So Carter is faced with some of the classic problems of a successful Presidential candidate, who must broaden his circle—problems that are exacerbated in his case by the fact that he has kept at least some distance from the traditional centers of power and influence, and by the fact that neither he nor his immediate entourage has had a great deal of experience working with people outside Georgia. So they now go around asking about people who have been in government, trying to sort them out. They do need some people with experience in government: people who can show them where the pitfalls are, advise them on the wisest use of their energies and political strength—not people who know too much, wise old heads who have seen too much, know all the reasons things can't be done, are now tired of mind and spirit, do not see the merit or the possibilities of trying to shake things up, of making new attempts.

Today, at the Sperling breakfast, Carter seems relaxed—more relaxed than he seemed during the campaign. "I don't feel ill at ease about the prospect of being President," he says. It is a typical Carter remark—like remarks he made during the campaign that seemed part uncommon confidence and part calculated effort to get people to take him more seriously. He seems to

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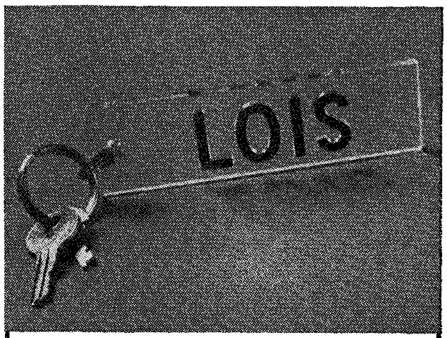

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be smiling naturally today. It is not that stretched, pasted-on-looking smile we saw when he was campaigning. But there is still an edge to his manner. Three times, he refers to speeches he gave which he feels did not receive enough attention from the press. Asked about his position on the Vietnam war, about which there has been confusion, Carter says that he was "in the position of most Southern liberals—that we should not have got in in the first place, but that, having got in, we should have won as soon as possible." He says that whoever it is he chooses as Vice-President won't get lost in a Carter Administration. "I can guarantee that won't happen," he says. "I don't believe I'll feel threatened by a Vice-President."

Carter points out that he is in a position to select his Vice-President without having to consider how that will help him with the delegates to the Convention, but, while that is true, there are other considerations. There is the consideration of the electoral votes in November. His aides also give attention to high-minded considerations such as the capacity of the Vice-Presidential nominee for serving as President in the event that anything happened to Carter, and the nominee's personal and professional integrity. This last consideration, of course, is essential to the success of the ticket. Another criterion listed by an aide was "acceptance"—the extent to which the media and Party leaders and the public would accept the choice as a good choice. A couple of weeks ago, the Carter camp let it be known that Patrick Caddell, Carter's pollster, was taking polls on the public reaction to fourteen possible Vice-Presidential candidates, but no one seriously thought that Carter was considering all fourteen. He seemed to be playing the old game of listing people whose constituencies would be pleased by their being listed, and even his aides concede that no more than about six were ever seriously considered. As of now, the list, from what one can gather, is down to Senators John Glenn, Walter Mondale, Adlai Stevenson, Frank Church, and Edmund Muskie. Some say that

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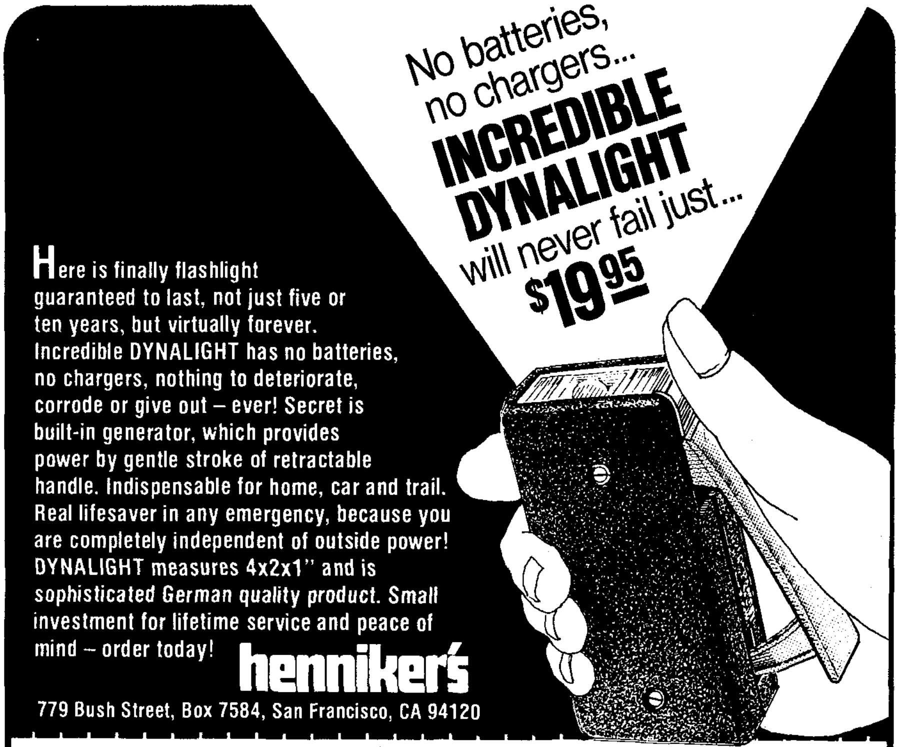
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Henry Jackson is being considered. Charles Kirbo, an Atlanta lawyer, who is Carter's friend and adviser and the only associate, other than his wife, who has a peer relationship with him, and who is conservative, is checking around, eliciting various people's opinions. So is Hamilton Jordan, and so, even, is Carter. The indications now are that the favorite is Glenn: he rates highest in the polls; he comes from Ohio, which has a lot of electoral votes, and which the Democrats have carried in November only once since 1948; he has a nonpolitical, hero image; he is not too liberal; he does not have such a forceful personality or such an independent mind that he would cause problems for Carter. Mondale has the backing of labor groups and of blacks (including Andrew Young) and is known to be popular with the press, but he has liabilities in the eyes of some people in the Carter camp: he is too liberal for them (and too closely identified with busing, which he has defended in the Senate against attempts to overturn court orders); he may be too independent-minded; and—most interesting—he chose not to make the sort of race for the Presidency that Carter did. Carter and his aides have remarked to people that Mondale's withdrawal from the race toward the end of 1974, on the ground that he did not wish to spend a year and a half in the relentless and gruelling pursuit of the nomination, suggests that he is "lazy" and "a quitter." They apparently cannot understand—even though Carter has acknowledged that he had an advantage in not being employed as of January, 1975—that someone might walk away from that sort of life. Or perhaps it is that they cannot accept it, because it is a sort of reproach to Carter. Others chose not to make the race, but they did not talk about it; Mondale made the point out loud. Muskie is also said to be receiving serious consideration; he is a Catholic, and Carter is believed to have difficulty with Catholic voters.

Carter says that to change his campaign style "I would have to change my character," and he says that he will campaign "as aggressively as I did before." And he talks revealingly about how his campaign has succeeded with people of divergent ideologies. "I have had good relations with liberals on human rights," he says, and he goes on to say that he has had good relations with conservatives by emphasizing things like balancing the budget, which he has pledged to do in three years. (How, he does not explain.) "Most conservatives," he says, "are not averse to civil rights and human rights, would not be opposed to a revision of health-care programs as long as emphasis on the doctor-patient relationship is maintained, can be talked to about revision of welfare programs in a way that is appealing to them." He adds, "I've never been inclined to put voters in a box and say 'I'm in the same box, so vote for me.' " About the campaign for the Presidency, he says, "The problem of the incumbency may be the greatest unanticipated problem I might have. The President has the capacity to reach people—through crises, meetings."

•

ON tonight's news, we saw pictures of Carter the conqueror on Capitol Hill. Congressional Democrats called him a "political genius," a reincarnation of Franklin Roosevelt. They had their pictures taken with him for their reëlection campaigns. The Senate Democratic Caucus gave him its unanimous endorsement; the motion was made by Hubert Humphrey.

•

THE CBS-*Times* poll today says that voters preferred Carter to Ford by fifty per cent to twenty-nine per cent, and preferred Carter to Reagan by fifty-three per cent to twenty-four per cent.

•

STATE DEPARTMENT sources said yesterday that the United States was pulling its military advisers out of Quemoy and Matsu, two islands off the southeast coast of China which are controlled by the Chinese Nationalists based in Taiwan. Sixteen years ago, Quemoy and Matsu were a big issue in the Presidential campaign: they were being shelled then from the Chinese mainland, and Richard Nixon accused John Kennedy of advocating "surrender" when Kennedy argued that the islands weren't worth protecting.

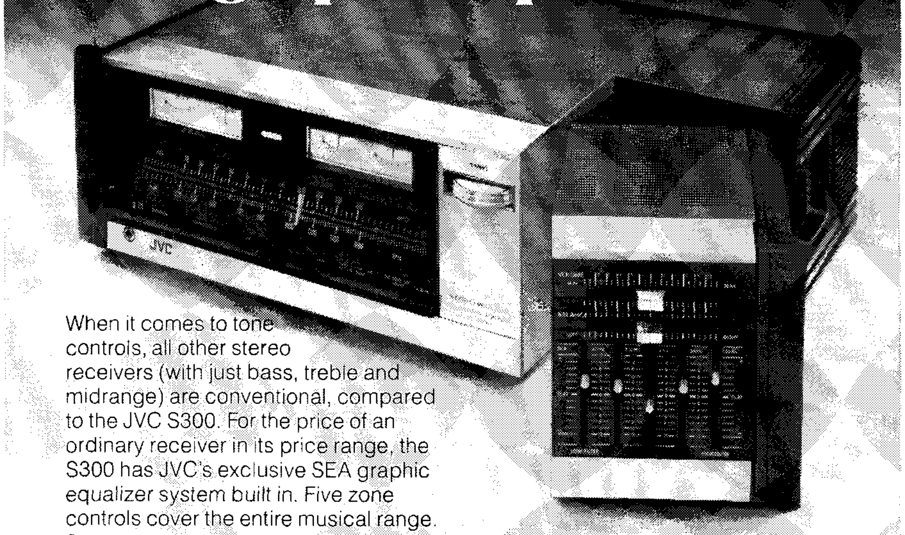
JUNE 28

OVER the weekend, Reagan picked up forty-six delegates—all the delegates in Montana and New Mexico, the four remaining uncommitted delegates in Idaho, and one delegate in Minnesota—and President Ford picked up seventeen, all of them in Minnesota. According to the Washington *Post's* delegate count, this gives the President—out of the one thousand one hundred and thirty needed to nominate—one thousand and thirty-seven, and Reagan nine hundred and eighty-eight. The Republicans have four more state conventions left, and not even these are expected to settle the nomination. The real struggle will be for the votes of the uncommitted delegates. Several news organizations continually phone Republican delegates and bring the delegate counts up to date. No one can be sure if delegates are telling the truth. In Mississippi, a few days ago, Reagan said that there was "no way" he could accept the Vice-Presidential spot on a Ford ticket. He said that the Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates should be philosophically compatible. He also said that there were "basic differences" between him and the "Washington establishment," and that, moreover, he had never believed that the Vice-Presidential nominee added measurably to the strength of the Presidential nominee. The Mississippi delegation, which has thirty votes, and which (against the Party's rules) votes at the Convention as a bloc, is believed to be favoring Reagan. But Douglas Shanks, Ford's leader in Mississippi, has announced that at the Convention he will cast his vote for Ford.

The President spent the weekend in Puerto Rico, where he met with the leaders of six other industrial nations on international economic questions. A principal matter on the agenda was the concern of the United States that as the industrial nations undergo their current recovery they are not taking sufficient steps to hold down inflation. Some economists think that our government's concern about this is premature.

JUNE 29

TODAY, I had lunch with John Sears, Ronald Reagan's campaign manager. Sears, who is thirty-five, worked in the Nixon campaign in 1968 and in the Nixon White House for a while, but then fell afoul of John Mitchell and took up the practice of law in Washington. Not a particularly ideological man, he seems to have gone to work for Reagan because he wanted to run another campaign. "I would have to admit that the last Presidential experience I had was not all that rewarding, so I wanted to do it again," he told me last February. "I, among others, helped to get Richard Nixon elected, so I guess I felt I had to do better." Sears is somewhat stocky, has straight graying brown hair and a round, moon face, dresses conservative Ivy League. He is pleasant and friend-



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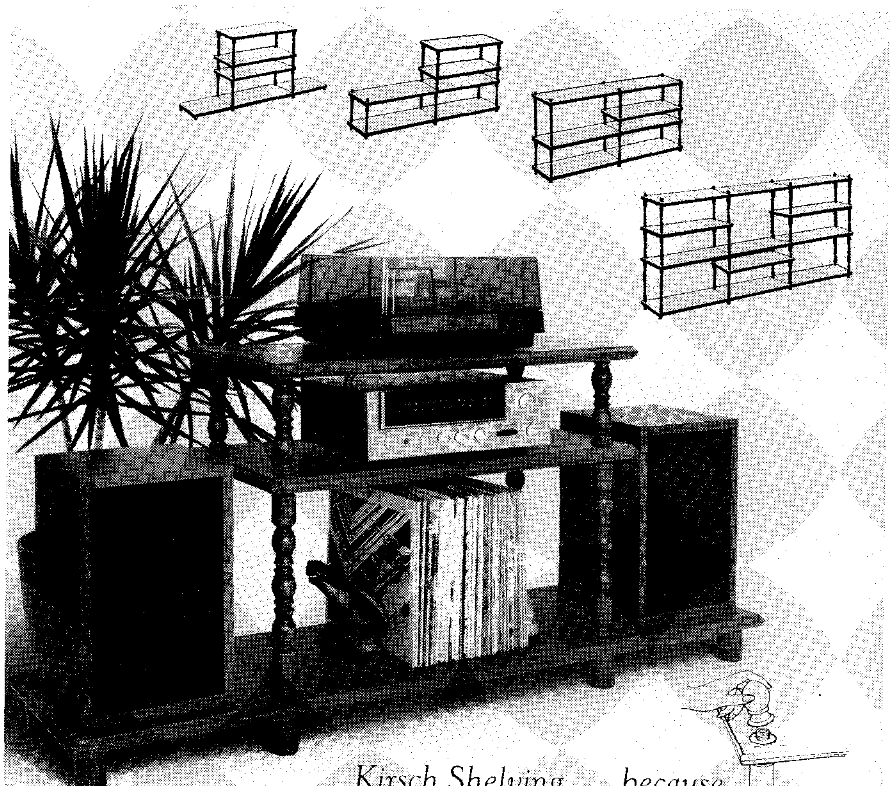

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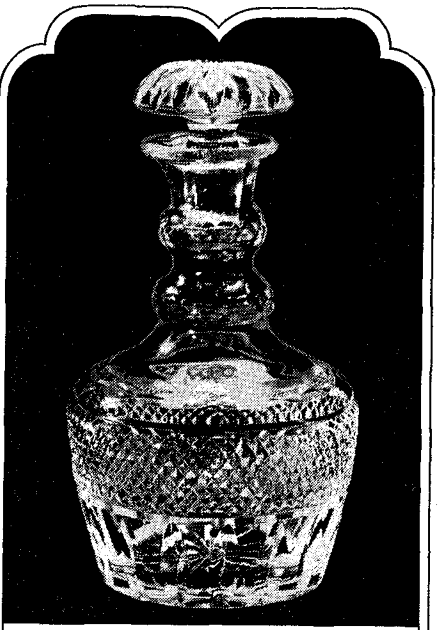
ly and talkative, and is liked by the press for those reasons. Explaining to me on that earlier occasion why he had gone to work for Reagan, he said, "It isn't a matter of philosophy. This isn't a philosophical country. We act on a mode of practicality. We think it is better to act than not. We proceed on the theory that competition makes truth, but it doesn't." He said that defeating Ford was not his "motivating purpose," and that the fact that Ford was the incumbent President was "just incidental" to what he was doing. As for Reagan, Sears said, "You have to have men who are predictable about what they would do in office, but in individual cases would make all the exceptions necessary." He continued, "It's an interesting sociological thing to see what people want in a President. They want someone who would do the pragmatic thing under all circumstances."

I asked Sears to describe to me the process of trying to get the support of the uncommitted delegates.

"There's a lot of misconception about how you go about all this," he replied. "There's an idea that you go out and back a guy against the wall and try to sell him on Reagan, or that you make some overexpansive promise and he's for Reagan. But the people who can be sold on Reagan already are. While there are people who are interested in what you might do when you're elected, who are interested in jobs for themselves—that has its base in the spoils system—when you're talking about one guy or a few guys or uncommitted delegates from a county, they are interested in how the ticket would do there or whether you're going to campaign in the area, how you see the fall. So before they're interested in jobs they're interested in whether you can get nominated and elected. They're more interested in what they're trying to do politically—electorally or through Party advancement—and we have an advantage in not being tied to the Party structure. We tell someone we'll campaign in that area or we'll help him become Party chairman, because we don't have to consult with the congressman and Party chairman in the area, because they're against us."

Sears went on, "People talk about all these uncommitteds. There are no more than sixty or seventy truly uncommitted people—a lot of people who say they are uncommitted are just having fun. Anyway, the uncommitteds aren't the sum total of your flexibility. Some delegates indicate they are for Ford who may not be."



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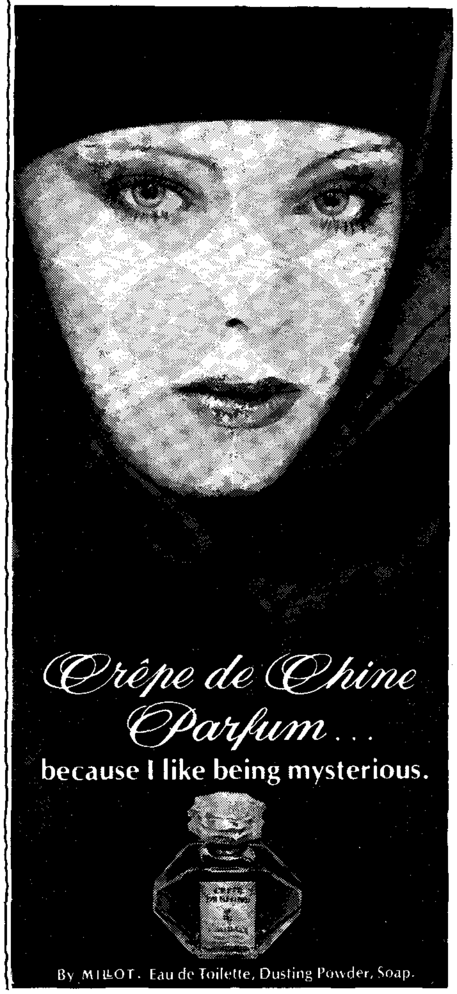

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Tomorrow, Sears is going to Pennsylvania, and then he'll spend a day in New York. Almost all the delegates in those two states are technically uncommitted. A hundred and nineteen of New York's delegates out of a hundred and fifty-four have been "delivered" to Ford by Richard Rosenbaum, the Party's state chairman and Nelson Rockefeller's close ally. But Sears isn't settling. He plans to "talk to people who have to vote for Ford but can help Reagan," he said, explaining, "They have influence with other delegates, who can go either way." He said he has a good friend in Pennsylvania who has to vote for Ford but is not enthralled by him and can help Sears with people who are still undecided. He said he also has a good friend in Indiana who has helped. "If someone knows you well, he feels a certain predictability about how things would be handled," Sears said. "Your word is very important—the most important thing in politics. Politics is seen as a seamy business, yet your credibility is the highest virtue you could have."

Sears continued, "Politics works in a pragmatic fashion. But people work in givens: that you will never get support for Ronald Reagan in New York. That might be true if you went to New York and said 'Vote for Ronald Reagan but we don't expect to do well.' You don't have to do that. You go up there and say that if they're really interested in the Party ticket, one thing they have to grasp is that Jimmy Carter has a flaw in his ability to attract Catholic ethnic voters. They are not Republicans, but they are uncertain about Baptists from the South and candidates who are always talking about religion, which is a private matter. So you say, 'Who can do better—Gerald Ford or Ronald Reagan?' You show that in California Reagan did very well in attracting middle-to-low-income blue-collar workers. Usually, if the Republican candidate moves to the left he does well in a large state, attracts minority groups—Milliken in Michigan, Percy in Illinois, Taft in Ohio. Reagan did it with Italians in the San Francisco area. This is what you look at in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut. Also, Reagan has more flexibility getting votes than Gerald Ford does. Gerald Ford doesn't have a constituency and doesn't have the flexibility to create one. After the Convention, he could move, and change his stand on, say, race matters, and people would yell 'Politician.' Reagan doesn't have that problem. Reagan was able to be a more

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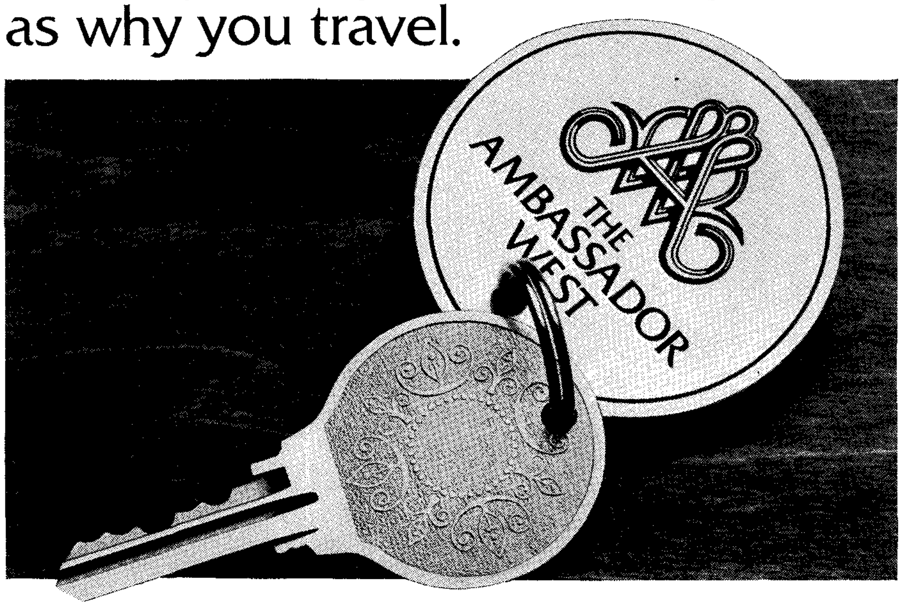

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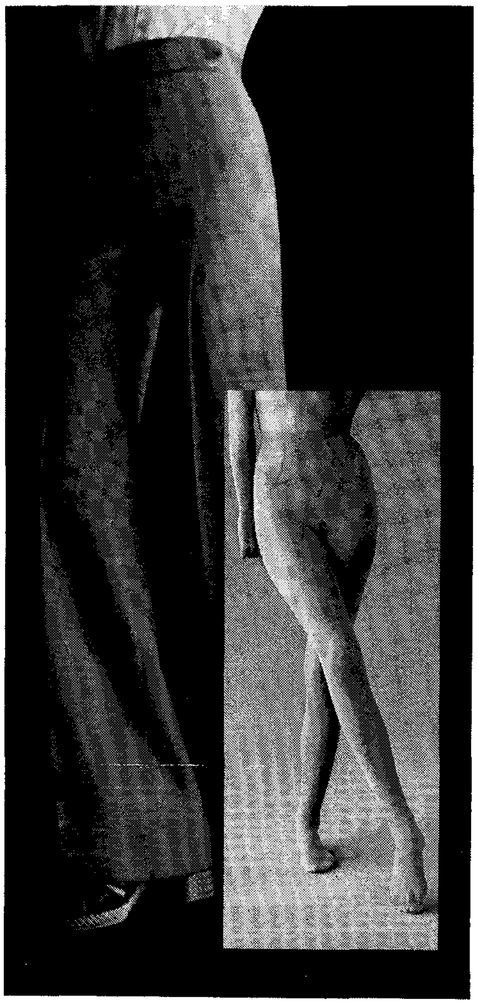

moderate governor than his rhetoric suggested. People feel they know what Reagan would do if he were President, and, most important, they feel he would make those exceptions to what he says he would do in order to govern."

I asked Sears to explain, then, what the advantage was in having Reagan sound so conservative in the nominating campaign.

"Since we lost the New Hampshire primary, there was no option but to try to get the nomination in a way that was predictable," he replied. "There was no option but to stress the things that would win the later primaries." He was talking about such issues as defense, the Panama Canal. He continued, "After the primaries, there will be an effort to moderate the image. We'll start repositioning for the fall. And we'll continue to work on the delegates. We've set up a program to deal with the people who are uncommitted, but we'll spend more time on people who are assumed to be for Ford."

JULY 1

THURSDAY. Statuary Hall, the United States Capitol. Today, the President of the United States is to participate in Congress's celebration of the Bicentennial by opening the inner door of a safe, the outer doors of which were opened in January. The safe, which has been sitting around the Capitol since 1877, was the Centennial project of Mrs. Charles F. Deihm, a New York publisher, who gathered in it various items and left instructions that it should be opened on July 4, 1976, "by the Chief Magistrate of the United States." Since Congress will not be here on Sunday, the Fourth of July, the safe-opening ceremony is taking place today. Bleachers have been set up for the press, and there are television lights. Members of the White House staff are here, and members of Congress drift in slowly. The senators are taking time out from voting on the tax bill; the House is voting on the expense-account reforms. Later today, the President will meet with seven delegates from Pennsylvania, described as either uncommitted or "soft" in their support of Reagan, and seventeen delegates from Delaware. Later today, also, Congress will give its final approval to a bill authorizing new funds for military weapons, including a start on the B-1 bomber. Another fight will come on the bill to appropriate the money. Carl Albert, the Speaker of the House, who made a little speech in January, makes another little speech.

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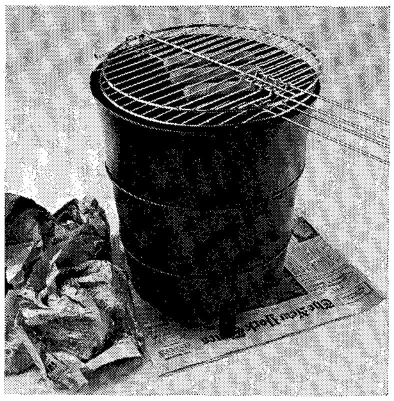

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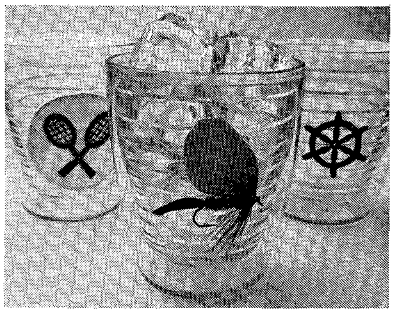

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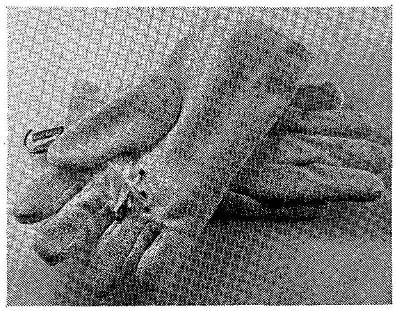

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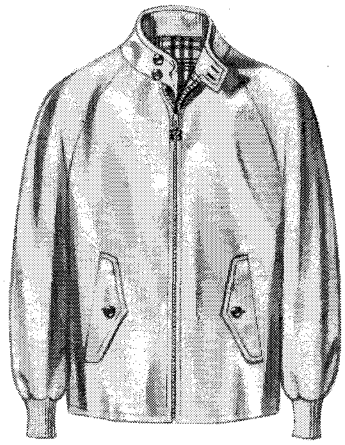

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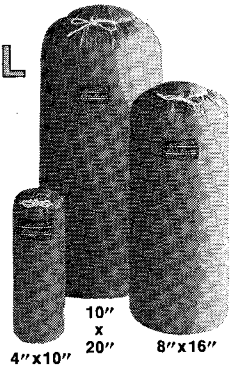

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Since January, Albert, as had been expected, has announced his retirement from Congress as of the end of this term. He had, his legend goes, grown up in a tiny town in Oklahoma dreaming of being Speaker of the House. He had hoped to be a great Speaker, but his leadership was uncertain and at the end his Congress was tinged with scandal. Today, Albert is wearing a greenish suit and a sad face. He tells the history of the safe, and of the room we are in, which used to be the House Chamber. "Here Henry Clay and James K. Polk presided as Speakers," says Albert. "Here Daniel Webster and later Abraham Lincoln served as obscure representatives." Linking the present to the past just might lend more dignity to the present. Mike Mansfield, the Senate Majority Leader, makes a little speech. He is retiring, too. The old order really is giving way on Capitol Hill. Mansfield tells how bad things were in 1876: crop prices were falling; the Reconstruction efforts "had come to nothing;" the Grant Administration was "shaken in its declining days by scandal and corruption," and "the Presidential contest of 1876, itself a model of corruption, was not finally decided until forty-eight hours prior to the 1877 inauguration ceremony;" there were pneumonia, malaria, typhoid. How will this year seem a hundred years from now? Mansfield mentions some of the notable inventions of that era: the telephone, the typewriter, the refrigerated freight car, and barbed wire. I shudder to think what will be seen as ours.

Then the President speaks, saying he is "deeply honored to have the opportunity" to open the safe. "As we look inside this safe," he says, "let us look inside ourself." He says, "On Sunday, we start a new century, a century of the individual." He pulls open the door of the big black-lacquered iron safe—it had been unlocked beforehand, so that the President would be sure not to have any trouble with it—and there is mild applause. Albert peeks around the President to see what is in the safe. Then, with the statues of Robert La Follette, Brigham Young, and Ka-

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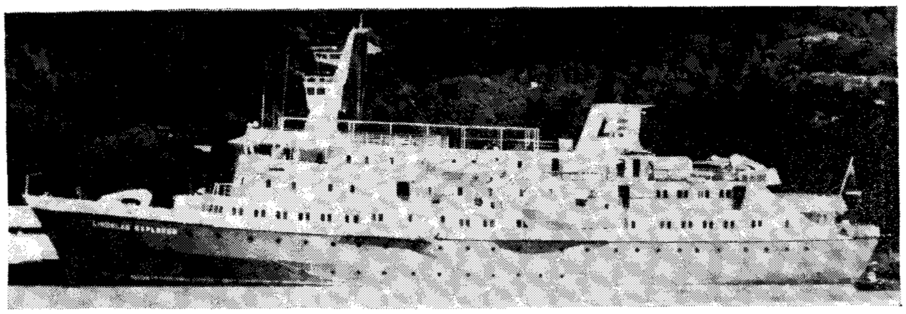

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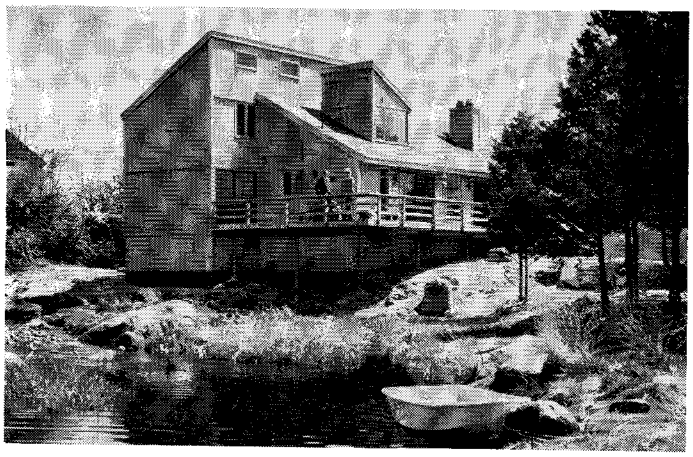

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mehameha I (the first king of the Hawaiian Islands) looking on, the President pulls out some of the items in the safe, announcing what they are. A Tiffany inkstand. "This is a photo of an early statesman; I don't see his name." He pulls out another photograph and reads an attached card; it is President U. S. Grant. Then the President is able to explain that the first photograph was of W. F. Cooper, an employee of the Electoral Commission, and the President has the humor to laugh. There is a picture of a woman. The President doesn't know who she is, but "she looks mighty pretty." This situation lacks majesty, but the President is an amiable man and goes along. He pulls out a large brown-bound volume that contains autographs of citizens in 1876. "Here's a scroll," says the President, and he holds up a scroll bearing the autographs of the members of Congress in 1876. He pulls out another book and a few more photographs, and he sits down.

JULY 3

THE Nuclear Regulatory Commission yesterday voted three to one to authorize the export of about nine tons of uranium fuel to India. It also delayed a larger shipment to India of such fuel pending a hearing on safeguards. In 1974, India became the sixth nation to develop a nuclear bomb. It was built out of nuclear equipment given to India for peaceful purposes.

JULY 4

THE feeling of the day sort of crept up on many of us, took us by surprise. There was a spirit to it that could not have been anticipated. For those of us who had been in despair about this Bicentennial Fourth of July, who feared the worst, the surprise was a very pleasing one. Because of what the salesmen and the politicians and the media have done to so many things, a lot of us have become so jaded that it is hard to believe that anything is real. But the politicians and the salesmen did not destroy the day—they became almost irrelevant. The celebrating seemed genuine. There was a kind of inventiveness about what people were doing. Wagon trains and bicycle trips and improvised local festivities. There was the harmless nonsense: a man pushing a watermelon from Statesboro, Georgia, to Philadelphia; a forty-nine-thousand-pound birthday cake. But it was a people's day. The Tall Ships—the great sailing ships from around the world—captured the national imagination, and

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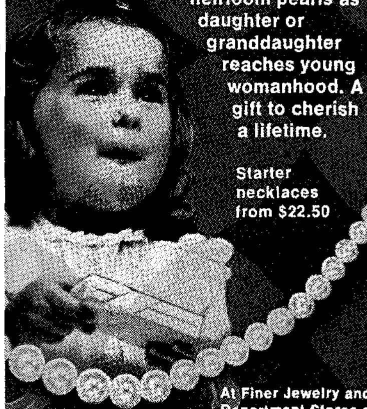

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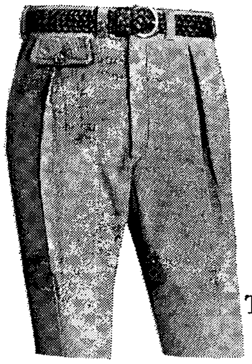

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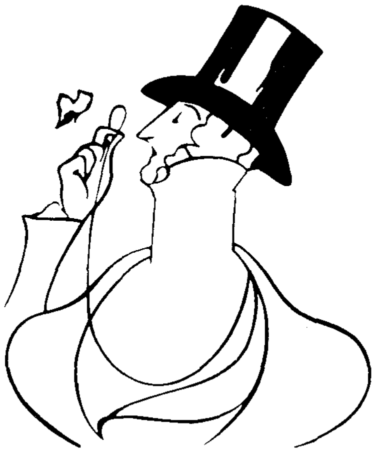

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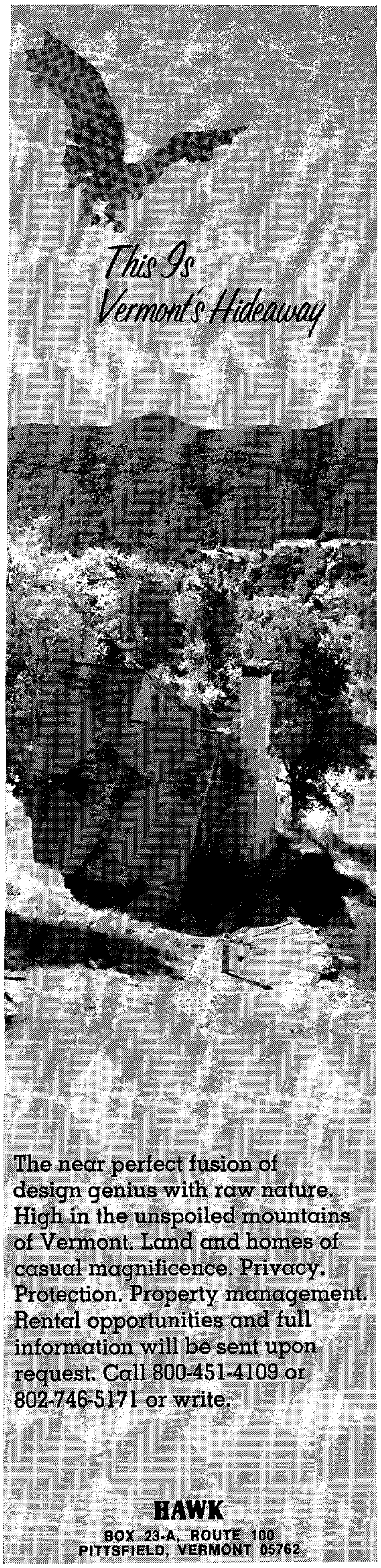

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they seemed to do so simply because they did, not because we were told that they should. As the weekend approached, people appeared to be in a good mood, not feeling the dread that many people feel as they approach enforced holidays. In Washington, we kept being told that there were not so many tourists here as had been expected, but it turned out that a great many were here. The streets were busy, and the museums and parks were filled with people. This Fourth of July, a celebration of our independence, a day of national self-congratulation, was real. We had made it. We had experienced some terrible things, but we had come through. No doubt our having experienced them deepened the celebratory feeling of the day. One friend of mine suggested that we may be closer to the framers of the Constitution now than at earlier times in our history, because the framers were confident but realistic, and we forgot their realism almost immediately and came to believe that we could do anything, be anything. The events of the past forty years stripped us of that unthinking optimism, and may have brought us back closer to the state of mind of Jefferson and Madison. Despite our troubles, my friend pointed out, we haven't, up to now, turned cynical. Something seems to have broken in the last couple of days. That the country seems to be in a good mood is a big thing, may even be a historic turning. The deep Spenglerian gloom of the last few years appears to have lifted. Vietnam *is* behind us. We *did* survive Watergate.

No doubt the good feeling one observes today, even the patriotic feeling, comes out of confidence in our country, as distinguished from confidence in our government. There is a sense that we'll go on, that Congress and the President do not define everything. Some of us had emotional reactions today that we did not anticipate; the national event became a personal one, which all the hoopla could not stifle. Some of us felt things that orators for years had been instructing us to feel, but then the feelings came upon us when we least expected them.

This has been a nice summer weekend, when people have more or less relaxed and gone out and done what they wanted to do. The Fourth is a peculiarly American sort of holiday anyway—a secular, uncomplicated day, observed with hamburgers and hot dogs and Cokes and beer. Yesterday, in Washington, there was a parade along Constitution Avenue. High-

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school bands from around the country played, and people in their various ethnic costumes danced. Other nations parade their weapons on their anniversaries, but we did not. On Friday night, the President participated in a ceremony in which the nation's official copies of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights were put on continuous display at the National Archives for seventy-six hours. Yesterday and today, people were lined up to see them. Today, the Declaration was read on the steps of the Archives by an actor in costume, and when he came to various familiar lines the assembled crowd cheered. NBC and CBS are spending all day covering events of this Fourth, and are pleasantly showing us what is going on around the country. We saw the President at Valley Forge and later at Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, where he gave one of his better speeches. The coverage of his Bicentennial itinerary undoubtedly did not hurt his political situation, but that seemed all right, because Jerry Ford is a benign figure, who neither dwarfed nor visibly exploited the events. At two o'clock this afternoon, the President, on the flight deck of the U.S.S. Forrestal, rang a bell thirteen times, and bells rang out all over the country. The television showed the bells ringing at the National Cathedral, near where I live, and I could go out in my back yard and hear them.

This evening, some friends and their children and I went down to a Washington hotel to watch the fireworks. Hundreds of thousands of people were expected to watch the display from the Mall, and my friends drew the line when I suggested we go there. All around Washington, people were watching: from the Mall, from hotel rooms, from rooftops, from cars caught in the colossal traffic jam that clogged the area. We drank beer and ate hamburgers and chocolate cake until it grew dark. The children understood that this was a special evening. On television, Arthur Fiedler, in a white shirt, conducting an outdoor concert by the Charles River, led the Boston Pops in an all-out, let-'er-rip version of "The Stars and Stripes Forever," and people in his audience danced spontaneously and jubilantly. And then we stood outside on the balcony in the soft night air and watched as the fireworks exploded in great bursts of red, white, and blue around the Washington Monument. —ELIZABETH DREW

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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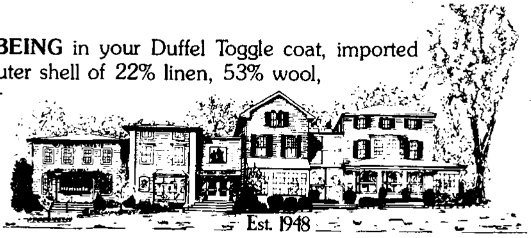

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

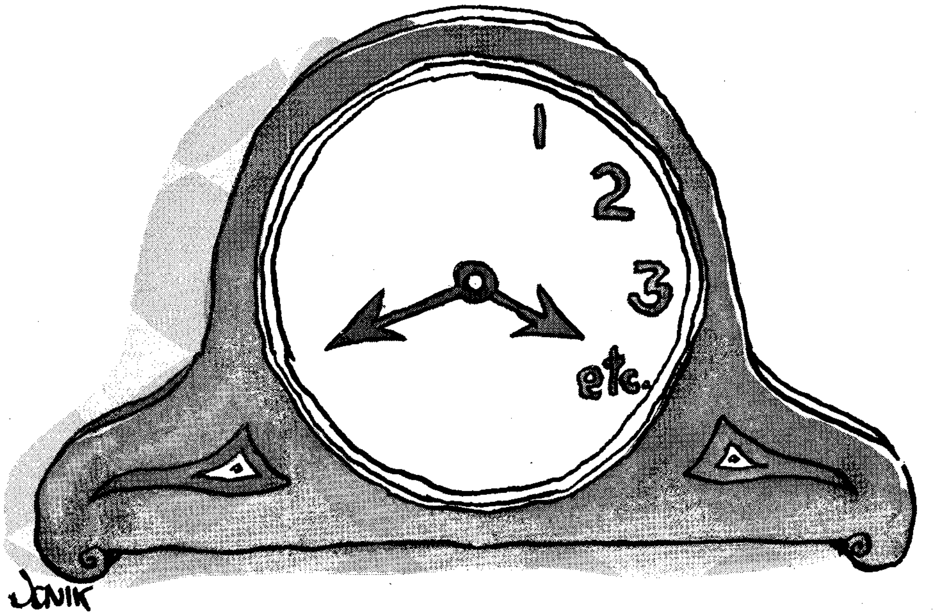
Edvard Munch

THE faces in Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour "Edvard Munch" look like shop fronts boarded up in readiness for a riot. They watch us, closed and impassive, throwing down a challenge by means of their very fear. The fear remains remote and unowned, just as the great Norwegian painter referred to himself in his journals in the third person, and just as the doctor's wife whom he so adored was always veiled in the journals behind the pseudonym of Mrs. Heiberg. In many of Munch's family portraits, the heads are turned to the side, avoiding contact. He often painted faces emptied of features, naked bodies stripped of organs, with fingerless hands that look like clubs.

In the second half of the nineteenth century, the Christiania (now Oslo) where Munch grew up was pietistic and puritanical. His early life—he was born in 1863—was marked by chastisement, hiding of sensuality, and understandable phobias about disease. His sister Sophie and his mother both died of tuberculosis. The film includes a sequence showing him painting a study of his dead sister, working and reworking the head with the handle of the brush, as though she could be recovered through the canvas by fierce execution. There is something self-punitive in nearly all the work that Watkins shows us. But there is also something in it that has touchingly to do with self-trial, which was perhaps the only way Munch could deal with his stalemated pining for intimacy. Watkins' technique is the expression of this recourse: characters typically stare at us, testing themselves, hiding behind defiance, while the voice-over narration describes them. They look as though they could hear, and resented not being able to join in.

The English narration is written and spoken by Peter Watkins, with many quotations from Munch's journals and from the writings of his contemporaries, including some from primary sources that Watkins found in the six years he worked on the film. Using Norwegian non-actors and shooting in Norway—sometimes with subtitles, sometimes with voice-over narration that has a sidelong stance to what we see—he has evolved a technical method that wraps one in the present tense. He did the same thing in his famous BBC film about the Battle of Culloden, which seemed as much of the moment as something transmitted by satellite. When the characters in "Edvard Munch" speak, they often stammeringly address the camera, as though they were being interviewed about an immediate event. The blocked wish to belong—to others, to the present—is the theme of the film, and the motor of Munch's work. The characters, like figures in his paintings, seem strangers to their surroundings. They must have come to the wrong planet.

In 1884, we are told at the start of the film, Christiania had no ballet, no art academy. Child labor was still being used while Edvard was growing up. We see the Munch family at grace in their dining room. Harshness and repression ruled in the household, as they did nearly everywhere else in the city. Naturally, the opposite was also springing up, in a bohemia of cafés; by the time Munch was twenty-one, he was enrolled. In the film, he is played by Geir Westby. We witness much drinking in the café scenes, much shouting about freedom, equality, the greater liberties that exist in the rest of Europe. The loudest shouter is Hans Jaeger (Kars Stormark), a Freedom for Eros propagandist who looks pinched, as sexual saviors often do; there are grim scenes between prostitutes and the police.



Next year, in 1885, the narrator tells us, Volume II of "Das Kapital" was published. It is a device of the film to describe Munch's life laterally, setting a particular time in his life alongside the invention of the machine gun, the suppression of an unemployment demonstration in Italy, the birth of Hitler. The weakness of the device—though it is a forceful idea—is that we are not told whether Munch ever knew about any of these things. Sometimes one would like more information from the film, full though it already is. For instance, when he went to Paris for the first time—in 1885—did he meet the Impressionists? Paris then must have been overwhelming for him. When he goes again to Paris, in 1889, we see him looking at Rodin's work. By that time, he had already had a one-man exhibition in Norway, which is reconstructed in the film and establishes him as having been one of the earliest Expressionists. It was received, of course, with fury.

Munch worked prolifically, setting himself hard tasks. He wanted to paint demons, panic, loneliness, the inner utterances that he desperately felt to be beyond even an intimate's hearing. About depicting any face, he told himself that "the lips must look as if they had whispered something." As the film goes on, one is moved by the bravery of this man rather as by Freud's. He gazed inward, looking at fears that he knew were in danger of sending him mad—hoping, perhaps, to stare them out, as the characters so often seem to be doing in the film. He had, for a painter, an unusual love of literature. The film implies that people such as Baudelaire, Ibsen, and Strindberg may well have influenced him as much as any visual artists. His "The Kiss" was described by Strindberg as "the fusion of two beings." Like Strindberg, Munch was obsessed by the idea that one of these two beings was consuming the other. Having much in common with Strindberg, he tended to see the consuming one as the woman. He was also like Strindberg in seeing strength as seizable fuel in encounter. During a sequence between Munch and Strindberg, there is a remark about English doctors' having proved that if two children are together the stronger will draw strength from the weaker. The superstition has everything to do with Munch's yearning fear of intimacy. Sardonically reworked, it is also the theme of Strindberg's short play "The Stronger." Watkins shows us that Munch—perhaps to lay this phobia to rest—travelled obsessively and worked himself into the ground. His quest for love was manic and theoretical. He seems to have been an unpredictable friend, and he never married. In the scenes set in the late eighteen-nineties, when he was learning to make etchings, color lithographs, and woodcuts, one sees him attacking the physical mediums for his figures as if he were trying to get at some bedrock, given the safety of knowing that the people are his own creations.

The film leads up to Munch's breakdown, in 1908. The intense hypochondriac was a paradoxically well man who was to live until 1944, but Watkins' decision to drop the description of his life and work here seems sound. Though there are a few vagaries in the narration and the subtitling (Munch's dying younger brother is said to have asked for someone to read him Jesus' "Speech from the Summit;" a subtitle in a passage about influences on Munch's painting charmingly refers to a lot of famous masters as "blinks in a chain"), the important thing is that the film manages to evoke a great innovator at work. It has seldom been done. Watkins obviously feels kinship with Munch. Helped by papers from the Munch Museum, he somehow even tracked down the identity of the heavily cloaked Mrs. Heiberg (played by a long-faced, noble beauty named Gro Fraas, whose eyes have lids much like the ones of the figures in Munch's paintings); but, he says, "the Norwegians have very strong ideas about privacy," so the film doesn't reveal the knowledge. With a total absence of the philistinism in most moviemakers which causes them to like filmed geniuses to be full-scale mad, Watkins shows us that—though Munch was in fact destined to go more than a little mad—he was also a sober businessman. He had the attributes of financial horse sense which often shock people in Shakespeare, who possessed a hard bourgeois head about real estate and about the family's having a coat of arms. Munch's work, partly because of that practicality in him, strikes us always as being concrete and distinct, without Germanic myth-mindedness. The film reflects his qualities, including the rather unexpected intellectual decorum that gives such purity and sad-

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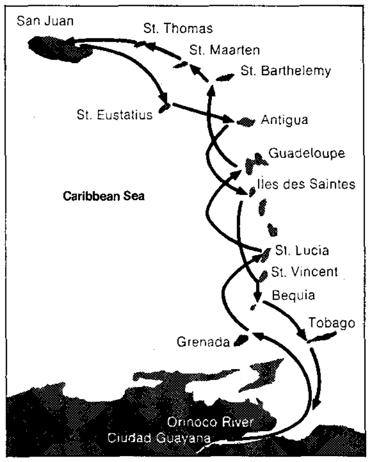

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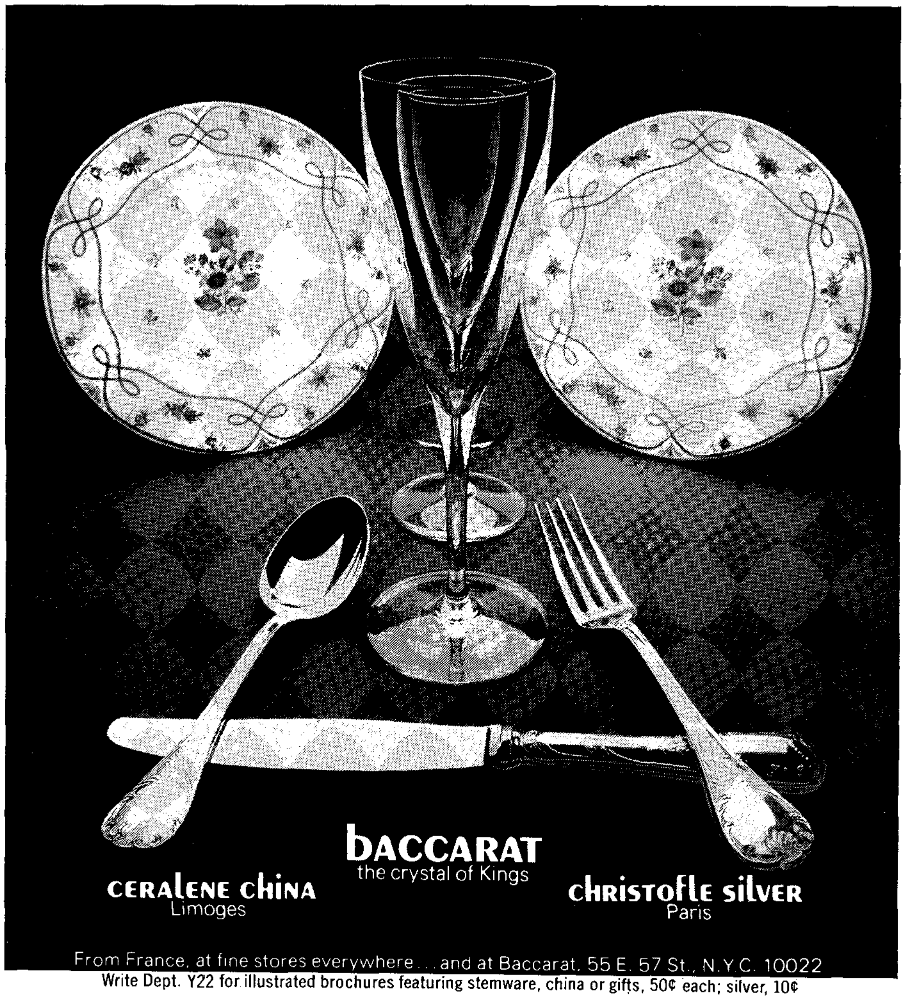

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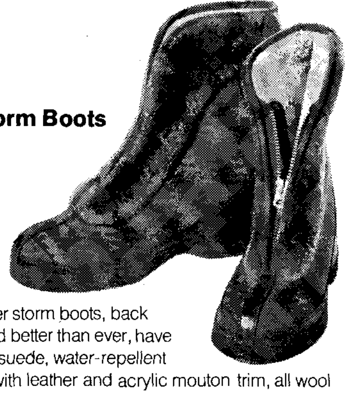

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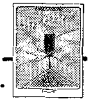

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ness to his paintings; the film's theme of the perception of distress is not insisted on, and so becomes more haunting. Toward the end, there is a series of beautiful closeups of characters' eyes meeting and sliding away again. People should be heeded, says the film, as Munch heeds them in his painting. In the last two lines, Munch says in fear to Mrs. Heiberg, "Did you notice me much before?" "Yes," she says. "I often looked at you."

THE Festival of Women's Films includes some fine things. Jeanne Moreau's "Lumière"—written by her, directed by her, starring her—is an achievement of the greatest composure and seriousness. It already has a distributor for a commercial run in America, so review should wait on that.

One of the most interesting of the other Festival films is "Aloïse," directed by Liliane de Kermadec and written by her in collaboration with André Techiné. Delphine Seyrig plays the Swiss-born governess to the children of a thunderous German chaplain. We are in the land of Kaiser Wilhelm, very near the beginning of the First World War. The chaplain's messianic bombast holds the governess in thrall. She mistakes it for eloquence. When they meet, she wrongly thinks that he is treating her as an equal. She asks questions of him, is *douce* with the children in their sailor suits. There is a key moment of condescension to her in his library, after he has been bawling a sermon in church about scholarship's descending always through men ("from father to son—it's the way of mankind"). She starts to take down a book from his shelves, but he balks her and asks contemptuously what she teaches the children. She can only answer, "What I've been taught"—what she was taught by all the other women who were stopped from taking books off shelves. She is in love with him, but she can't say so. She makes herself dowdy and tongue-tied, because that seems to be written into the governesses' pact. When she wants urgently to say something to him, she knows somehow that she had better do it in French, so that he won't understand. She shuts out all comprehension that her hero is her enemy. With the nearing of war, he angrily packs her off on a refugee train to Switzerland, but she still can't take in his nature. Home is no longer home. She throws her furniture out of the window, and starts talking desperately in the street to any passerby. Her mind slowly splits with the sorrow of finding that she has been so deluded by

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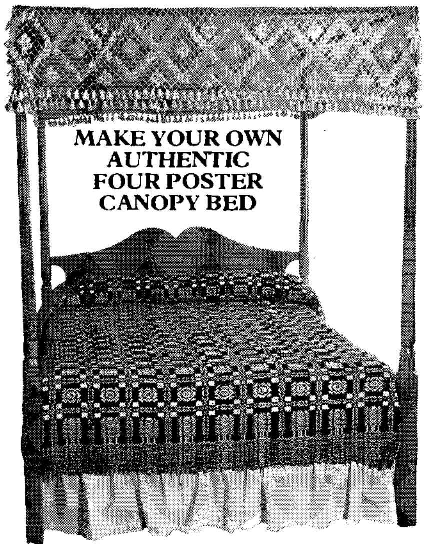

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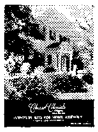

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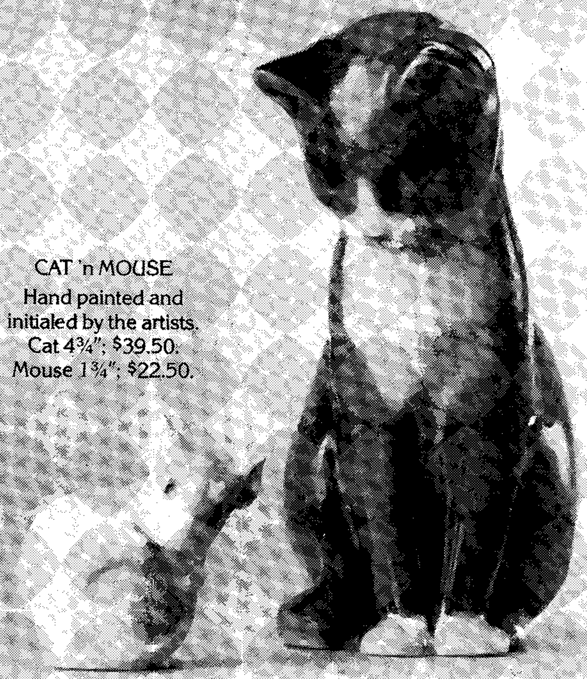
the family she had thought herself a part of.

"FEMMES AU SOLEIL," directed, produced, and written by Liliane Dreyfus, was photographed by Nestor Almendros, with Eric Rohmer as the technical consultant. We are in the South of France, in a world of stupefying summer. Teeming children; a grownup houseparty at a country villa with a swimming pool; Madame, a beauty alone, woken with breakfast by a young maid who is cross at having been called in by the cook from her hours of getting brown in a topless bathing suit; a long, secretly slightly boring day by the swimming pool. Suntan oil. Perfect limbs. Changing of positions in the sun. Heat-induced daydreams: the silent lives of the three women in bikinis around the pool. The hostess, apparently in command, is stricken by longing for a Lolita guest's casually absent brother. The Lolita character—who is Nabokov's heroine only a few years later, to be made grownup at a stroke when the chill of evening falls—is content for the moment to try teasing her lover out of reading a science-fiction book, or to tumble him into the swimming pool. A pretty young woman, dulled by sun, toys with the part of perfect wife and mother, and then seduces the gardener. The structure of this very poised film is to surround us, in the first half, with an endless repetition of apparently enviable images—sun, shapely bodies, children and maids bringing a lunch carried on their heads in baskets, the elaboration of entertaining and ease—and then, as dusk falls, to show us the women talking to each other much more soberly; and then, when it is dark, to bite with the news of an offscreen but crucial character's death in a car accident. The day of torpor has changed course into tragedy. As the film communicates it, the tragedy lies not so much in the event as in the insufficiency of what the sunbathers notice about the injury that the news causes among them. One of them suffers more than the rest, but only one of the rest sees it.

"DAGUERREOTYPES," by Agnès Varda, is a beautiful and witty essay about the people who work in the small shops on her own Rue Daguerre. The film has the peculiar arrested energy of Victorian photographs. Butchers, clockmakers, tailors, chemists, bakers, hairdressers, a magician; toothless old women shopkeepers, some nearly senile but still thinking to keep the business on its toes, in



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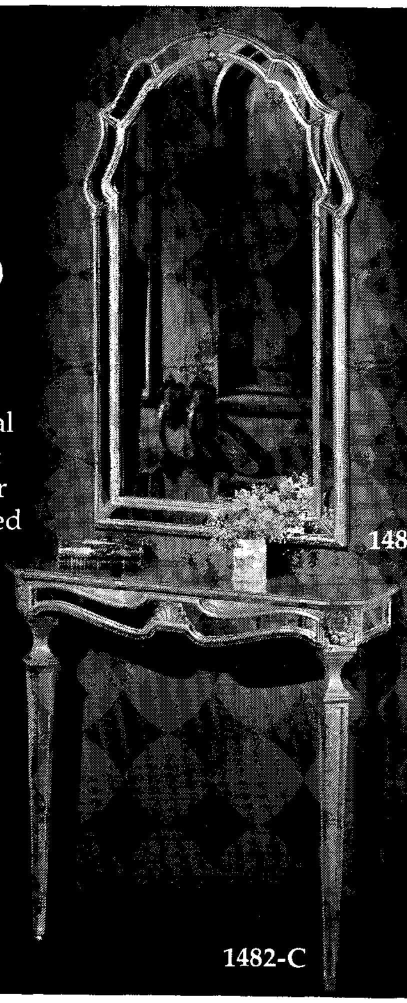

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partnership with white-haired men who have remained in love with them for fifty years; customers buying meat in that most French and knowledgeable way, watching every slice of the knife and every knot of lard; an old woman seeking a special kind of canned milk for hours, boring no one else in the shop. Varda interviews the shopkeeping couples straight to camera, with her own voice eliminated. She asks them about where they came from: all from the provinces. About where they met: often at dance halls long ago, still shy, still courting. About what dreams they have: "We don't do any farfetched dreaming," one of them says. They dream about work. The baker dreams about dough not rising. The aging chemist, whom we have seen decanting jasmine water carefully into whichever pretty antique bottle the customer chooses, watches his wife. She seems more remote than before. As if pulled by a rope, she has moved to the shop door and stands there looking at the street. In the old days, he has told us, she used to sell costume jewelry. "She had good taste in jewelry," he says. Watching his wife's back as she hovers at the door, he explains without anxiety that in the evening "an inner force pushes her to go out—not to go out, but to *want* to go out." She makes a voyage without stirring. In the bright-hued world of this film, the street seems to smell of the country, and all ventures are possible. Outside the shop, a young girl has been having a driving lesson from the street's driving instructor, a red-faced young man who brings hope to people who crash the brakes.

Mme. Varda has made in "Daguerreotypes" a work of fiction. It is not *cinéma vérité*. It is a creative work, because of her wish to turn it into a shelter for a particular sort of spirit that she wants to be enduring, and this is the force behind any fictional artist. Given the present spread and volume of suffering, one might suppose that the voice of the individual imagination could amount to no more than the sound of a rowboat on a polluted lake. But that voice does have a life in perpetuity, outlasting interregnums of poor government and war. It is what will stay audible to the future.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

EDITOR'S NOTE: Penelope Gilliatt and Pauline Kael alternate as *The New Yorker's* film critic, in periods of six months each. With this column, Miss Gilliatt concludes her current six-month period. Miss Kael will appear next week.

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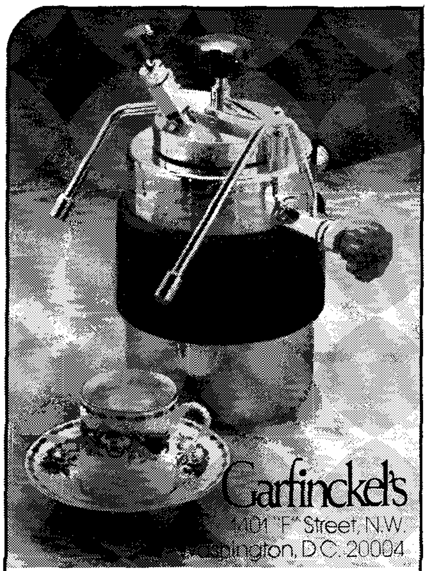

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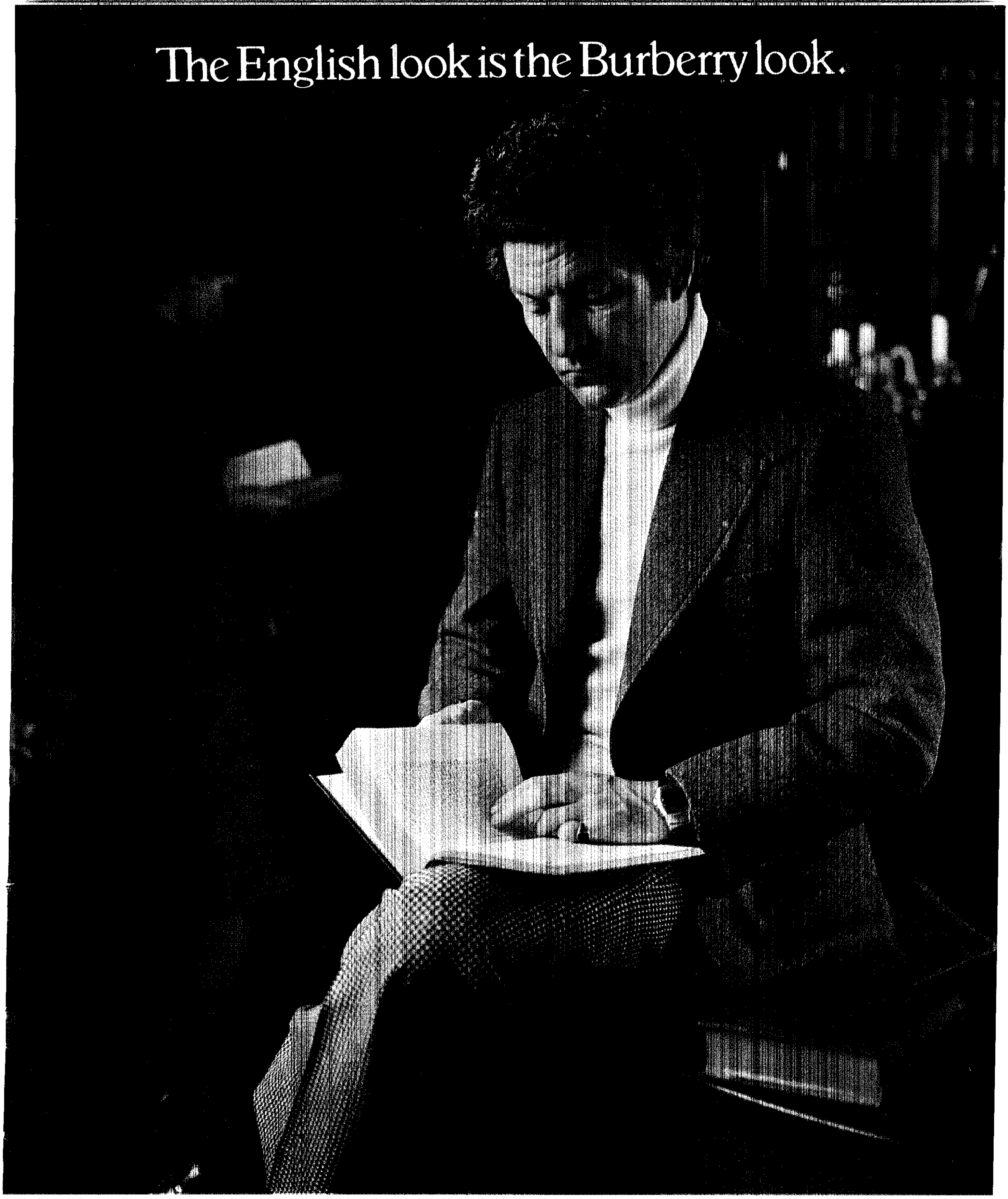
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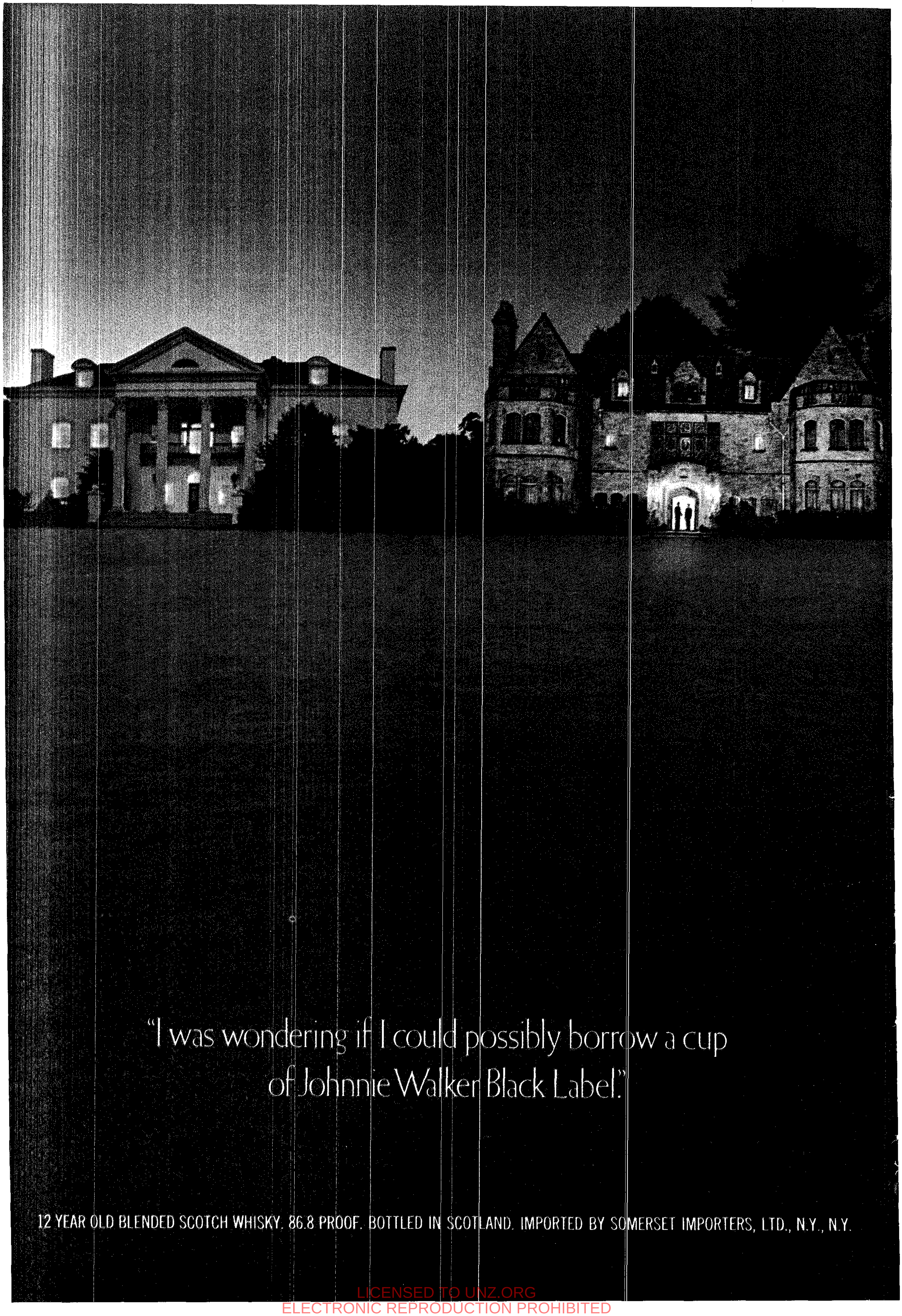
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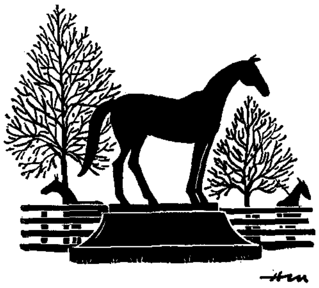
THE RACE TRACK

The Futurity

GERALD ROBINS, a Florida realtor, brought off the gamble of the week—perhaps of the year—on September 9th, when he bought a half interest in For the Moment. Two days later, at Belmont Park, the full brother of Honest Pleasure won the Futurity Stakes, which in my book is still the blue-ribbon race for two-year-olds. After the race, Mr. Robins said that he'd always had an eye on the colt, and that he'd called Waldemar Farms and offered a million for him. The answer was no, but Tim Sams, the owner of Waldemar, told Robins that he could have a half interest for a half million, and the deal was agreed upon. On Saturday, For the Moment returned to Mr. Robins about $33,000—half of the winner's purse in the Futurity.



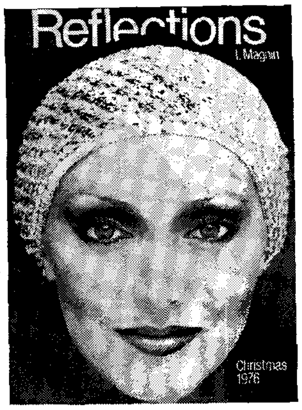
The Futurity also provided another proof of the gay gamble involved in breeding race horses: of the 1,103 yearlings nominated in September of 1974 for this year's race, only ten runners went to the post. For the Moment is a medium-sized chestnut colt by What a Pleasure out of Tularia, and he reminds horsemen of Honest Pleasure and Foolish Pleasure in conformation (though both of them are bays). He made his first start last June at Belmont and finished second. A fortnight later, he won at Aqueduct, and he won again at Saratoga during the last week of that meeting. Although his workouts for the Futurity were nothing to excite the clockers, he was second choice in the betting. In the race, Maple, who rode him, kept him off the early pace but moved into the lead on the turn for home, passing Banquet Table, the favorite, in the drive through the stretch to win by a length and a half. Western Wind, a 70–1 shot, was third. The time for the seven furlongs was 1:23⅕.

THE week before, on the first Saturday of the Belmont fall meeting, William Haggin Perry's Revidere, who had been resting since she won the Monmouth Oaks early in July, had a good gallop in the Gazelle Handicap, at nine furlongs. Closest to the early pace of Pacific Princess, to whom she gave twelve pounds, and who led to the turn of the stretch, she went on to win by a length and a half. She's now unbeaten in seven starts. Ancient Fables was third, nine lengths behind Pacific Princess. The time was 1:47⅘.

Two days later, on Labor Day, ten three-year-olds went to the post for the hundred-and-seventh running of the Jerome Handicap, at a mile. (The race is named for Leonard Jerome, who, among other things, built a race track in the Bronx and was the maternal grandfather of Sir Winston Churchill.) The Christiana Stable's Dance Spell, who chased Honest Pleasure and Romeo home in the Travers Stakes at Saratoga a few weeks ago, won the century-old event by nearly four lengths from Soy Numero Uno, who nosed out Clean Bill for second money. The Mill House Stable's Sensational, whose farm has been hardly that so far this season, was good enough to win the Astarita Stakes for two-year-old fillies earlier in the afternoon. A crowd of nearly fifty thousand came out for the holiday and bet $5,193,632 on the nine races.

OGDEN MILLS PHIPPS' Intrepid Hero, back on his favorite kind of footing, won the twenty-fourth running of the United Nations Handicap over the turf course at Atlantic City on Labor Day. Sharing top weight with Erwin Boy, Intrepid Hero was in the thick of the contention from the start, first disposing of Glowing Tribute, Summertime Promise, and Erwin Boy, then withstanding the challenge of Improviser, to whom he gave nine pounds. Break up the Game was third.

Incidentally, early last May, Intrepid Hero hurt his right hind hoof so badly that John Russell, his trainer, feared he would have to send the rangy bay colt to the farm till he grew another. But then, realizing that trotting horses have a lot more foot trouble than thoroughbreds do, Russell and Phipps got in touch with Dr. Bernard Brennan, the top vet at Roosevelt Raceway, and asked him to recommend someone. Brennan suggested another vet, named Judd Butler, who has had remarkable success in patching up the hooves of trotters. On June 2nd, Dr. Butler came to Belmont, worked on Intrepid Hero's hoof for



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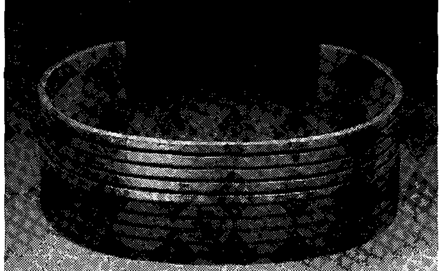

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three and a half hours, and told Russell that he could put the colt back in training. Since then, Intrepid Hero has run six times and won four.

OPTIMISTIC GAL skipped the Gazelle and a meeting with Revidere, who had beaten her in the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont, for a trip down to the Delaware Handicap, the jackpot of the Delaware Park meeting. It was a smart move for her stable. Maple, who rode her, eased her back of the pace till it was time to make a move, and she won by a length from T.V. Vixen. Optimistic Gal's share of the purse was $65,040. The meeting closed the next day with the tenth running of the William du Pont, Jr., Handicap, in which American History won by a neck from Wardlaw, with Delay and half a dozen others bringing up the rear.

TWO horses having the same trainer but different owners are no longer coupled in the betting in races on the New York tracks. Now you get a separate price against each, as is customary in California and abroad. The State Racing and Wagering Board announced the ruling last week, and it went into effect immediately. It is too soon to say how it will affect the mutuel handle, how horseplayers will feel about it, and whether other states will take it up.

—AUDAX MINOR

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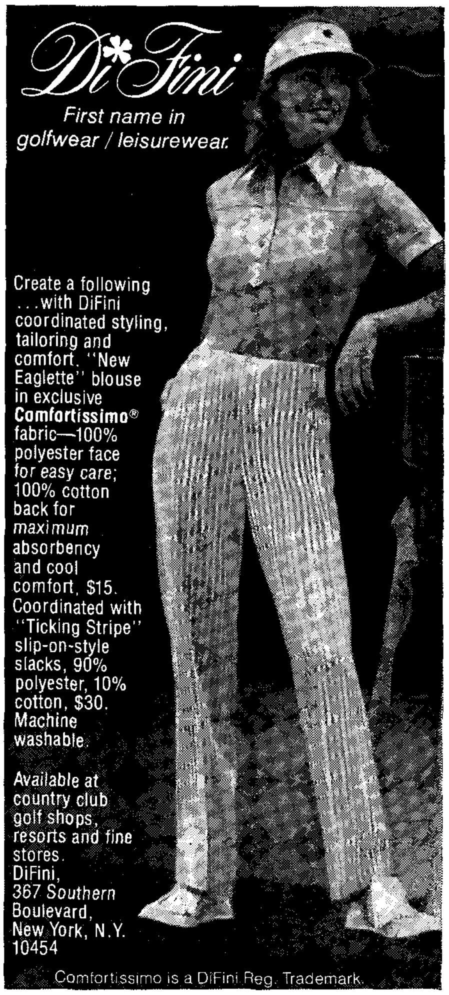
Panton's Bicentennial Presentation of Flag ceremony was held at 11:30 with Mrs. Shirley Clark, giving a brief review of Panton's History and Boundaries. On display was Panton's Charter. Representatives Wm. Allen and Marion Spencer were present, with Allen presenting flags, which had flown over the Nation's Capitol to Panton with Allen Clark, receiving them and being raised on our new flag pole . . .

A bountiful dinner was served by the ladies of the Baptist church.—*Vergennes (Vt.) Enterprise & Vermonter.*

Was he up there all through dinner?



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A NATURAL MIRACLE

THE rough plank table was laid with a white linen cloth with an embroidered monogram, and we sat around it in the dappled shade of a big, yellowed, shedding maple tree. It was almost cool in the moments of sudden shadow, and warm in the shafts of late-summer sun. There were three of us—Alexander Hargrave and Louisa Hargrave and I—and the Hargraves' baby daughter, Anne, pounding on the tray of her high chair. A little black kitten came bounding around the side of the house and across the lawn, leaping and reaching for a wandering butterfly. We watched it come and go, and waved away the hovering yellow sweat bees, and finished our soup. Mrs. Hargrave—dark and tanned and slim in jeans and a thin plaid shirt—gathered up our plates and carried them into the house. She came back with the rest of our lunch—a quiche and a bowl of shiny local Macoun apples. We helped ourselves to the quiche, and Hargrave poured the wine. There were six bottles on the table, all red wine, and all of them open and breathing. Two of the wines were brightly labelled California wines. The others stood anonymous in plain green bottles. They were New York wines—wines that the Hargraves had produced themselves in their forty-four-acre vineyard here on an old potato farm near the village of Cutchogue, on the North Fork of eastern Long Island. The California wines were for comparison. The Hargrave wines were to drink.

Hargrave had filled our glasses from one of his four plain bottles. I picked up my glass and held it into the glancing sunlight. The wine looked dark and heavy, but it had a rosy inner glow. I took a good sip. It was a little hard but not at all unpleasant. I took a bite of quiche. The pie was hot and creamy, with a fragile, flaking crust. I took another sip of wine. I thought it tasted better than the first.

"What are we drinking?" I asked.

Hargrave smiled. "Louisa?"

"Cabernet," she said. "Uh—'74?"

"Right," Hargrave said. He looked across at me. "I thought we'd start at the beginning. This is our 1974 Cabernet Sauvignon—our first wine. And I think it's amazing for its age. Look at that color! It's almost ink-purple already." He took a lingering swallow. "I'd say the tannin is no more than moderate. And the acidity level is pleasing, very pleasing—like a good McIntosh. There's even a taste of fresh fruit in it. It's been breathing, of course, which helps. An hour or two of breathing will improve any young red wine that's honestly made to begin with. But give this wine another year. The color will deepen, the bouquet will develop, everything will become softer—more delicious."

"We used to just drink wine," Mrs. Hargrave said. "But it's so much more interesting now that we're growing our own. There's so much more to understand and look forward to."

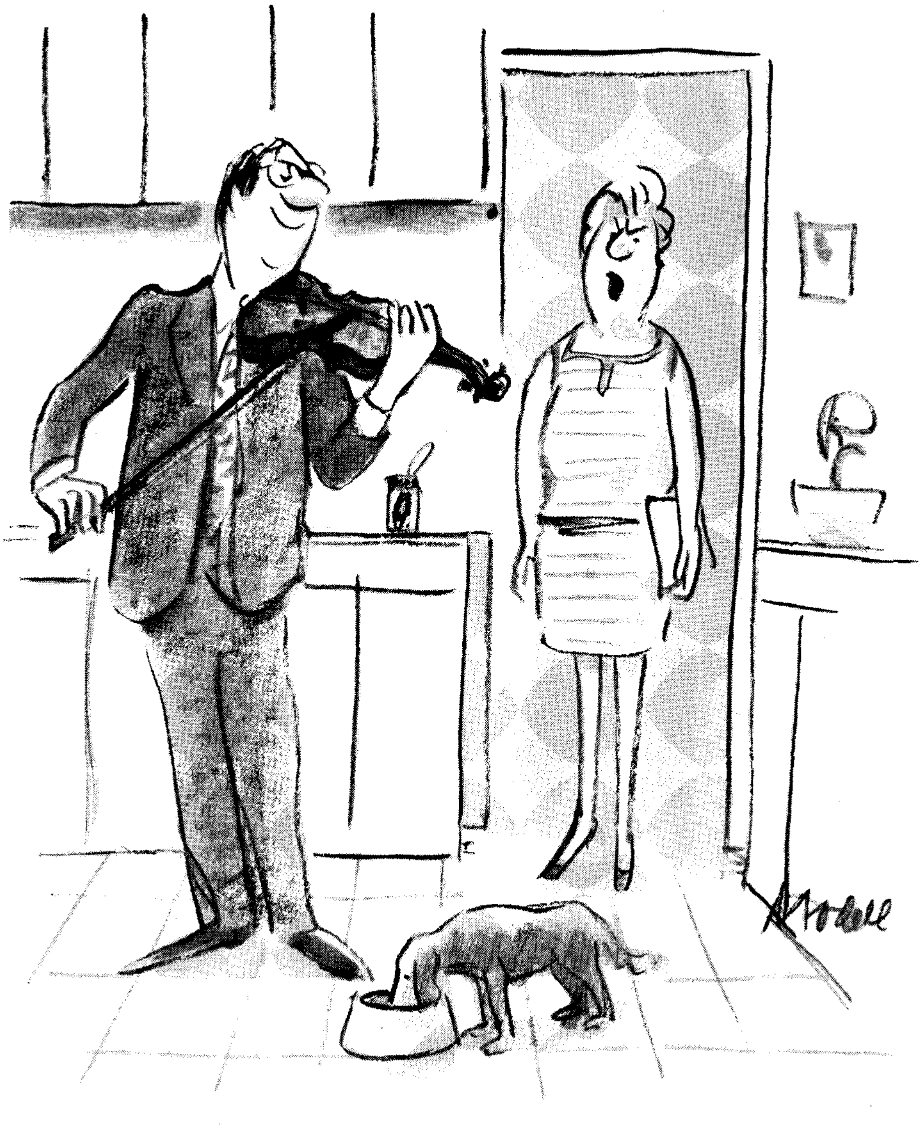
Hargrave ate and drank and nodded. "Yes," he said. "But the really amazing thing is that it comes from such young grapes. Our vines are three years old. We didn't buy this place and plant our first vines until the spring of 1973. The exciting thing is, what will we have three years from now? When our vines reach their first maturity."

Mrs. Hargrave swirled the wine in her glass. She watched the rich red ribbons leap to the lip, and then trail slowly down again. "The really amazing thing to me," she said, "is simply what we're doing. There's a mythic quality about growing wine. The vineyard is unique in agriculture. I mean, the grape is the only fruit of nature that has the power of transfiguration. It's as if wheat could turn itself into bread. Wine is mystery—ancient mystery. And I feel that Alex and I are part of it. We're attending a natural miracle—a miracle that goes back in time to the beginning."

"That's right," Hargrave said. "That's absolutely true. It gives me a great satisfaction to have that link with the past. The way we're doing things here is really very little different from the way they were done in ancient times. Vergil advises you to cultivate your rows the width of a horse's hindquarters. I cultivate mine the width of a tractor. But I don't call that much of a difference."

"Vergil!" I said.

The Hargraves exchanged a smiling glance. Anne leaned forward in her



"I suppose you know you're spoiling that dog."

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high chair and gave a corroborative chortle.

"Vergil is one of Alex's heroes," Mrs. Hargrave said. "We pretty much operate our vineyard on principles set down in the 'Georgics.' "

"Well," Hargrave said. "Louisa is our chemist, our enologist, and she keeps a copy of Amerine's 'Laboratory Procedures for Enologists' on her desk in the winery. And I have a copy of Winkler's 'General Viticulture' and a stack of *Wines and Vines* and Cornell bulletins in my office. But, yes—I think a lot of Vergil. The 'Georgics' is full of sensible things. It's a practical manual that also happens to be great poetry. Vergil trained his vines on elm trees. His phrase is 'wed the vines to elms.' We support ours in the modern way, on trellises of wood and wire. As a matter of fact, we're more modern than that. We support our young vines on aluminum stakes. They're actually unshaped tennis racquets. I have an uncle in Rochester who makes such things, and I got the idea of asking for his factory rejects. And, of course, we use fungicides and fertilizers, and Louisa's equipment in the winery is the last word in stainless steel. But that isn't the point. Vergil is still absolutely sound on the basics."

"Vergil is also great on moral support," Mrs. Hargrave said. "He has a line, 'Look with favor upon a bold beginning.' We took that to mean approval of what we were doing."

"It was good advice," Hargrave said.

"Where did you get on to Vergil?" I asked him. "At school?"

"I suppose I read him at some point. But I don't remember it. My field at Harvard was Oriental studies. I didn't come across the 'Georgics' until we got interested in growing wine."

"What happened to your Oriental studies?"

"Well," he said, "one reason I got away from it was this. My interest in the Orient was in Chinese culture, but I had my degree before I realized that there are very few first-rate American Chinese scholars who don't have Chinese wives to help them with the language. That was in 1969, and by then I'd met an American girl at Smith named Louisa Thomas. And married her."

"Was there another reason?" I said.

"Oh," he said, "I had an operation on my back right after graduation, and I was more or less laid up for almost a year. That gave us time to think. We asked ourselves what would be a fine thing to do in the world. Something worthwhile."

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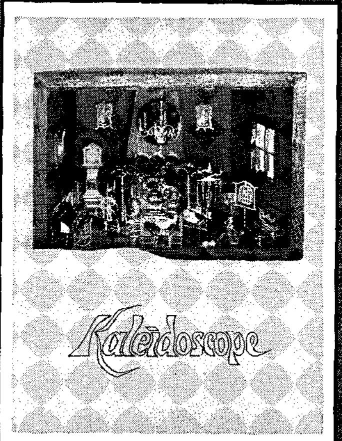

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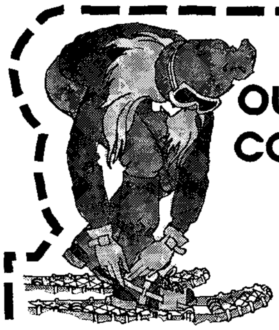

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"Something we could do together," Mrs. Hargrave said.

"Yes," he said. "And, luckily, we thought of wine."

Mrs. Hargrave stood up. "Nap time," she said. She lifted Anne from the high chair and set her waveringly on her feet. She turned to go. "Is there anything you want from the house?"

"We could use some clean glasses," Hargrave said. "And my Vergil."

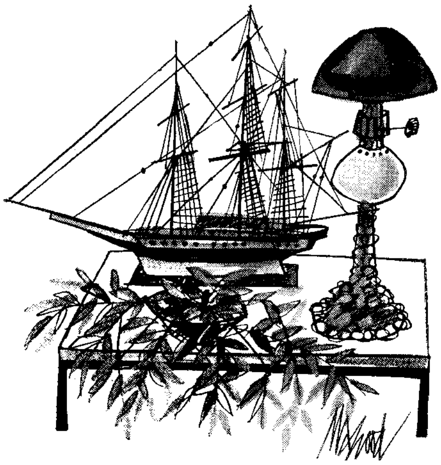
HARGRAVE picked up one of the bottles of California wine. He looked at the label, put the bottle down, and picked up the other as Mrs. Hargrave returned to the table. "This is a California version of the wine we've been drinking," he said. "Same French rootstock, same Cabernet grape, even the same year. But the grape is only the beginning. The rest is climate and weather and soil. So it's a totally different wine from ours. Not necessarily better or worse. It's a good, honest wine. But different." He poured, and we tasted.

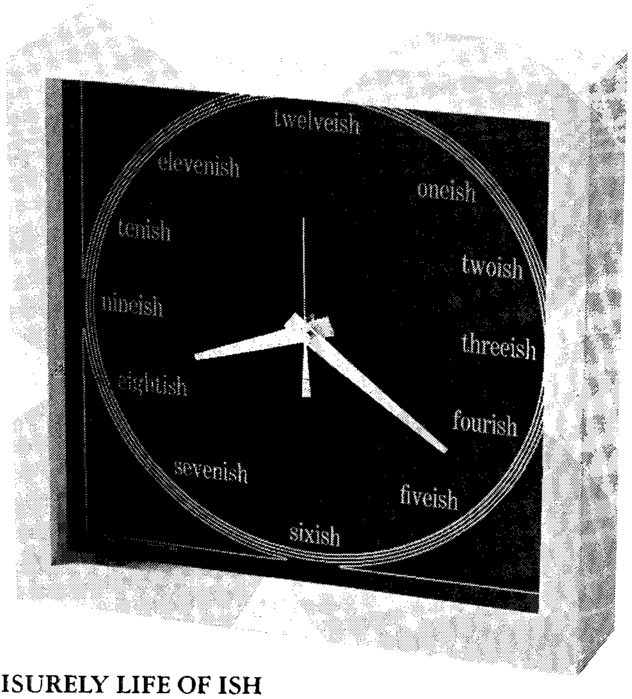
"I think it's a little flat," Mrs. Hargrave said.

"Well," Hargrave said. He shrugged. "We thought about settling in California. We spent a couple of months in California, just travelling around and looking. We saw those endless acres in the Napa Valley. And we drank some lovely wine. But we also heard that some of the newer wineries out there were looking for a cooler climate. So we looked, too. But nothing seemed quite right. Oregon was too wet. Washington was too cold. And California was too hot."

"I remember what I said," Mrs. Hargrave added. "I said, 'Alex, let's just go home and plant a vineyard there.'"

"Home meant upstate New York," Hargrave said. "I come from Rochester, and the Finger Lakes wine country is right next door. That's where we lived after my operation. One encour-





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aging thing we learned in California was that a small vineyard—thirty or forty acres—was feasible. I guess it was the only encouraging thing. We had decided that if we were going to grow wine we were going to grow the best—vinifera, the French or European grape. The native American grape—the New York grape—is not the best. It has that sweetness, that foxiness. But it is very tough and hardy. It can stand those upstate winters. And vinifera, we very soon learned, can't. Certainly not the reds. One or two people have had some success with whites. But we were really interested only in red wine—in Cabernet Sauvignon, Pinot Noir, Merlot. So we said too bad. It was a nice idea and it might have been fun. Now what? So we came down to Long Island—to Huntington—to spend Thanksgiving with Louisa's parents."

Mrs. Hargrave said, "Don't forget Professor Tomkins."

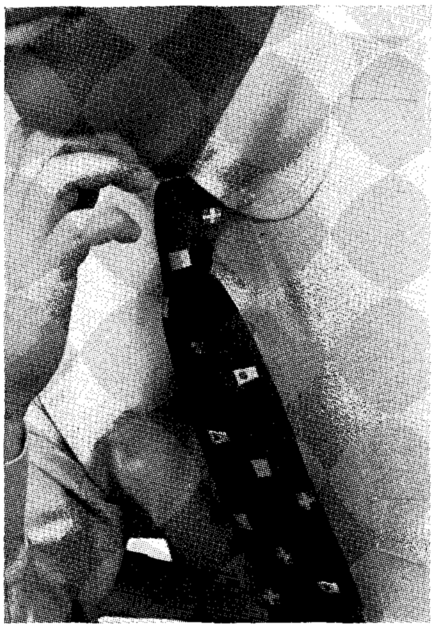
"Oh," he said. "Oh, yes. John Tomkins is a pomologist at Cornell whom we had consulted. I happened to mention to him that we were spending Thanksgiving on Long Island. That seemed to strike a chord. 'Long Island!' he said. 'There's a big orchardist down there named John Wickham who's been growing vinifera table grapes with good success. He lives in a place called Cutchogue.' He said, 'Maybe you ought to go see him.' So we did."

"We owe Professor Tomkins everything," Mrs. Hargrave said.

"We do," Hargrave said. "That was late November, you know, and when we left Rochester the leaves were long gone and it was winter—real winter. But when we got down here, out here on the North Fork it was still green. Things were still growing. We saw John Wickham, and he showed us his grapes—his vines. They were Red Malaga grapes. It was astonishing. They're a Mediterranean grape—a cold-sensitive grape. There was even new growth on his vines. And there was no mistake about it. He had been doing it for eleven years. Well, if he could grow Malaga, why couldn't we grow Cabernet? It had never been done commercially on Long Island. We could be the first!"

"It was one of the most exciting moments of our life," Mrs. Hargrave said.

"The longer we talked to John Wickham, the better it sounded," Hargrave said. "The Finger Lakes have a growing season of a hundred and sixty-five days. The growing season here is



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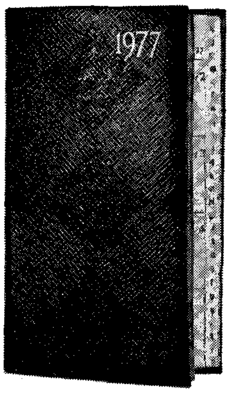

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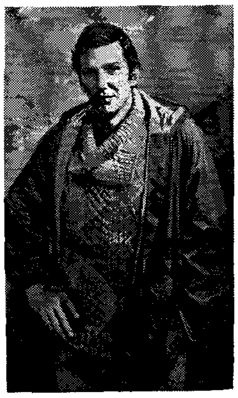

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two hundred and ten days. That's an extra month and a half. And the winters here are mild. It rarely gets down to zero. Upstate is frequently fourteen or more below. Everything sounded right—the climate, the weather, even the soil. John Wickham let us see for ourselves. We dug it up and looked. It's a light, sandy loam. It was right in line with the recommendation of a New York State Extension Service bulletin we had. And also with Vergil. That's when I began to pay attention to the 'Georgics.' Just listen to this."

He opened his copy, a rumpled paperback, turned a page or two, turned back, and read:

> But before we plough an
> unfamiliar patch
> It is well to be informed about the
> winds,
> About the variations in the sky,
> The native traits and habits of the
> place,
> What each locale permits, and
> what denies.
> One place is good for crops, one
> happier
> With grapes.

He looked up, smiled, and went on:

> Now I shall teach you to
> distinguish soils.
> If you want looser earth, or more
> close-packed
> (The latter favors grain, the
> former wine),
> Inspect the place beforehand, dig a
> hole
> Quite deep in solid ground, and
> then replace
> The earth and tamp the crust
> down with your feet.
> If dirt is lacking, then your soil is
> loose,
> Most fit for fertile vines.

Hargrave gazed for a moment at what he had read. He closed the book and dropped it beside his plate. "Vergil's 'loose' is what we call 'light'—the sandy loam of the North Fork," he said. "And we had done exactly what he recommended. We had dug a hole and seen for ourselves. We knew we had found the right place. So we started looking. We made the rounds of the real-estate agencies. We read the farm news in the local papers. We drove out from Huntington every few days to inspect some possibility. It took a long time. There aren't that many places on the market. We didn't find this place until April. But it was exactly what we wanted. It was the right size—a total of sixty-six acres. Vergil says, 'Admire a large estate but work a small one.' There was a decent house. A lot of places we saw were just acreage. There was a big potato-storage barn—what they call down here a potato cellar—that would make

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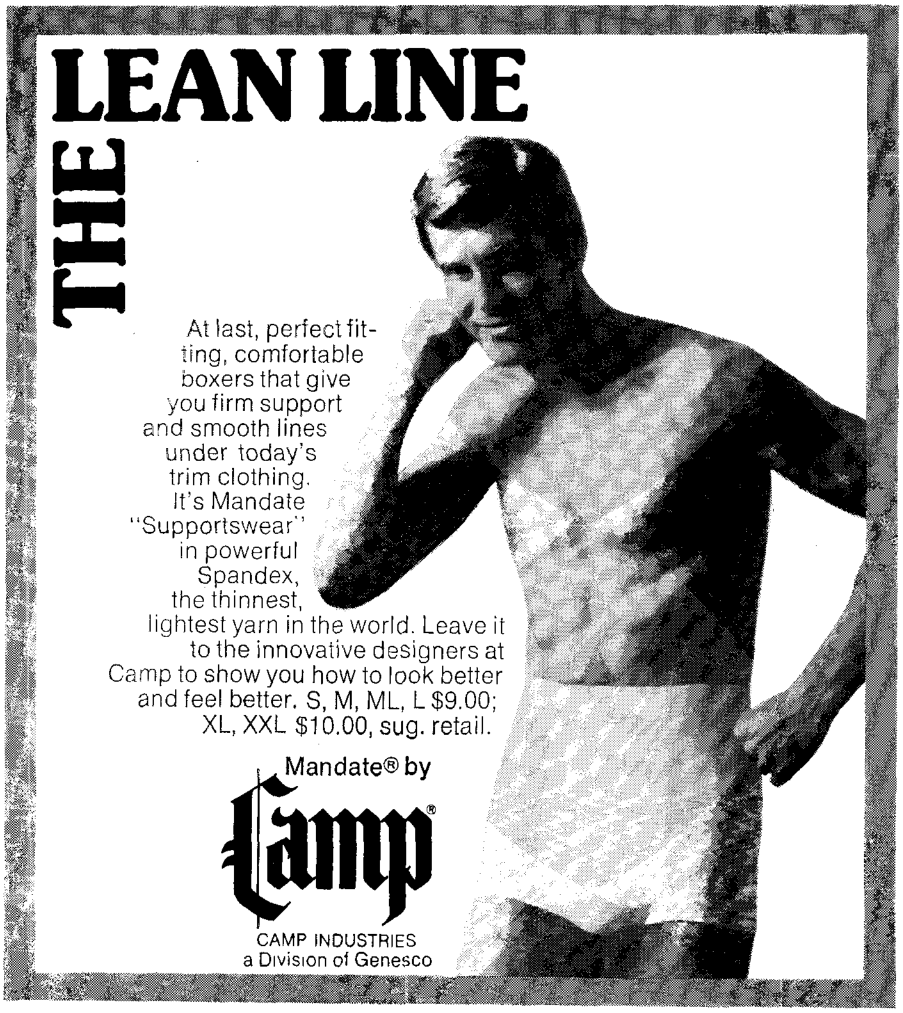
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an excellent winery and wine cellar. The exposure was favorable—a gentle slope to the south. What does Vergil say? 'Southern heights . . . will yield you hardy vineyards full of wine.' And also, 'Your vine slopes must avoid the setting sun.' We kept that very much in mind. Our rows run north and south. Well, we moved in and ordered our vines. We bought the best—registered virus-free, mist-propagated plants from the mother block at the University of California at Davis. We entombed our shoots, as Vergil would say, in May."

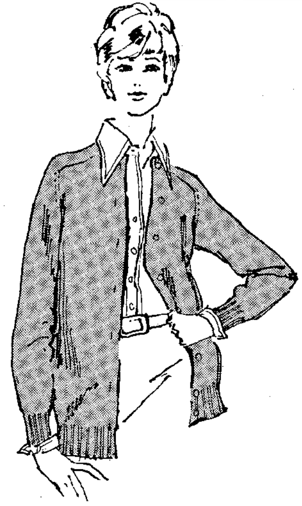
MRS. HARGRAVE helped herself to another sliver of quiche. "I missed the entombment," she said. "I was up in Rochester, at the university, learning how to make wine. Somebody had to do it. It was either Alex or me—or bring somebody in from outside. But our whole idea was that we would work together. So we chose me. I'd had some chemistry at Smith and liked it. It was really interesting. So was enology. The technique of winemaking isn't really *too* difficult. So much of it is simply mechanical—handling the equipment. The vital thing is the grape. And then experience—getting the feel of it." She laughed. "It makes me think of something I overheard the other day at the store. There were a couple of men there—weekend people—and one of them was praising the other for the way he cooked his steaks, and he said, 'How long do you cook them?' And the other man said, 'Oh, about two good Scotches.' "

"He must have been from Texas," I said.

"Do Texans drink Scotch?" Hargrave said. "But Louisa's right. There are things that you have to work out for yourself. Where not even Vergil can help you."

"We've been lucky," Mrs. Hargrave said. "We've been lucky in just about everything. We like where we are, and the local people seem to like us. We have two very good friends in the Wickhams. And we have really good neighbors. They're interested in what we're doing, and they've gone out of their way to wish us well from the beginning. They're really friendly. We'll come home from the village and find a pail of clams on the doorstep. Or a flounder. Or, when they're running, a beautiful bluefish. And the house—that was really lucky."

"It was a gift," Hargrave said. "We bought this place for the land—that was the main consideration—and



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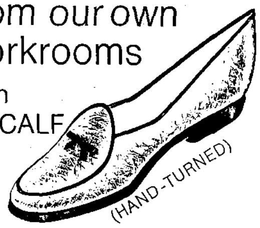

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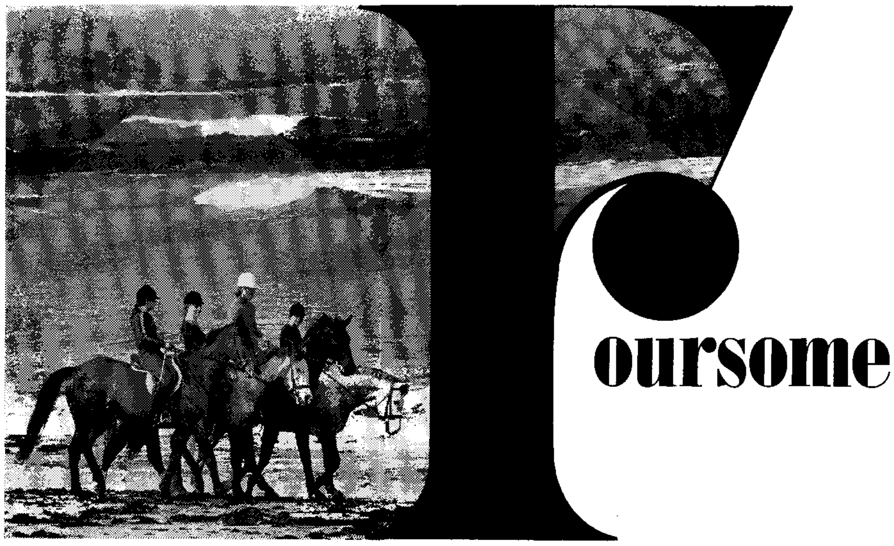
because it included a house. You know, a place to live. We thought it was just a North Fork farmhouse. It looked as if it had been built in maybe the nineteen-forties. Well, my brother Charlie came down from Rochester to help me out while Louisa was away, and after we got our first vines in we started working on the house. It hadn't been lived in for a couple of years, and it needed work. We knocked out some partitions and opened it up. The next thing was the ceiling—a lot of drooping wallboard. We started pulling it down, and all of a sudden we were looking at beautiful hand-hewn beams. Then, on a hunch, we ripped up a section of awful forties flooring. And there were the original wide pine boards. I've made some inquiries, and everything indicates that we've got a nice little eighteenth-century house."

"It could be a really nice house someday," Mrs. Hargrave said. "If we ever get it finished. We're sort of camping out. You saw what the living room looks like. But we're working at it, room by room."

"Farming is hard work," Hargrave said. "Especially in the beginning years. Next year, when we plan to start selling our wine, it will probably be busier. And there's just the three of us—Louisa and Charlie and me. Charlie got interested in what we were doing that first year, and he's a partner in our corporation now. He has his own place here. We three do it all, except at harvest and at pruning time. For pruning, we add two local girls. It was surprising how easily they took to it. When you grow up on a farm, I guess, you learn to read a plant, to understand its ways. It doesn't much matter whether it's potatoes or cauliflower or grapes. And for harvesting we take on four more women."

"They welcome the chance," Mrs. Hargrave said. "Our harvest comes at an important time in cauliflower production. If they weren't picking our grapes, they'd be out in a cauliflower field tying the leaves to blanch the heads. And that is really backbreaking work."

"Charlie and I planted seventeen acres that first year," Hargrave said. "The next year, we planted another seventeen. We have since put in another ten. That gives us a total of forty-four acres in cultivation, with twenty-five acres now bearing. Even so, our last crop yielded twenty-five tons of grapes and four thousand gallons of wine, from about fourteen acres that were bearing fruit. That's an average of about three hundred gallons



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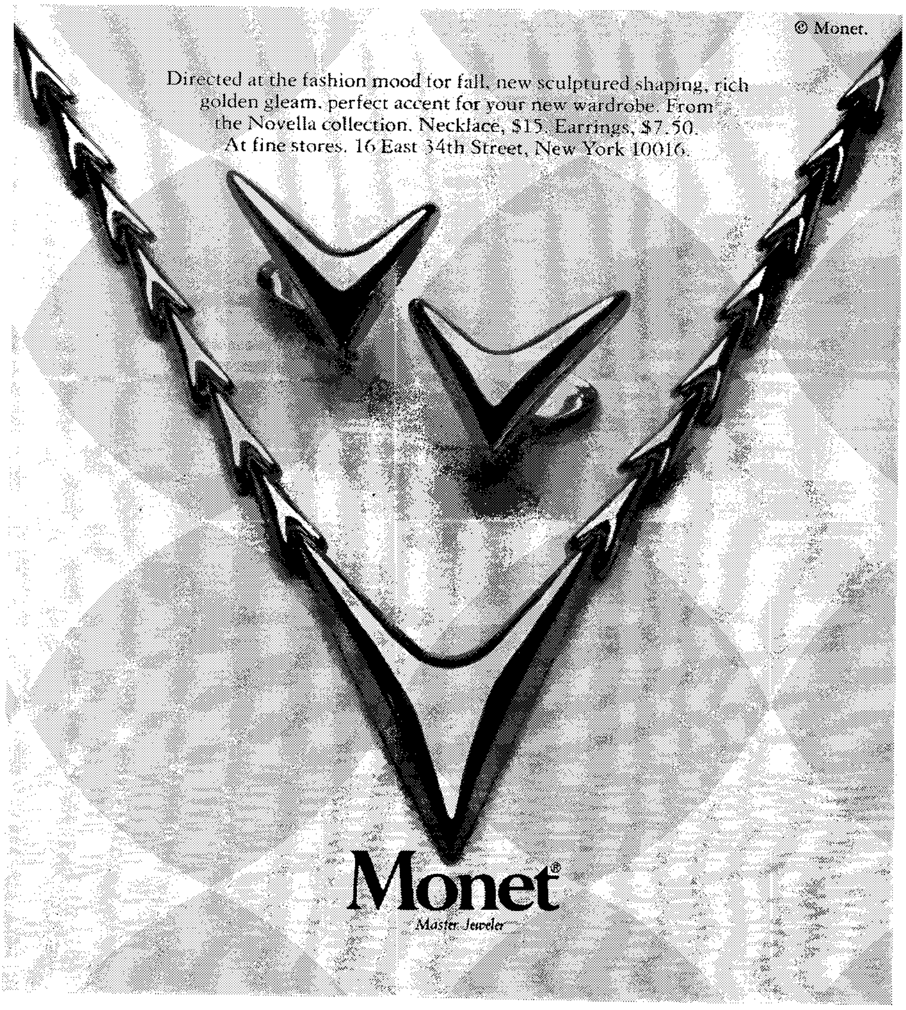

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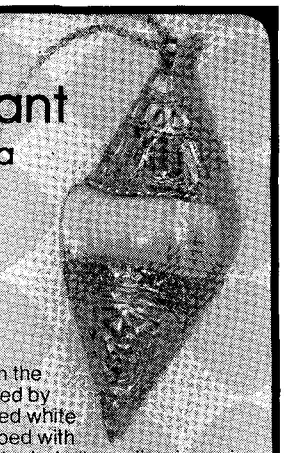

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per acre. Or, as Vergil would figure it, fifty amphorae. We're completely satisfied with that average. I think even Vergil would approve. The average Roman yield would have been sixty-two amphorae for one of our acres. We hope eventually for a total production of around thirty thousand gallons a year. We'll settle for that. It's going to take years to recover our investment. *But I think we've got the spirit and the will to do it.*"

"I *know* we have," Mrs. Hargrave said.

"All we need is the strength," Hargrave said. "There's something in the Bible about 'sitting under your vine and fig tree.' I don't think the writer was a vineyardist. Vergil warns us that the work 'in looking after vines is never finished.' Pruning alone takes a couple of months—winter months, when the potato farmers are all relaxing down in Florida. Listen to Vergil on that!" He opened his book again and read:

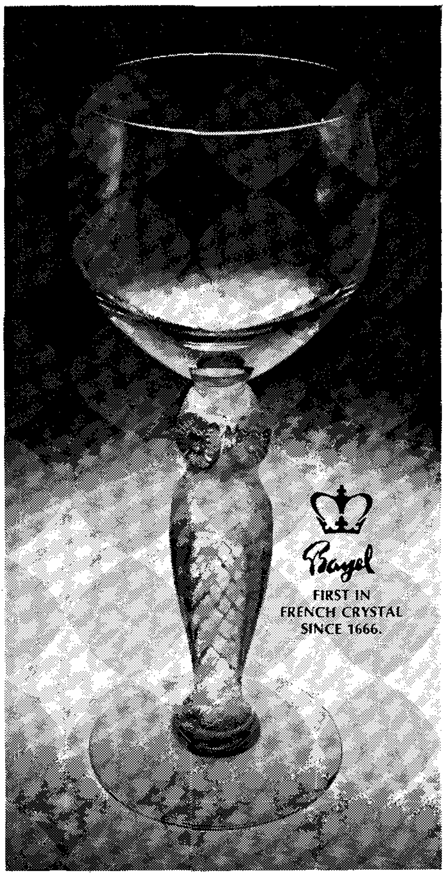
And now, the vineyard sheds its
 final leaves,
When freezing north winds shake
 the glory loose
From the woods. And even then
 the country man,
Keen at heart, extends his care to
 meet
The coming year, pursues the vine
 he has left,
And pares it back with Saturn's
 curving knife,
And prunes it into shape.

Hargrave turned a page. "And this," he said:

Unless your hoe
Attacks the weeds unceasingly,
 unless
You chase off thieving birds with
 frightful shouts,
And prune away the shady
 darkening growth,
Unless you pray for rain, in
 helpless want
You'll gaze upon a neighbor's
 teeming store
And soothe your hunger pangs with
 forest acorns.

"Of course, there are differences," he said. "We have plenty of thieving birds, but we're spared those frightful shouts. We protect our vines with fine-mesh plastic nets. And we don't often have to pray for rain—not here on eastern Long Island. As a matter of fact, our average rainfall during the harvest months is the same as that of Bordeaux, the home of Cabernet Sauvignon. It's three and a half inches a month."

MRS. HARGRAVE finished her wine. She put aside her empty glass and took a clean one. "You know, I think



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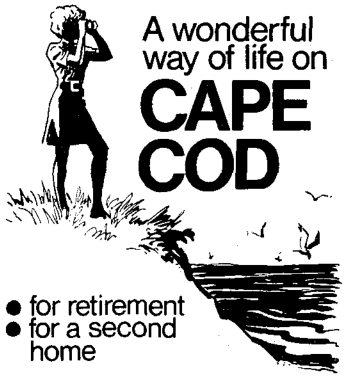

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I'd like a little more, Alex," she said. "But not this. It's all right, and I *like* drinking other people's wine. It's really interesting to get a taste of somebody else's vineyard. But let's try some more of our own. Let's try our new Pinot Noir."

"Right," Hargrave said. He picked up a bottle. It was a slope-shouldered bottle of the Burgundy style. He filled his wife's glass, filled one for me, and then one for himself. The wine was lighter than the earlier Cabernet, but the color was brighter and more brilliant. "Well," he said. "Tell us about it, Louisa."

She sipped and swallowed, and smiled.

"I like it," she said.

Hargrave laughed. He sat contentedly back in his chair with his glass in his hand and gazed out across the sunny lawn, on beyond the shadowing maple, to the orderly spread of vines climbing toward the horizon. "It's just fantastic to look at this vineyard," he said. "I'm just overwhelmed. We planted it—and it grew. It's ours. Vergil says, 'What joy it is to sow all Thrace in vines.' I know exactly what he means. I'd like to sow all of Long Island in Cabernet and Pinot Noir and Chardonnay. I've talked a lot about the work, the labor. But the result is worth every hour of it. That first velvety sip of the year's new wine—what a reward! What a magnificent reward!"

—Berton Roueché

•

The next time this writer talked with Yehudi, he was ten, practicing his small violin in a Left Bank studio apartment in Paris.

We walked through Central Park with his mother and sister Yalta. He was disturbed when we met a whining panhandler.

"How are we going to change our laws, modify our institutions so that panhandling does not occur in this great country where there is enough wealth for everybody, if all effort is intelligently directed," he asked.

Yehudi was growing up.—*San Francisco Progress.*

And fast.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Fredericksburg (Va.) Free Lance-Star*]

Dr. Linus Pauling said Monday in New York he is "afraid within 25 years or 50 years there will occur the greatest catastrophe in the history of the world." The famous Nobel Prize-winning chemist said the human race might survive.

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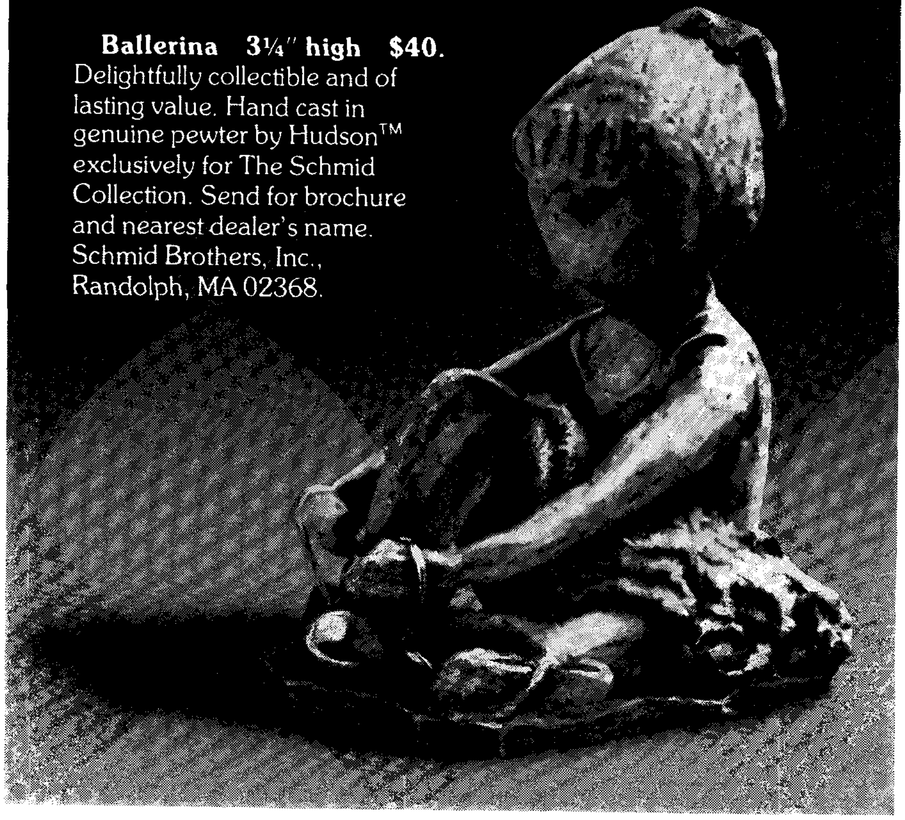

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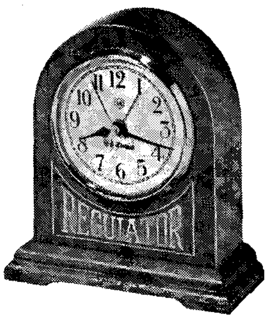

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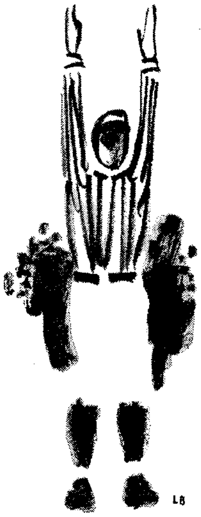
FOOTBALL

Beginner's Luck



Two of this commentator's favorite performers returned on Saturday last to their autumnal labors, and to good purpose. Jerry Andrewlavage, punter and field-goal kicker plenipotentiary, put Colgate out in front of Connecticut, 13–7, in the fourth quarter with a pair of his field goals; Leamon Hall, another worker in a cause often enough (like Colgate's) a lost one, handled the ball so well at his post as Army quarterback that, coming from behind, his teammates set down Lafayette, 16–6. It was an excellent start for Colgate, now under new management; it was also a promise that Colgate, in its pet role as a despoiler of its Ivy League neighbors, may be rather a nuisance again this fall. Army, looking its best, as is its habit in mid-September, may look something else by the end of the season; sterner stuff, in the form of Stanford, which just missed putting away Penn State the same weekend, is no further now from West Point than October 2nd, and there are still more trials by fire to come. Army's offense, when it is not wholly outweighed and outmanned, has a good look and a good feel. It is, in effect, an Ivy League team, even though it does piece out its squad with freshmen; without such additives it might as well default on the bookings it is handed season upon season. It has a touch of the League, all right—the same mixture of experience and inexperience, the same undergraduate verve. Army has not met anyone in the League for years and years, but that will change.

Rutgers has been a visitor in the League nearly forever; it was wrestling Princeton more than a century ago. This time around, Princeton begins its season against Cornell and not Rutgers, and that may be just as well. For a journey down to Annapolis, to watch Navy on its opening day, proved that Rutgers was far too big for Navy's britches. One had expected that Navy, which had sent to sea some of its most effective performers of a season ago, would have blended the newcomers in with the old hands so efficaciously that

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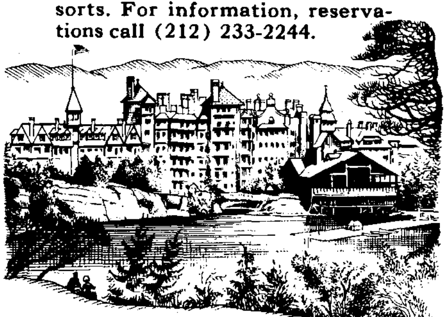

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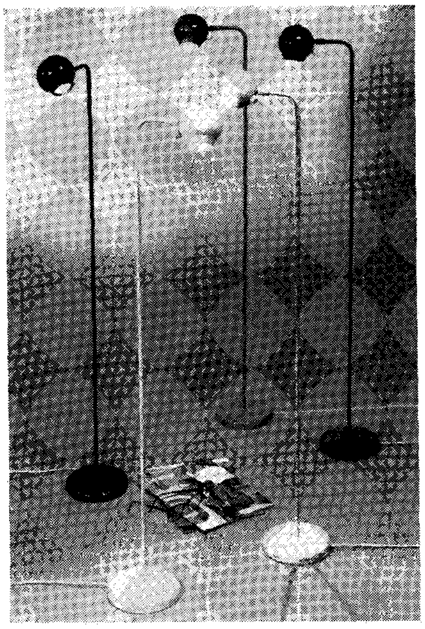
even the customary blunt, hard-hitting squad that Rutgers fields every autumn would have a poor afternoon. The final count (13–3, Rutgers up) indicates the error in the expectation. Navy's defense was sometimes mighty: a middle guard, Sapp, must have pulled down fifteen or sixteen runners during the afternoon. Yet there were flaws amidships, flaws on the flanks; there was an uncompromising unwillingness to venture into experimentation in the offense; there was occasional unwillingness, too, to hold onto the ball. Navy is another team that uses freshmen, and the novitiate Klawinski, at fullback, was the most surefooted of these, but moving as far as midfield was almost more than Navy could ever accomplish.

THERE will be more days like that. There was, in fact, more of the same on Saturday up in Syracuse, where Syracuse was to entertain Bowling Green as a sort of "breather" before getting down to work of a more serious nature. Bowling Green had come from Ohio three seasons ago as a genuine, certified breather, and the final reckoning was 41–14. The guests came to town too late to learn their role in the present pageant, and therefore, by sheer dint, ran the count to 22–0 against their host before, toward sunset, they relented enough to allow a single Syracuse touchdown. The time when Syracuse rated beside Penn State in this part of the world was thereby rendered even more remote.

There can be doubt about the state of affairs elsewhere, as well. Columbia, Cornell, and Princeton, whose first outings of the season take place this Saturday, will be going back to the drawing board more than once as they replan their lives, and the lives of the young men up from their freshman squads, on the basis of what happens Saturday after Saturday. Dartmouth and Pennsylvania and Brown have domestic problems rather less dramatic, but problems nevertheless. Admirers of Harvard remark, and with reason, that the offensive line that operated with such élan a year ago has all been graduated into real life, but then there is still Kubacki, last season's surprise-surprise, and the feeling that this often awkward, often shambling quarterback has a means of *willing* things to go his way; Ivy League performers are not veteran enough to grapple with magic. This department's quavering prediction is that John Hatem, a not particularly sizable running back who comes up to the Yale varsity on Saturday, might be this fall's surprise-surprise. —J. W. L.



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BOOKS

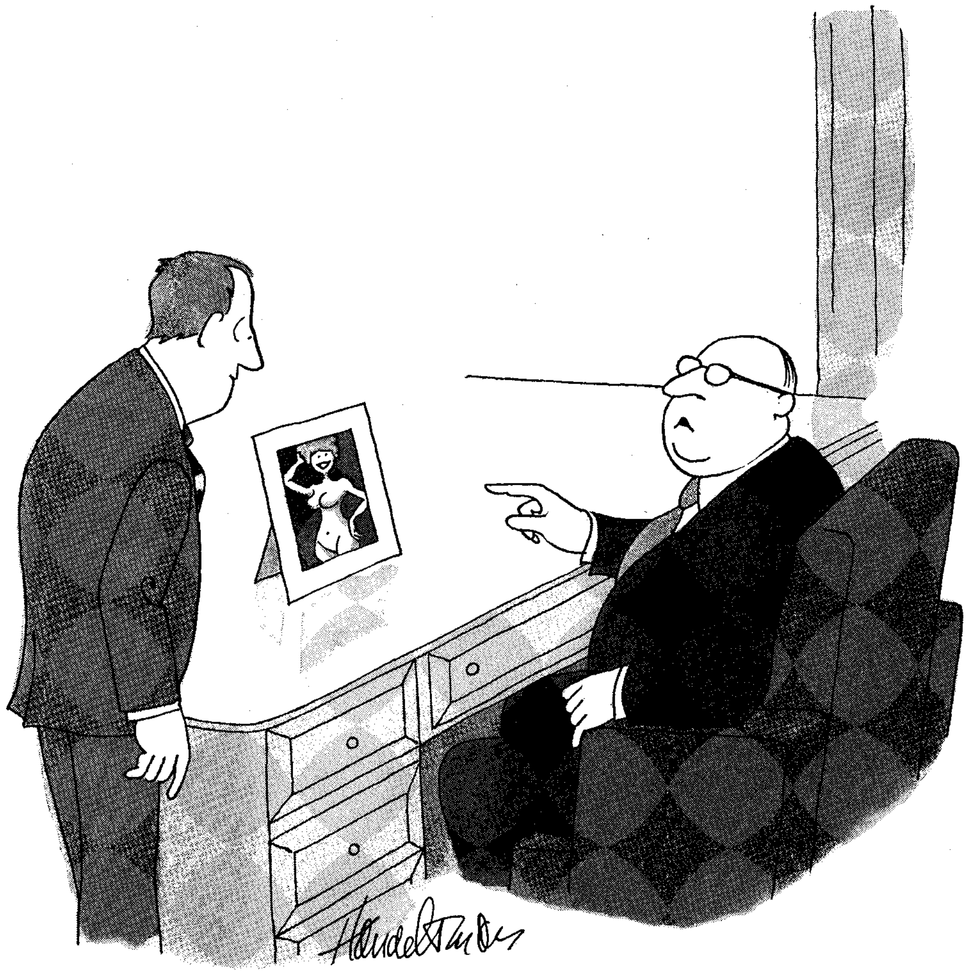
Justice to Jung

WE have come to see in recent decades that neither psychoanalysts nor those who have undergone analysis are exempt from callousness, vindictiveness, and—most evident of all—a kind of partisan bickering over theory which Freud and those who have stood by him have characterized as fratricidal. For years, as Freud carefully built up a worldwide institutional network to sustain, transmit, and defend his ideas, and to encourage young followers, there were crises of dissent and renunciation. The most serious, and perhaps most instructive, of these crises was Carl Jung's apostasy, which started in 1911 and became complete in 1913. That struggle—at first intellectual but in the end quite personal—is only one of the important matters taken up in "C. G. Jung: The Haunted Prophet," a new biography by Paul J. Stern (Braziller). It is a sharply critical yet on the whole sympathetic portrait of the man whose theories present the strongest challenge to Freud and to those who continue to uphold Freud's ideas and beliefs.

Dr. Stern is a European-born psychologist who is obviously unhappy with the idolatry that Jung, like Freud, has received. Jung offered an appealing alternative to Freud, whose uncompromising insistence upon the importance of the sexual, the biological, and, ultimately, the neurophysiological was too much for those who might have lost their faith in God but still wanted very much to think of themselves as spiritual beings, able to rise above the crude imperatives of the flesh. There was indeed a mechanistic, categorical side to Freud's thinking—especially in his early formulations, made under the influence of the turn-of-the-century scientific optimism that he, as a research neurologist and psychiatrist, naturally shared (and, as a shrewd social and political observer, knew enough not to oppose). During this period, Jung, too, had his quantitative, experimental side. He turned the word-association test into a means of gaining access to specific areas of the unconscious. In so doing, he made an important clarification for the public: a follower of Freud, as Jung was at the time, could show concrete evidence that the unconscious was amenable to measurement. Dr. Stern tells us, "If the unconscious could be tapped by means of stopwatches and statistical coefficients, then perhaps it was real. For reality, to those who put their faith in so-called exact science, is the experimentally verifiable."

But Jung never really had that kind of faith. He was drawn to the philosophical, the mystical. He revered Nietzsche. He sought the wisdom of ancient China. He responded to the religions of the East. He did not merely dabble in alchemy but took it quite seriously. After his break with Freud, Jung became unashamedly interested in what he called "the cure of souls"—a strong contrast with what Freudian psychoanalysis proclaimed as its purpose: the relentless clarification of the mind's devious capacity for illusion, deception, and mystification. Although Jung had become a doctor, he could never really shake himself loose from the spiritual aspects of his Swiss Protestant background—a background that Freud, all too aware of the negative effects that endemic and sometimes virulent anti-Semitism had upon the reception of his ideas, prized highly. Jung was to be Freud's heir, and Freud urged his colleagues, most of whom were also Jews, to defer to Jung. (A number of them, however, were smart enough to see that Jung was a potential rebel long before the explicit disagreements between him and Freud surfaced.)

In an ironic way, Jung's break confirmed what Freud had decided was most important about the mind's life—the unyielding tug of childhood throughout the adult years. Carl Gustav Jung was born near Constance. He was the only son of a father who was a rather ineffective, frustrated minister and of a mother who was the daughter of a minister. The mother, Emilie, was, to say the least, a divided person. At times, she could be an amiable, retiring housewife; at other times, she became, in Dr. Stern's words, a "pagan seeress." She would inexplicably abandon all interest in those around her, start talking to herself, and seem to become the mistress of a compelling world that only she had access to. The



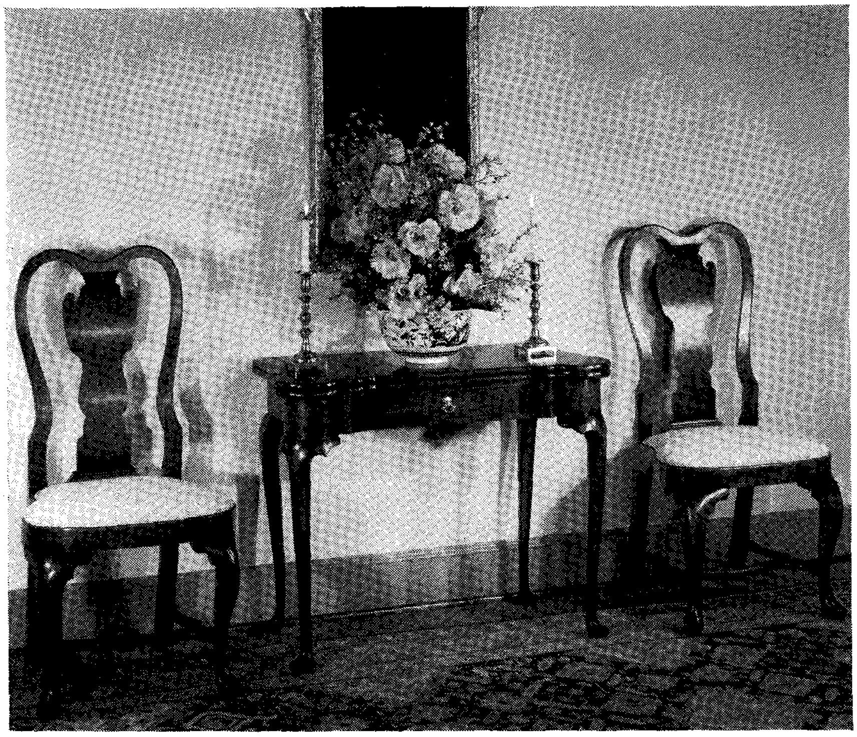
"Yes, Perkins, that's my wife—and, incidentally, a very good example of the kind of imaginative thinking that took me to the top in this company."

boy was fascinated but also frightened by these transformations. He experienced nightmares and turned into a moody, isolated youth. His increasingly melancholy father offered him little or no solace. The mother became an awesome figure indeed, and Dr. Stern tells us this about the hold she had on her son:

> Shortly before her death when Carl, by then in his late forties and a widely known psychiatrist, was deeply troubled, Emilie suddenly appeared in his study, whispered a few uncannily apposite words, and then vanished as quickly as she had come. Carl Jung, unnerved by her eerie visit, shook like an aspen leaf for hours afterwards.

He shook, metaphorically, all his life, or so Dr. Stern would have it. Jung is described in the book's subtitle and at several points in the text as a "haunted" man; he was terribly lonely, and even, as Dr. Stern puts it, "endangered by the incubus of madness." One of Dr. Stern's major theses is that after Jung's final separation from Freudian psychoanalysis he suffered a severe, lacerating mental collapse. He apparently had the sort of visual hallucinations that are symptomatic of psychosis. In his leather-bound "Red Book," in which he kept a carefully written record of his most intimate thoughts, Jung later told of having seen what Dr. Stern describes as a "recurrent specter of enormous yellow waves drowning countless thousands and turning into a crimson sea of blood." Freud, too, suffered a mental collapse, although it was obviously neurotic, not psychotic. It was also the prelude, perhaps even the precondition, to the psychological breakthrough that enabled him to write "The Interpretation of Dreams," his greatest book. The man who came to understand so well the fears and worries of others was for a number of years an apprehensive, isolated, and even tormented person, given to fierce possessiveness toward those he knew well, hypochondriacal preoccupations, episodes of anxiety, and phobias. He became his own first patient—the first analysand as well as the first analyst. Freud insisted that the kind of knowledge he had come up with, partly as a result of his own experiences, was of little use in treating psychotics. He was at his best in showing how a well-muscled superego and an agile, darting ego often prove too much for the id's instinctual pressures and thus frequently lead to the development of various neurotic symptoms.

Jung's personal ordeal—the devastation that the unconscious causes when it heats up and, lava-like, spills over the



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conscious mind—was more severe than Freud's. Consequently, Jung began to work with the deepest layers of the unconscious. He felt comfortable interpreting the most grotesque and unsettling of dreams and found in obscure symbols or bizarre mental imagery pathways to the kind of truth he sought, and he was thus able to treat terribly disturbed, disorganized schizophrenics with considerable success.

Jung's ideas are anything but easy to comprehend. He wrote lucid, charming letters, but his articles and books are usually quite difficult to follow, even for psychiatrists. This biography does not offer a systematic explication of those ideas; the author is more interested in the gifted but strange and difficult man who conceived them. There are efforts to translate or make clear some of the suggestive obscurities of the Jungian canon, but it is hard to make the mystical or the ethereal concrete and specific. For example, when Jung was getting over the worst of his mental problems, he took to painting; the pictures were often of carefully wrought circular or quadratic shapes, in which Jung saw a resemblance to the mandala, a recurrent theme of Indian art. Dr. Stern tries his best to explain the significance that the shape of the mandala had for Jung, but the explanation remains a bit elusive:

> In his view, the mandalas were cryptograms of an inner centering process, reflecting a scheme of order inherent in the psyche. The mandala's magic circle or square, symbolic of harmony and balanced completion, was a paradigm of the goal of psychic development: bringing buried material to consciousness until consciousness and the unconscious are in balance.

The language of the last part of that description might well be found in a textbook on Freudian psychoanalysis. Jung was haunted not only by his inner demons but by a continuing awareness that, try as he or any other twentieth-century psychiatrist might, there was no way to shake off the influence of Freud's ideas. Still, such notions as "the self as the psychic equivalent of the mandala" clearly belonged to the brooding, imaginative Swiss loner, not to the brilliant but practical-minded Viennese who was eager to have others understand his thinking. And when we learn, further, that "the mandala-number 'four' became Jung's sacred number, the quaternity, his ordering principle," we can see that Jung was resisting very strongly the danger of Freud's materialism—the unrelenting emphasis upon reality, the tangible, the here and now, the biological. In fact, Jung was unabashedly cosmic. He

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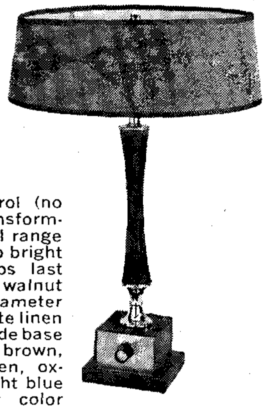

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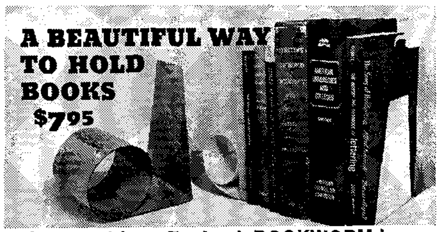

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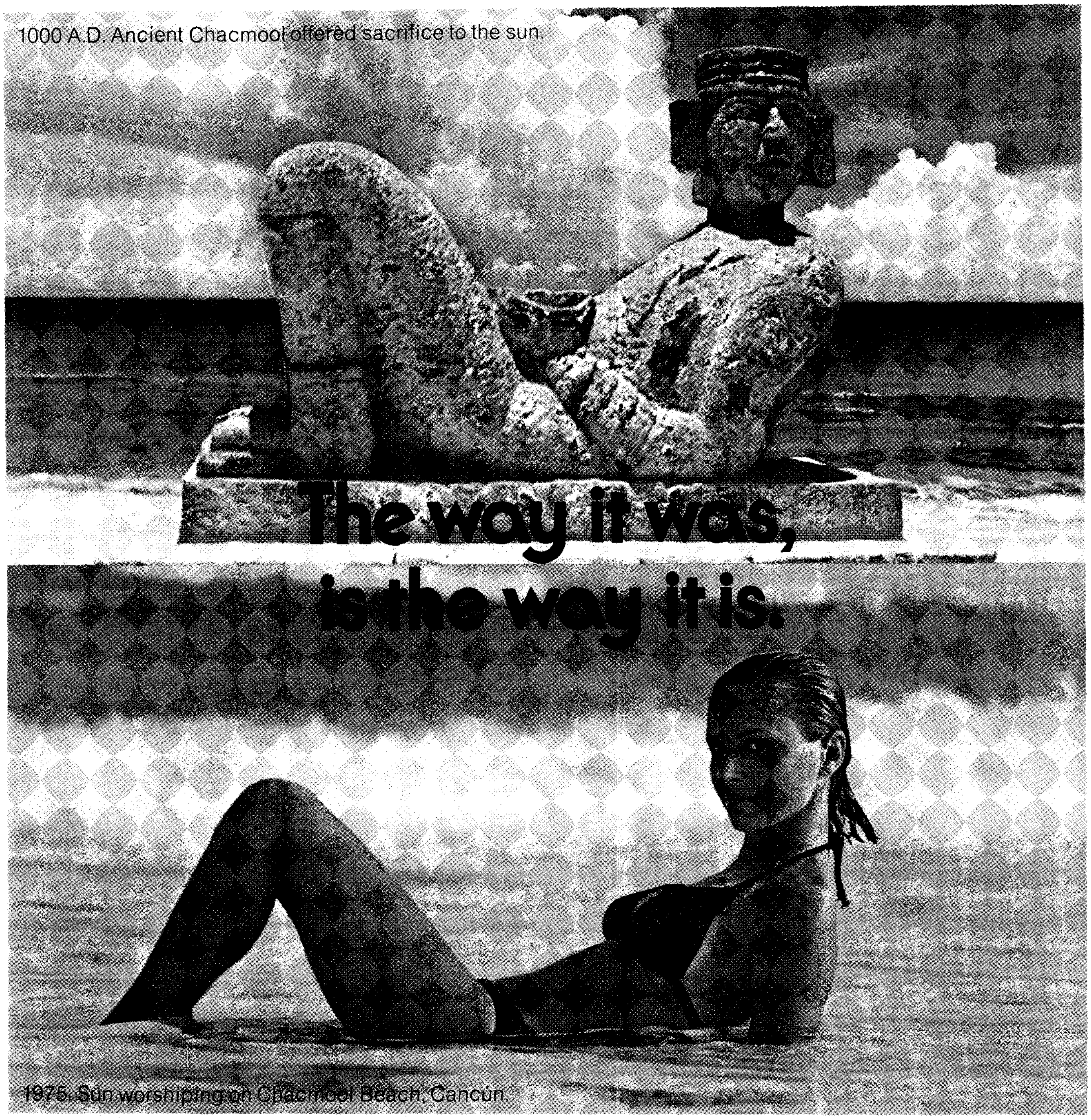
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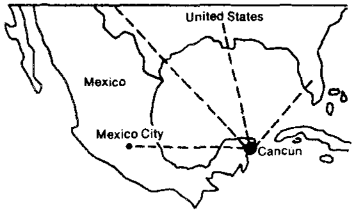

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pursued symbols across continents, cultures, and centuries. He shunned psychological determinism, a major hazard of Freudian theory, and sought to connect the mind's activity not only to everyday life—Freud's plainspoken phrase for his main area of interest—but to the stars, and (through concepts like the "collective unconscious" and the "racial unconscious") to the earliest origins of mankind on this planet.

No issue has caused more pain to Jungians—and to those analysts who call primarily upon Freud's vision in their clinical work—than the question of Jung's relationship to the Nazis. For many Freudians, and for a significant number of social and cultural historians, Jung's temporary flirtation with the Nazi doctrine of Aryan superiority offers ample proof of something much less forgivable than naïveté or forced complicity. Jungians see this condemnation as yet another instance of persistent and perhaps willful misinterpretation by malicious, prejudiced, or, at best, ignorant people who are still carrying out a long-standing vendetta. Dr. Stern does not try to defend all of Jung's words and deeds during the Third Reich. But neither does he dismiss Jung as simply a racist—a closet anti-Semite quick to emerge when Hitler rose to power. Jung was an exceedingly complex man, and Dr. Stern wants to render justice to that complexity:

> Let us state at the outset that Jung was not, as his more incensed critics have charged, either a Fascist or an anti-Semite, in the usual sense. It is true that for a time he beheld the phenomenon of Nazism with fascinated benevolence and said so. His statements enabled his foes to string together quotations that seemed to brand Jung as at least a temporary fellow-traveler of the Nazis. Yet as compromising as Jung's statements—in or out of context—appear, and as much as he later grew to regret ever having made them, it is far too simplistic to classify him as an outright Nazi.

Nevertheless, the facts are inescapable. After Hitler and his henchmen took over Germany and began bringing all opponents, actual and potential, to their knees, Jung accepted the presidency of Nazi Germany's General Medical Society for Psychotherapy. In an editorial he wrote for the *Zentralblatt*, the society's journal, immediately upon assuming office, he had this to say: "In the interest of science, we can no longer ignore the palpable differences, long known to persons of insight, between the Germanic and Jewish psychologies." Unfortunately, he did not stop with that categorical and arrogantly stated distinction (which he never even bothered to try to prove). He was,

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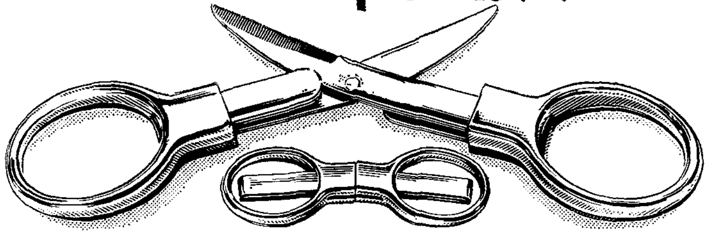

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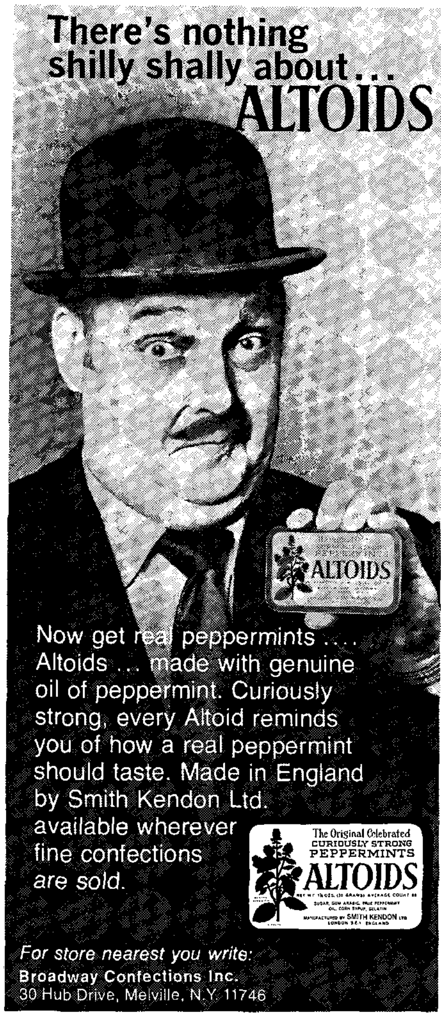
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as the author declares, "a political romantic," but perhaps he was in every respect a romantic; during most of his later professional life he never seemed to be really interested in connecting any of his assertions to the observable, the verifiable. And, alas, when he eventually referred to Freud's ideas as "Jewish," "Semitic," "subversive," and full of "obscenity," he slipped into the saddest and most irrational kind of vilification; it would, to use one of Dr. Stern's favorite words, haunt him and his followers for years.

Jung referred to Freud's ideas, which he and his colleagues used every day in their work with patients, as a "dirty-joke psychology." Even five years after the Nazis had begun to make their wicked purposes quite clear, Jung was extolling Adolf Hitler as nothing less than a "spiritual vessel," and indicating a conviction that Germany had found in *der Führer* a far-sighted man who was to an astonishing degree in touch with the special soul of his people. Moreover, when Jung and many of his followers rose to defend themselves, they described their accusers as "paranoid," "hostile," "aggressive"—charges as psychologically reductive as any used by Freud and his colleagues, who were also, it must be admitted, inclined to use psychological terms, under the guise of "analysis," in attacking Jungians and each other. It is true, of course, that Jung treated many Jewish patients successfully, showing them, as he did some (but not all) of his other patients, the tactful, kindly, and immensely knowing sides of his mind and heart. He also had a number of Jewish associates and adherents in Europe and in the United States, and apparently none of them felt that Jung held any personal anti-Semitic bias. Eventually, he did admit to making an error of judgment in supporting Hitler.

But why had he failed, unlike Thomas Mann and many others, to see right off the corrupt, hateful, and diabolical side of the Nazis? He was, sad to say, caught up by their lightninglike political moves, their dramatic parades and rallies, their rituals and symbols, their celebration of *Volk*, *Kultur*, *Rasse*, and their frenzied anti-Bolshevism, all of which he found harmonious with his own social and economic status. He was, after all, a rich man; his wife had a lot of money and he made plenty himself, thus exerting what Dr. Stern calls "a strange fascination on American millionaires," who found his occasionally vague and avowedly spiritual pronouncements no great threat

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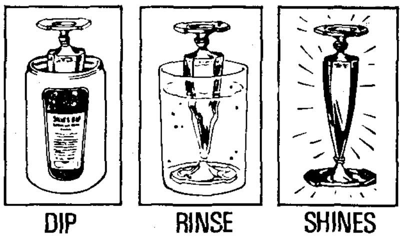

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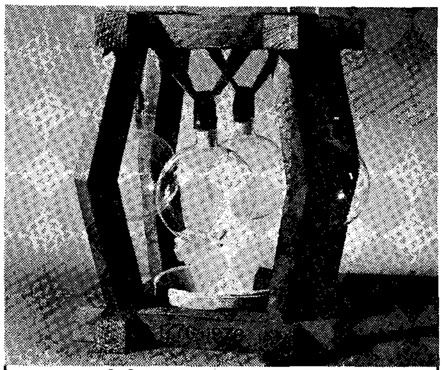

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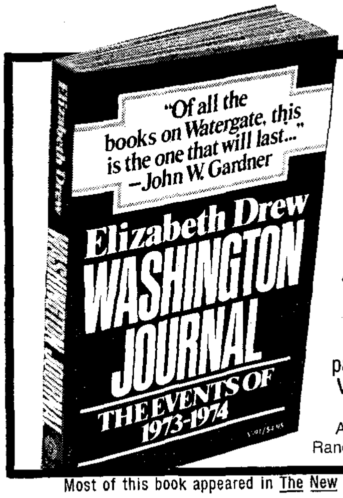
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WASHINGTON JOURNAL
THE EVENTS OF 1973-1974

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Most of this book appeared in The New Yorker

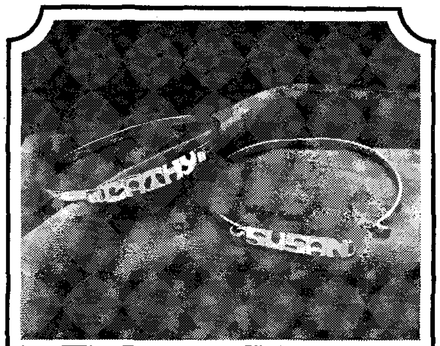
to their position in the world. He dreaded the possibility of losing his magnificent castle, and he was against any system that denied individualism great latitude and threatened the possessions of those who had done well in the world.

Despite Jung's fear of Communism, Dr. Stern tells us, he was not reluctant, in the privacy of his office, to show a certain personal levelling instinct, which might even be regarded as a form of incipient anti-capitalism:

> Besides the McCormick-Rockefellers and the Mellons, he counted a number of other millionaires among his clientele. To these, he could be quite harsh when he felt that they needed a lesson in humility. He once ordered an American heiress to leave her Rolls-Royce in the Hotel Baur-au-Lac in Zurich and take the train like ordinary mortals when she came to see him. Another one he made sit on the floor during consultation, instead of offering her a chair.

Not that he couldn't be equally severe with himself. Carl Jung was, if anything, a man capable of showing psychological ambiguity. Furthermore, for all his flights of fancy, he also had an earthy, almost peasantlike side. He was much admired by women, flirted with them often, preferred their company to that of men, and seemed to do better with them as patients. Yet, even though he feared male friendship, he hungered for it. According to Dr. Stern, that hunger explains why Jung virtually went insane after he lost his most influential and exceptional friend, Sigmund Freud.

This account of Jung's life is not going to earn great acclaim from Jungians, here or abroad; they will find Paul Stern harsh, and at times perhaps snide, about their hero. On the other hand, the book shows no consistent tendency to protect or defend the Freudian view of Jung and his ideas. He is acknowledged to have been indeed a hero of sorts—a brave, strong-minded, brilliant man who was willing to hazard the criticism, envy, and gossip that any charismatic intellectual figure must inevitably face. One leaves Dr. Stern's biography mindful that Jung's relaxed and spiritual side—his willingness to regard man's achievements and ethical strivings as psychologically important and worthy of both clinical and theoretical acknowledgment—does provide a salutary contrast to the more mechanistic and reductive aspects of Freudian thought, even as Freud's bracing directness, solidity, and actuality stand in contrast to the vaporous insubstantiality, the murky, thickly worded metaphysical musings that one



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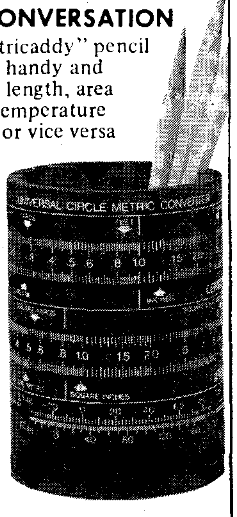

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VIKING

encounters in Jungian literature. As is so often the case, we should probably move back and forth, reserving the right to learn even from those who regard each other as enemies, and be wary of unqualified ideological commitments.
—ROBERT COLES

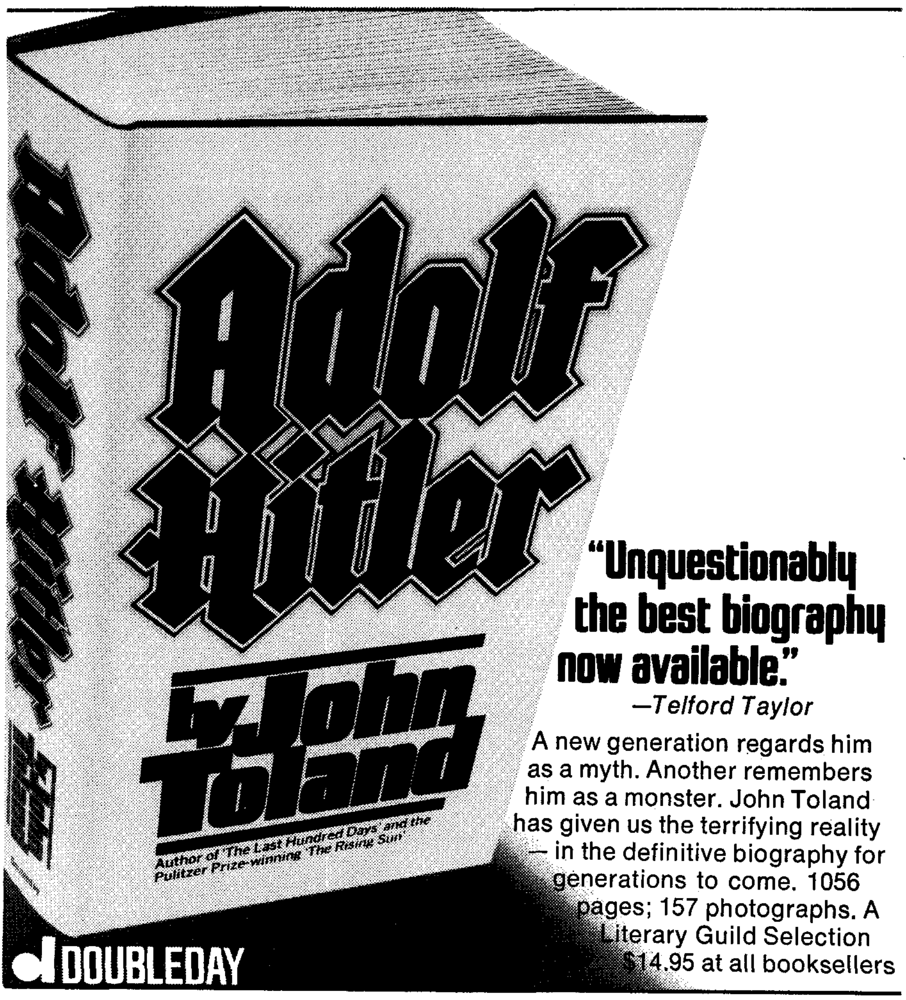
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE FAREWELL PARTY, by Milan Kundera, translated from the Czech by Peter Kussi (Knopf). An ironic parable set in a spa, near Prague, for infertile women. There is a famous trumpeter whose love for his wildly jealous wife drives him to repeated infidelities. There is a pretty young nurse, with a wildly jealous lover, who informs the trumpeter (with whom she once spent a night) that she is pregnant by him. There is a disenchanted politician with a young ward who is determined to take him to bed. There is a famous gynecologist who injects his seemingly sterile patients with his own sperm. There is a rich and beneficent American around whose head a blue halo occasionally appears. Mr. Kundera assembles this group of self-conscious zealots, stirs them thoroughly, and emerges with everything and everybody tidily in place. An amusing, sometimes witty novel ("Jealousy fills the mind more completely than the most absorbing mental task. Not a single second is free; the victim of jealousy never knows boredom"), but also one that is a little forced, a little off balance.

GENERAL

THE THIRTEENTH TRIBE, by Arthur Koestler (Random House). "All we can say with safety is that the Khazars were a 'Turkic' tribe, who erupted from the Asian steppes, probably in the fifth century," says Mr. Koestler. These warlike nomads settled north of the Black and Caspian Seas and established an empire that ran, roughly, from the Carpathians to the Caucasus. In about 740, the Khazars converted to Judaism. Their civilization survived on its home ground until the thirteenth century, when the Mongols destroyed southern Russia and sent the last of the Khazars into Eastern Europe—into Hungary, Poland, Lithuania, and the Ukraine. Mr. Koestler argues that European Jewry is, for the most part, of Khazar origin. He calls upon both demography and linguistics to dem-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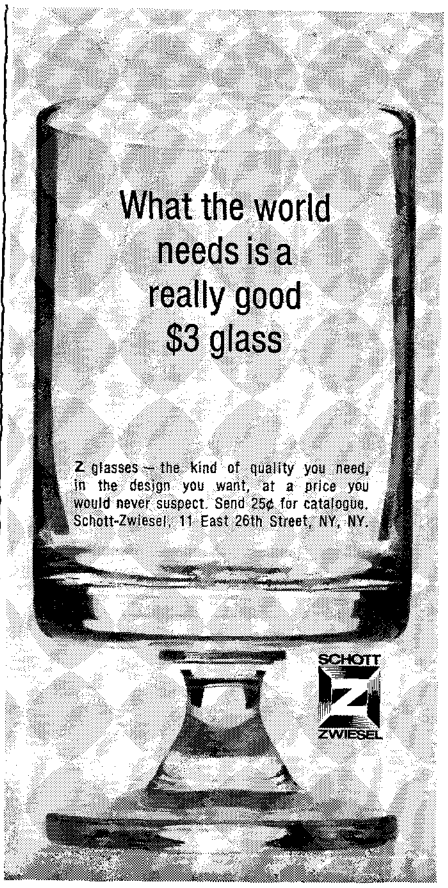
onstrate the non-Semitic origin of the Jews of Northern and Eastern Europe, and to prove that, whatever they are, Jews are not a race in the scientific sense—that is, not descended from a common gene pool. His book is engaging, and is particularly useful to readers of Western European and American backgrounds, who do not ordinarily learn much about the great medieval kingdoms of Eastern Europe, to whose growth and affluence the Khazars made considerable contributions.

BLACK SUN: THE BRIEF TRANSIT AND VIOLENT ECLIPSE OF HARRY CROSBY, by Geoffrey Wolff (Random House). A narrative of the short life (1898-1929) of a would-be poet who committed suicide as scandalously as he could: he shot his mistress (the wife of another man) and himself in bed in a friend's apartment, thereby breaking appointments with his mother, his wife, his uncle J. P. Morgan, Jr., and another friend, the poet Hart Crane. Crosby was exceedingly handsome; his wife, Caresse, was a beauty; and they spent time and money, mostly in France, in ways that were extravagant, chic, and shocking. Besides writing verse of his own, Crosby published fine editions of other avant-garde writers' work, which remain valuable. Since the Crosbys were part of that durable American legend Paris-in-the-twenties, Harry's suicide has been used to point a variety of morals. Mr. Wolff, however, devotes himself to fact, not myth, and no particular lesson emerges.

ON WATCH, by Elmo R. Zumwalt, Jr. (Quadrangle). The Chief of Naval Operations, 1970-74, is outspoken, pugnacious, and intelligent. His memoirs reflect undeniable achievements, including reforms that made the Navy more considerate of its enlisted men, particularly blacks. There are reports of actions afloat, and there is a lot of expert opinion on naval strategy, but most of the book deals with battles ashore—against, for example, Admiral Hyman Rickover, whose little empire within the Department of Defense recalls J. Edgar Hoover's principality inside the Department of Justice. Admiral Zumwalt's tour as Chief coincided with a time when the head of the executive branch offered no leadership; at one point the author remarks, "It wasn't easy to keep hold of your integrity or honor or pride when you worked for Richard Nixon." His portrait of the Sec-



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retary of State is a scorcher: he sees Kissinger as hysterical, disingenuous, and a poor negotiator.

The Worm of Consciousness and Other Essays, by Nicola Chiaromonte, edited by Miriam Chiaromonte, with a preface by Mary McCarthy (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). A sampling—a sort of cross-section—of the work of the distinguished Italian essayist and critic, who died in 1972. Chiaromonte became an anti-Fascist refugee, fought for the Loyalists in Spain, and lived in France and the United States before returning to Italy after the Second World War. Despite his moves, flights, and disappointments, he kept a remarkable intellectual poise. Perhaps in part because of being forced to live abroad, he was interested in Italian qualities—as they showed themselves in literature, in Italians at home, and in fellow-refugees. The quality of humaneness that he admired in his countrymen affords a standpoint from which he criticizes the trendy theatre of our times: Artaud, Brecht, Genet.

The Immortal Profession, by Gilbert Highet (Weybright & Talley). After forty years of teaching at Oxford and Columbia, Gilbert Highet can look upon his profession with a wry understanding of its pitfalls and dead ends as well as with a continued belief in the joys of learning. This book contains eleven essays, some of which have the inspirational character of a commencement speech (one of them, titled "The Class of '64," seems to have *been* a commencement speech), and all of which can be read for their personal observations and good advice. (It's interesting to discover that where students before the Second World War were put off by the bloody passages in the Iliad, those just after the war read them with comprehension and zest.) Two of the essays offer sketches of Gilbert Murray and Albert Schweitzer, and the last is a rather ingenious reading of the Gospels which proposes that several incidents generally taken as miracles were in fact unsupernatural actions of a conspiracy led by Jesus.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Nightfall, by John Crosby (Stein & Day). Mr. Crosby instantly gets our attention with the introduction of a poor little rich (American) girl—a former New Left revolutionary, urban guerrilla, bank robber, bomber, veteran of many shootouts, and fem-

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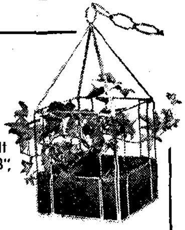

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inist with mingled heterosexual and lesbian passions—who finds herself on the run in Majorca and in the sudden giddy throes of a religious conversion. He then tightens his grip with the introduction of two pursuers—a middle-aged bulldog F.B.I. agent obsessed by her to the point of mania, and her sadistic, murderous former lesbian lover in the movement. All these people are crazed (by love, by sex, by mysticism), but Mr. Crosby manages to hold them down to acceptable life size until the very end, and then the almost hypnotic spell he has cast vanishes in an absurdity of portentousness that approaches parody. The result is a disappointment, but, on the whole, an entertaining one.

THE FOURTEEN DILEMMA, by Hugh Pentecost (Dodd, Mead). More trouble at the luxurious Hotel Beaumont in New York, as told by Mark Haskell, its public-relations man, and featuring, as usual, its pint-size Nero Wolfean manager, Pierre Chambrun. The dead (variously murdered) are: a deaf-mute girl of twelve, a black Nobel laureate, and an oil-dealing Arab sheikh. The action is largely confined to the hotel's fourteenth floor, and the dilemma involved is a most enjoyable distraction.

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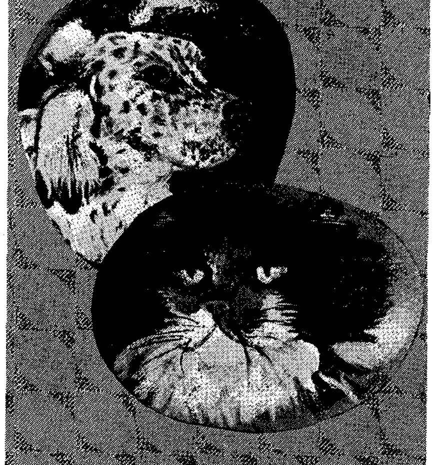

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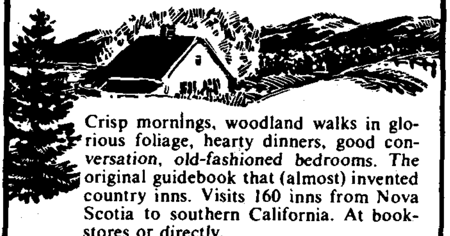

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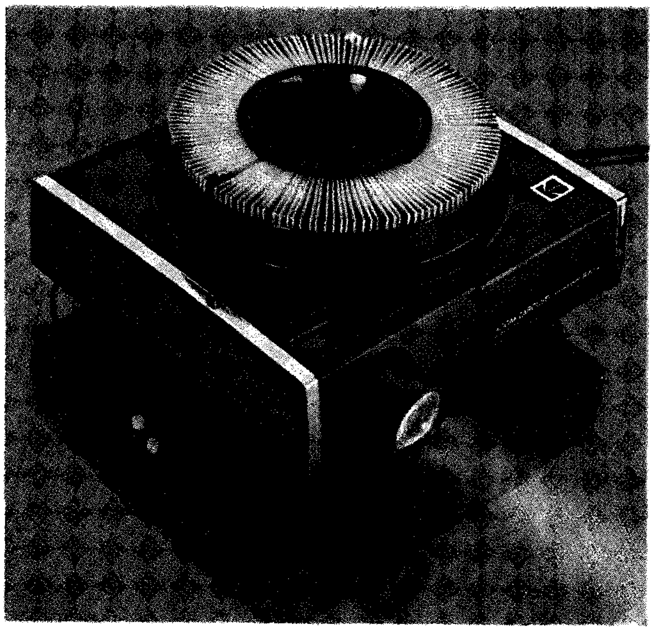

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